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JANE AUSTEN'S HOUSE
CHAWTON - HAMPSHIRE

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Jane Austen

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Twelve Canzonets

for two Voices;

composed by

William Jackson

of Exeter.

Opera Nona.

Price 10s 6d

London

Printed by Longman & Broderip N.o 26 Cheapside

Where may be had all the works of this Author

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Ditto with
Instrumental Parts
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Dances with Mrs. Lincoln
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Duetts 12 Songs

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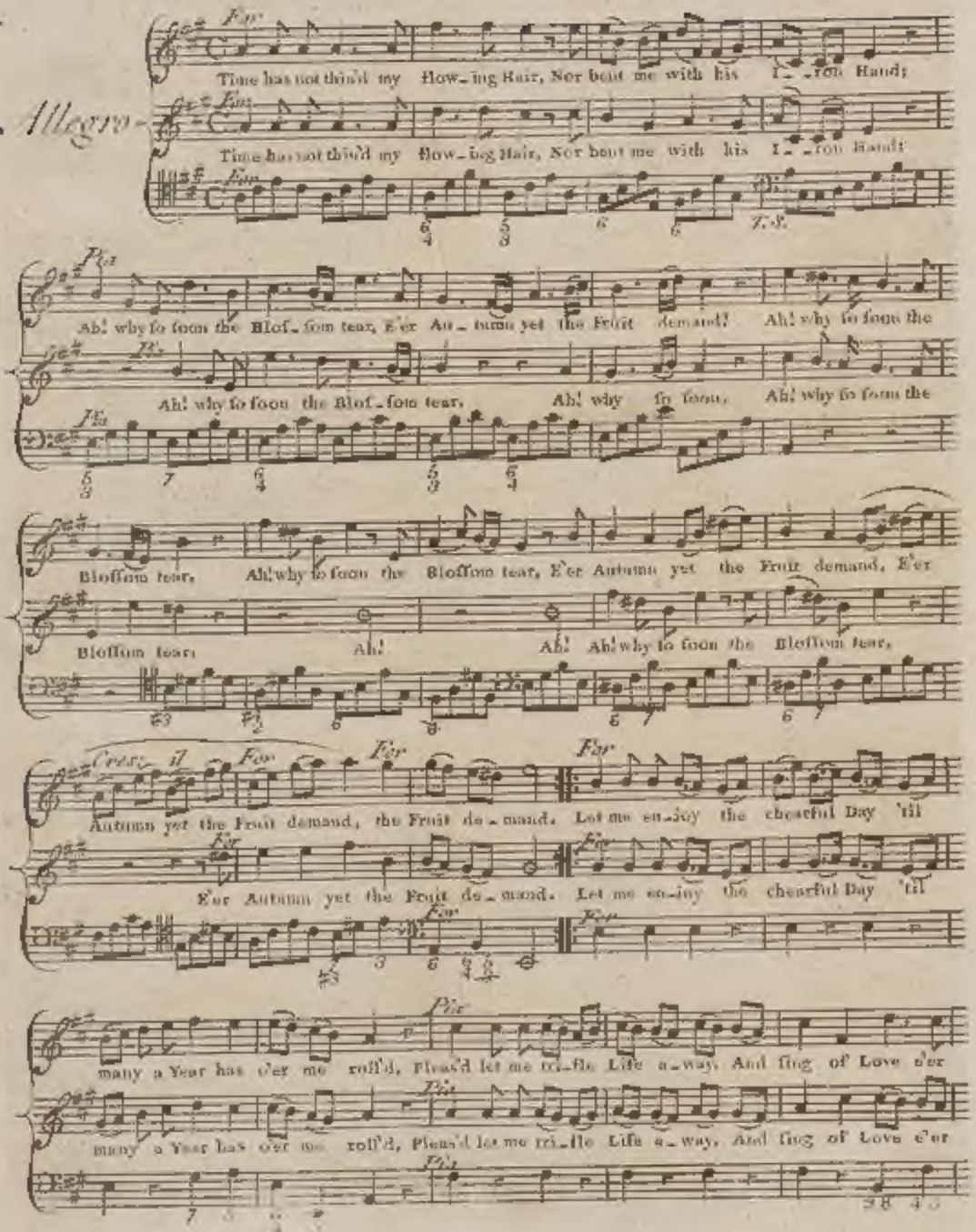
Canzonet I


Allegro
For
Time has not thin'd my flow-ing Hair, Nor beat me with his I-ron Hand;
Time has not thin'd my flow-ing Hair, Nor beat me with his I-ron Hand;
T.S.
Pia
Ah! why so soon the Blof-som tear, E'er Au-tumn yet the Fruit demand? Ah! why so soon the
Ah! why so soon the Blof-som tear, Ah! why so soon, Ah! why so soon the
Blossom tear, Ah! why so soon the Blossom tear, E'er Autumn yet the Fruit demand, E'er
Blossom tear, Ah! Ah! Ah! why so soon the Blossom tear,
Cresc. il
Autumn yet the Fruit demand, the Fruit de-mand. Let me en-joy the cheerful Day 'til
E'er Autumn yet the Fruit de-mand. Let me en-joy the cheerful Day 'til
many a Year has o'er me roll'd, Pleas'd let me trifle Life a-way, And sing of Love o'er
many a Year has o'er me roll'd, Pleas'd let me trifle Life a-way, And sing of Love o'er

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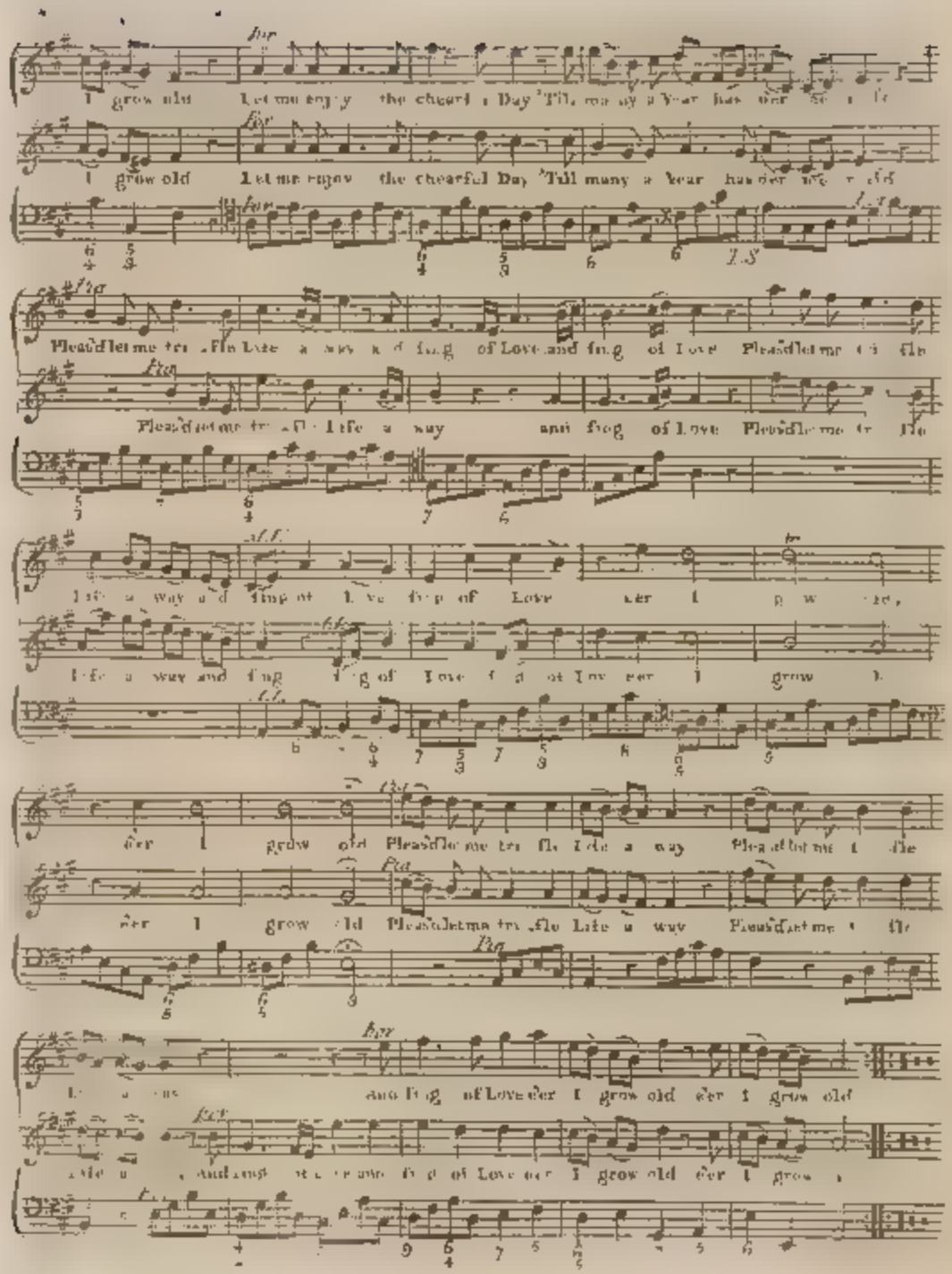
I grow old Let me enjoy the cheerful Day 'Till many a Year has over
I grow old Let me enjoy the cheerful Day 'Till many a Year has over
Pleas'd let me trifle Life away and frog of Love and frog of Love Pleas'd let me trifle
Pleas'd let me trifle Life away and frog of Love Pleas'd let me trifle
Life away and frog of Love frog of Love ever I grow old,
Life away and frog frog of Love frog of Love ever I grow old,
ever I grow old Pleas'd let me trifle Life away Pleas'd let me trifle
ever I grow old Pleas'd let me trifle Life away Pleas'd let me trifle
and frog of Love ever I grow old ever I grow old
and frog of Love ever I grow old ever I grow old

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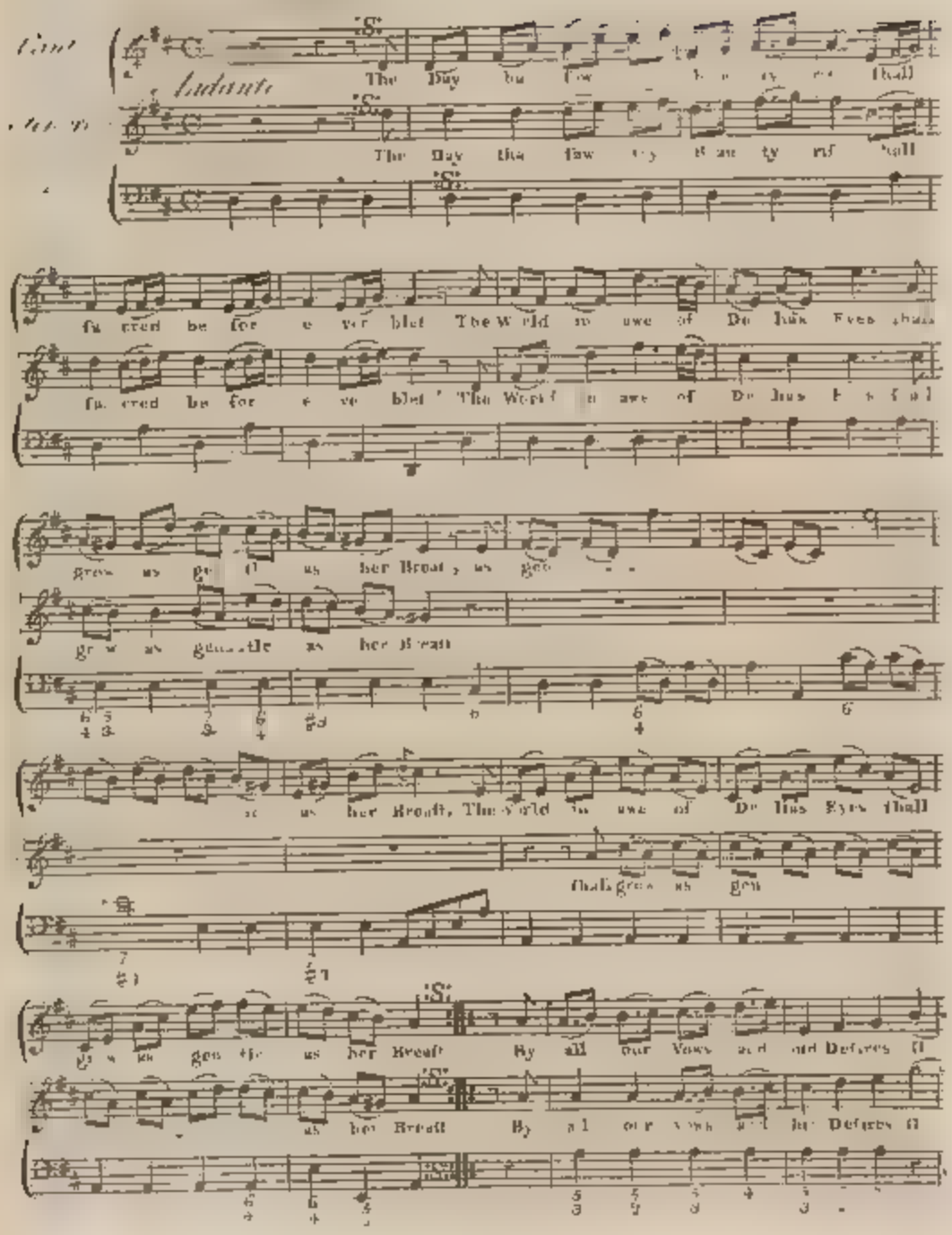
Canzonet II


Andante
The Day be fair
The Day be fair
sacred be for ever blest The World in awe of Deities Eyes shall
sacred be for ever blest The World in awe of Deities Eyes shall
grow as gentle as her Breast, as gentle as her Breast
as her Breast, The World in awe of Deities Eyes shall
shall grow as gentle
grow as gentle as her Breast By all our Vows and old Defeats
as her Breast By all our Vows and old Defeats

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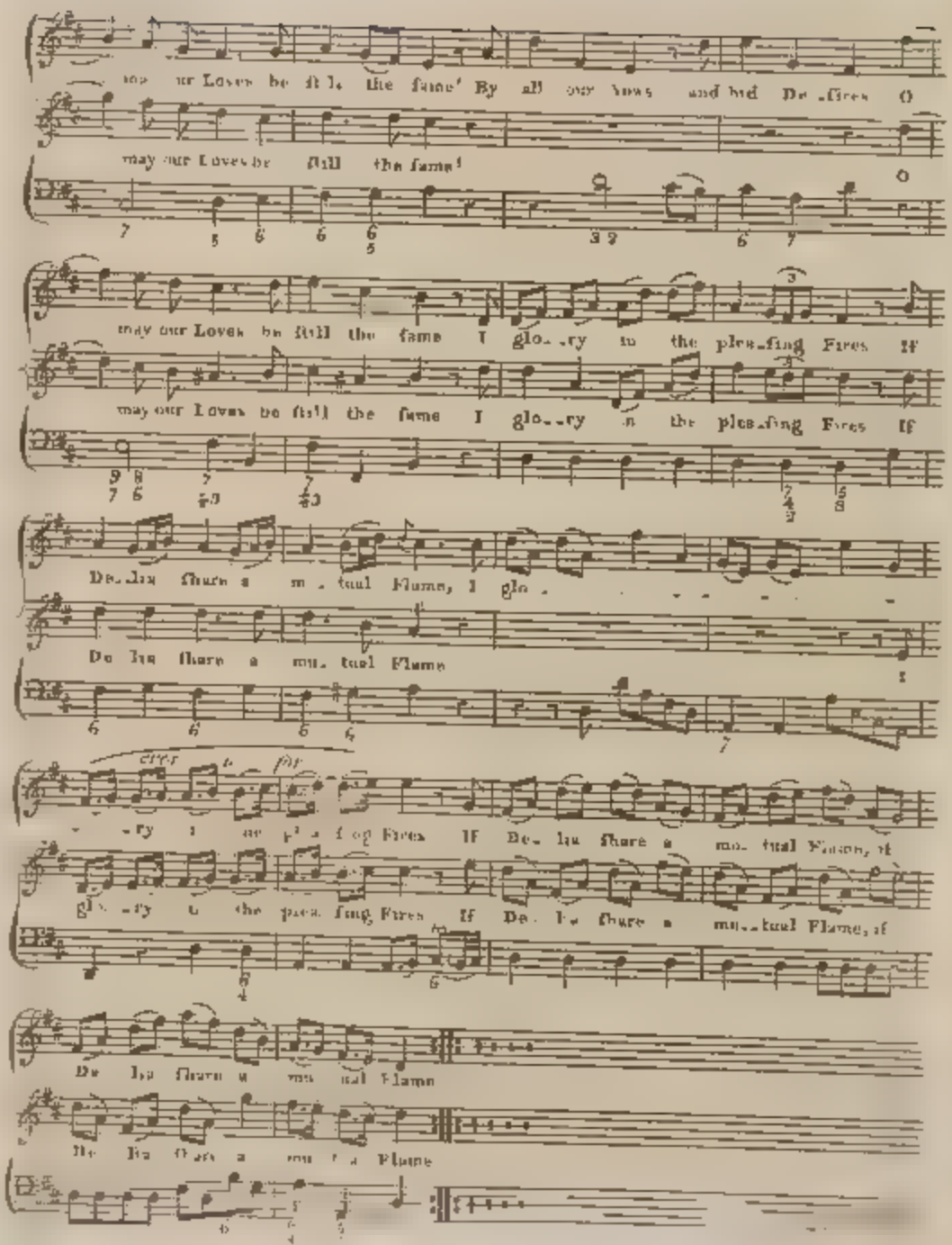
may our Loves be fill the fame' By all our vows and hid De fires O
may our Loves be fill the fame!
may our Loves be fill the fame I glo..ry in the plea..fing Fires If
may our Loves be fill the fame I glo..ry in the plea..fing Fires If
De..lia fhare a mu..tual Flame, I glo..
De lia fhare a mu..tual Flame
cres
..ry I in the plea..fing Fires If De..lia fhare a mu..tual Flame, if
glo..ry in the plea..fing Fires If De..lia fhare a mu..tual Flame, if
De lia fhare a mu..tual Flame
De lia fhare a mu..tual Flame

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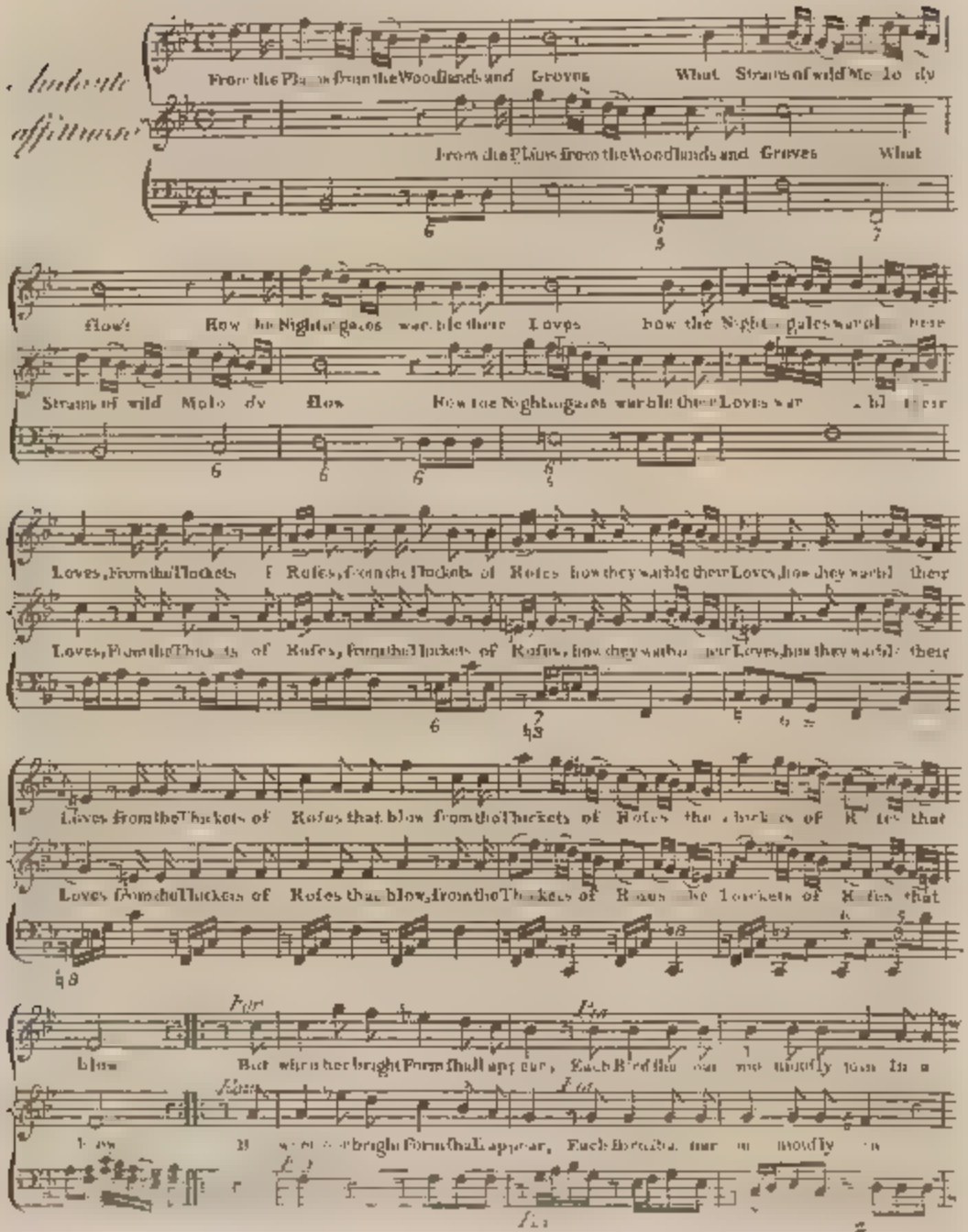
Canzonet III.

Andante affettuoso


From the Plains from the Woodlands and Groves What Strains of wild Melody flow!
From the Plains from the Woodlands and Groves What Strains of wild Melody flow!
How the Nightingales warble their Loves how the Nightingales warble their
How the Nightingales warble their Loves
Loves, from the Thickets of Roses, from the Thickets of Roses how they warble their Loves, how they warble their
Loves from the Thickets of Roses that blow from the Thickets of Roses that
Loves from the Thickets of Roses that blow, from the Thickets of Roses that
But when her bright Form shall appear, Each Bird the sweet melody join in a
But when her bright Form shall appear, Each Bird the sweet melody join in a

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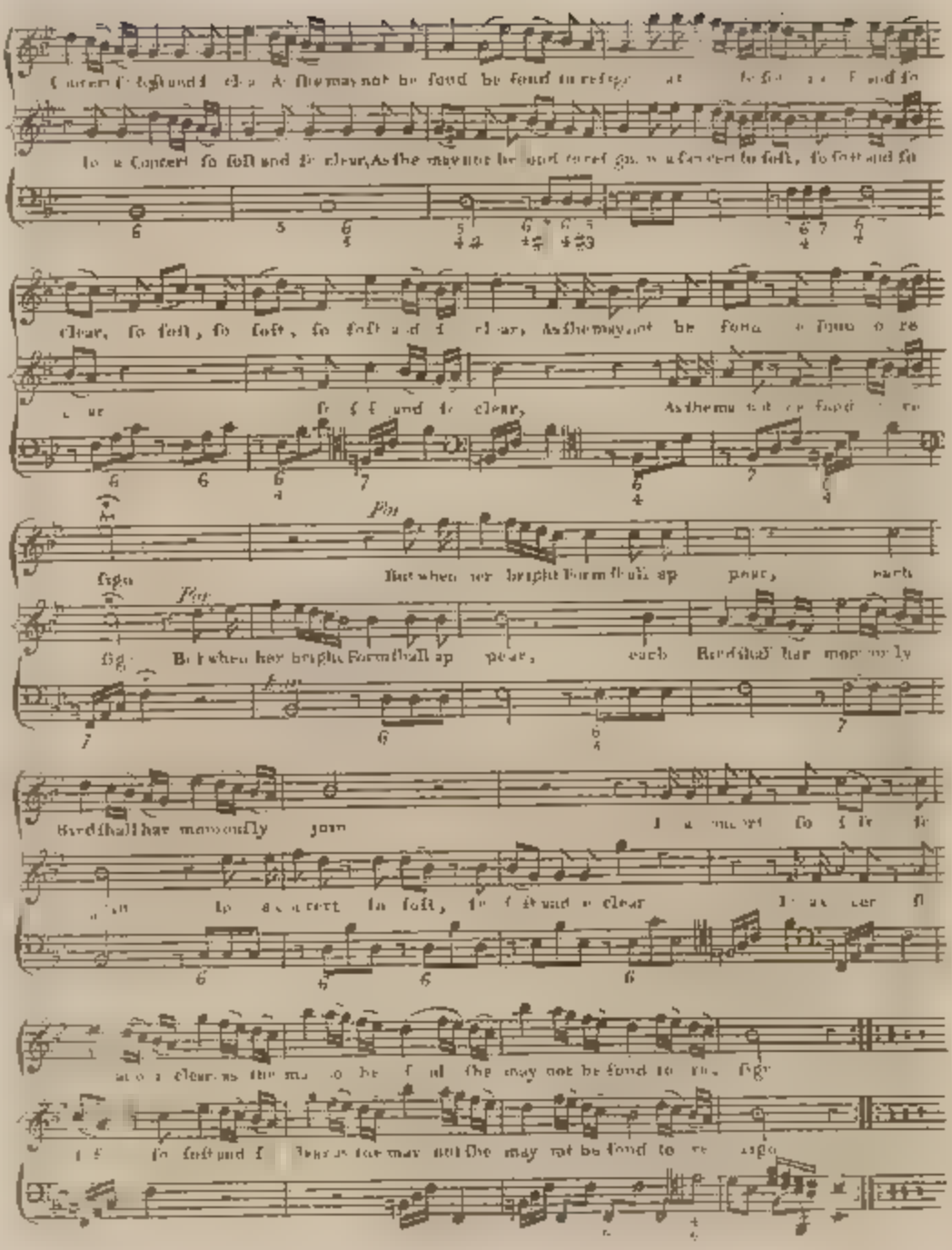
Clear, so soft, so soft, so soft and so clear, As the may not be found be found to re
so soft and so clear, As the may not be found be found to reflect so soft, so soft and so
Clear, so soft, so soft, so soft and so clear, As the may not be found to
so soft and so clear,
Fig.
But when her bright Form shall ap pear, earth
Fig.
But when her bright Form shall ap pear, each Bird shall her mo nody
Bird shall her mo nody join
so soft and so clear
as clear as the may not be found the may not be found to re
so soft and so clear As the may not be found to re

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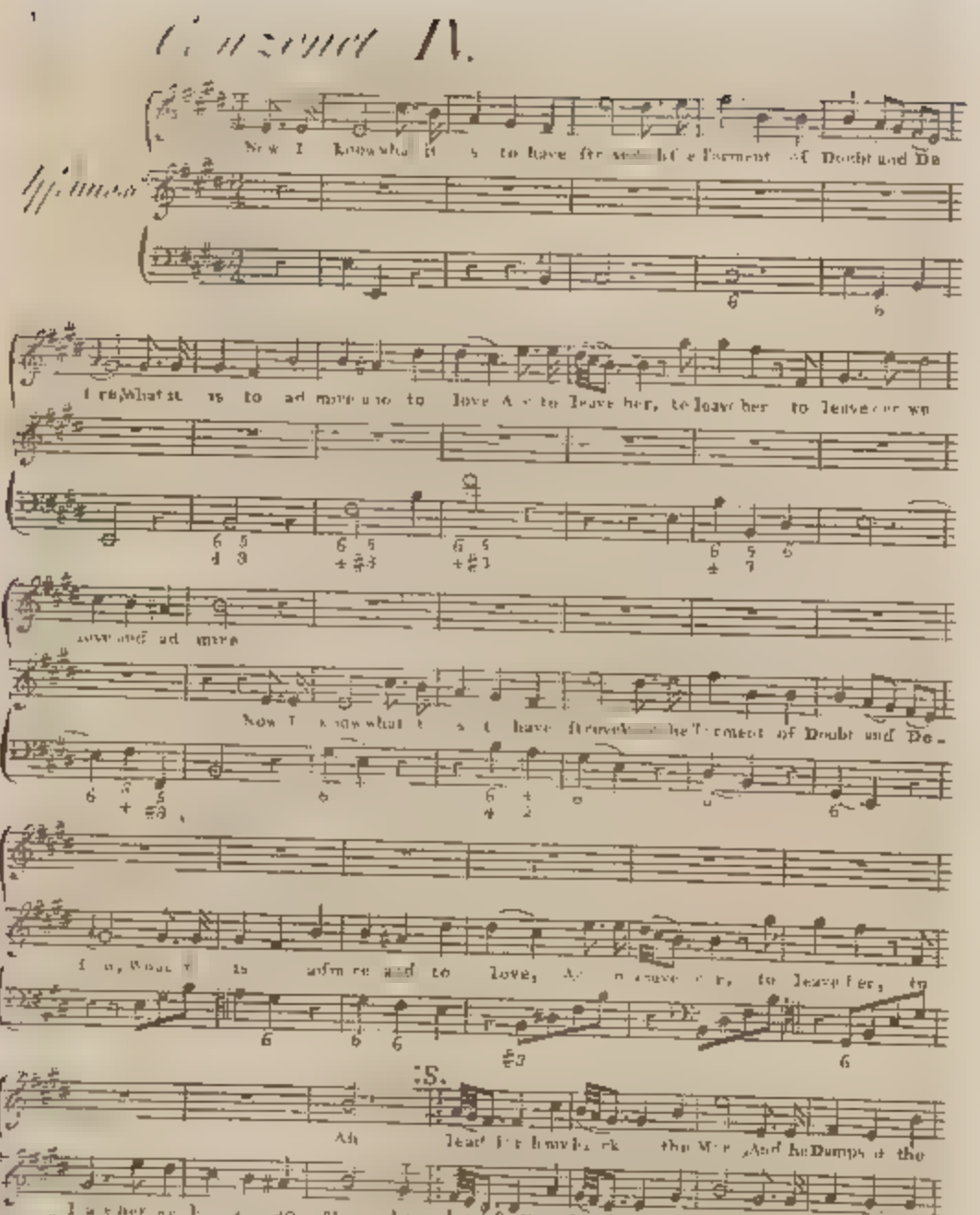
Now I know what it is to have the Torment of Doubt and De
I say what it is to ad more to love A to leave her, to leave her to leave her
Now I know what it is to have the Torment of Doubt and De-
I say, What it is to ad more to love, A to leave her, to leave her, to
Ah dear Sir how he work the Mine And he Dumps the
Leather and Lead forth my Brock he Mines And he Dumps

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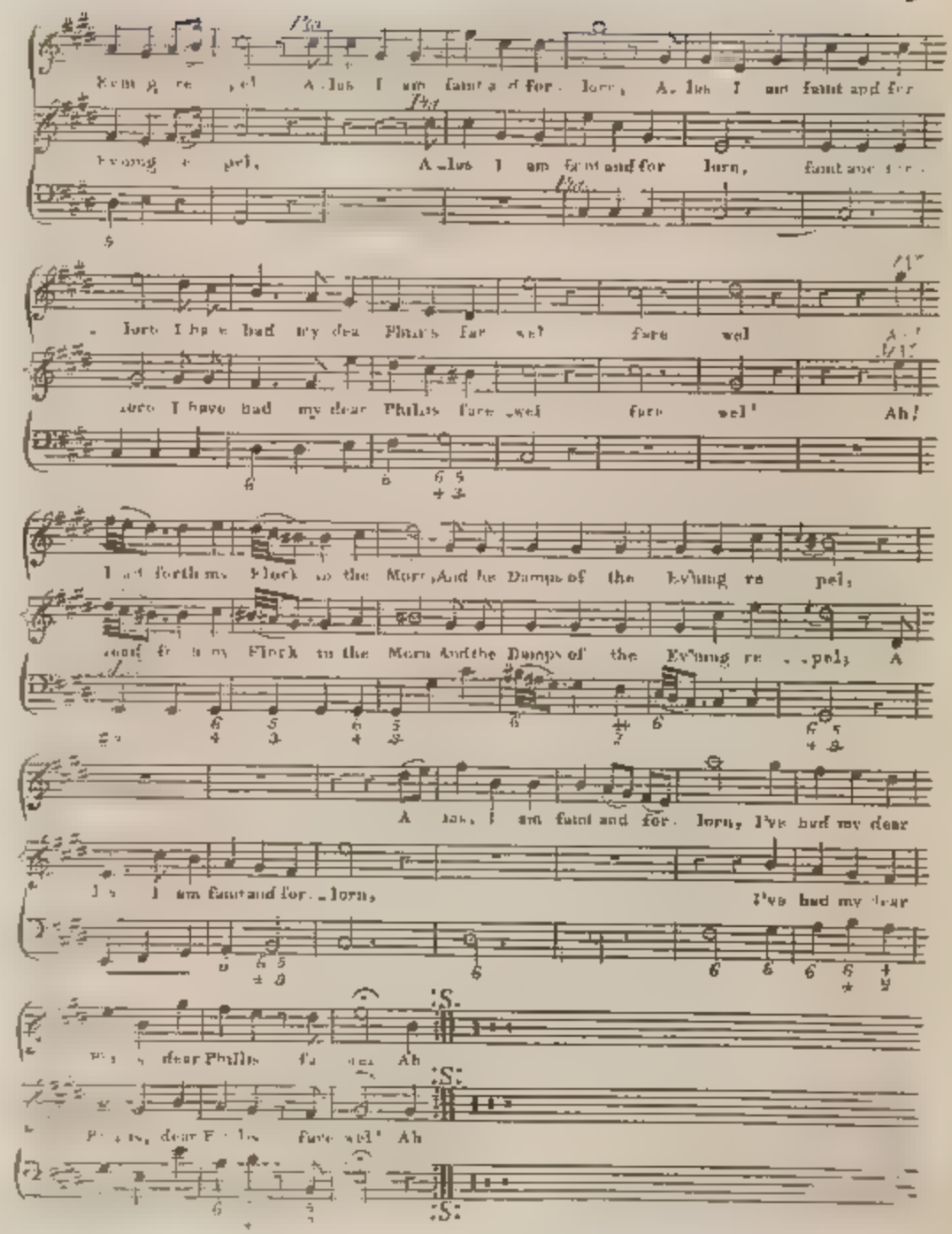
Evening Bell, Alas I am faint and for lorn, Alas I am faint and for
Evening Bell, Alas I am faint and for lorn, faint and for
lorn I have had my dear Phillis fare wel fare wel
lorn I have had my dear Phillis fare wel fare wel! Ah!
I set forth my Flock to the Morn, And the Damps of the Evning re pel,
and from my Flock to the Morn And the Damps of the Evning re pel, A
Alas, I am faint and for lorn, I've had my dear
Alas I am faint and for lorn, I've had my dear
Phillis dear Phillis fare wel Ah
Phillis, dear Phillis fare wel! Ah

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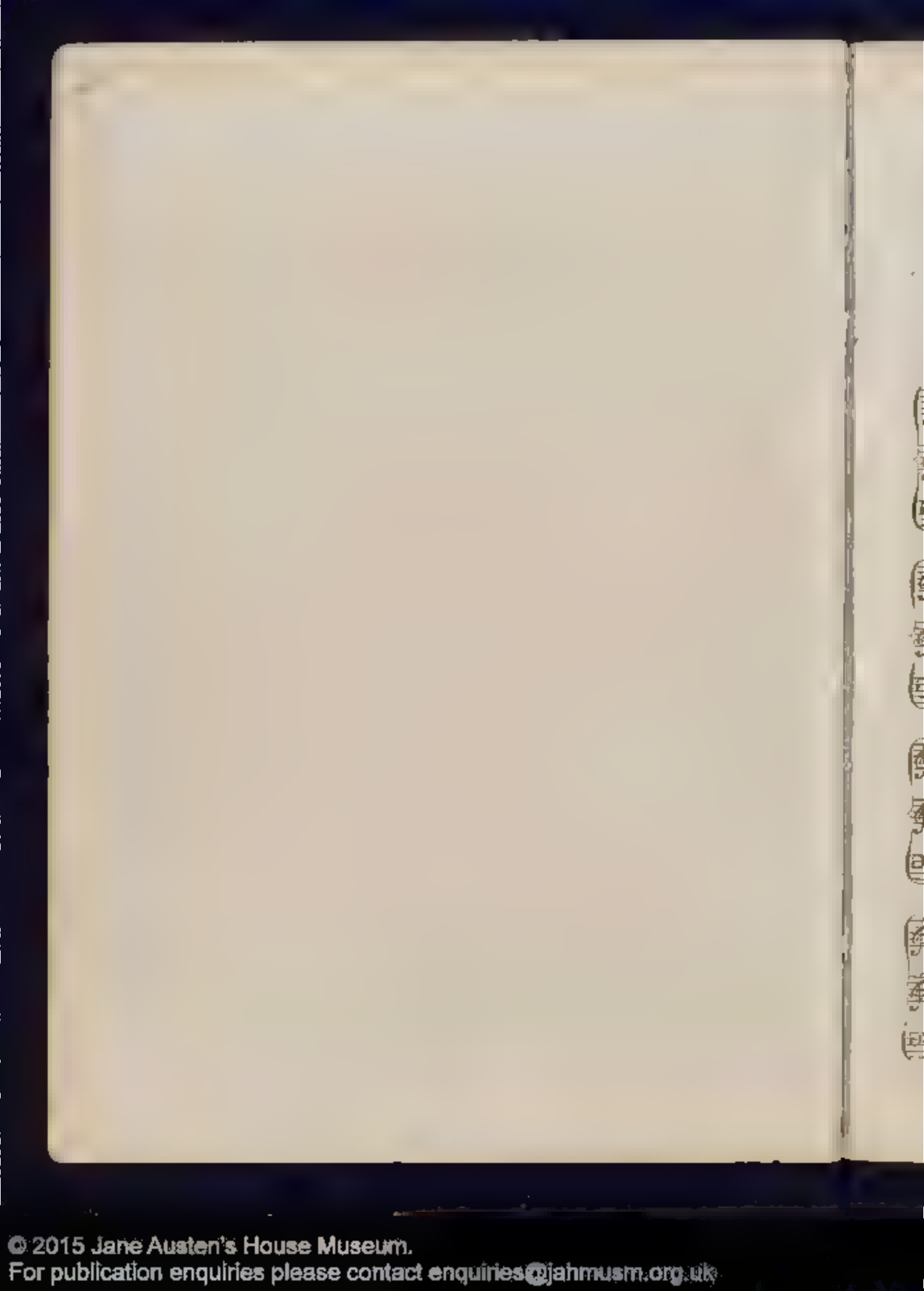

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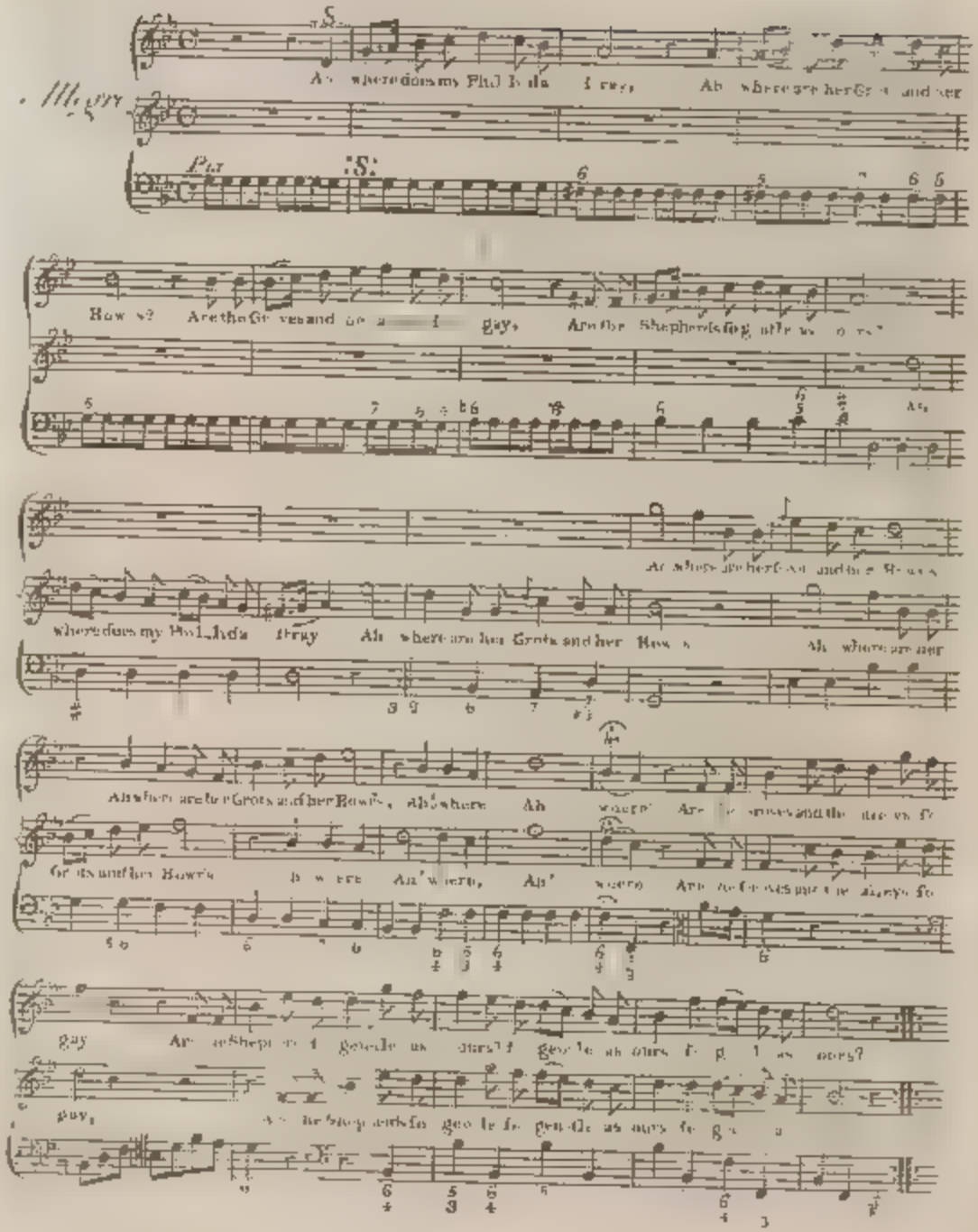
Canzonet V


Allegro
Ah where does my Phillida stray
Ah where are her Grots and her Bowers
How so? Are the Groves and the Valleys as gay,
Are the Shepherds as gay all the year round?
Ah where does my Phillida stray
Ah where are her Grots and her Bowers
Ah where are her Grots and her Bowers, ah where
Ah where
Are the groves and the valleys as gay
Grots and her Bowers
Ah where
Ah where
Are the groves and the valleys as gay
gay
Are the Shepherds as gayly as ours?
gayly as ours?
gay,
Are the Shepherds as gayly as ours?

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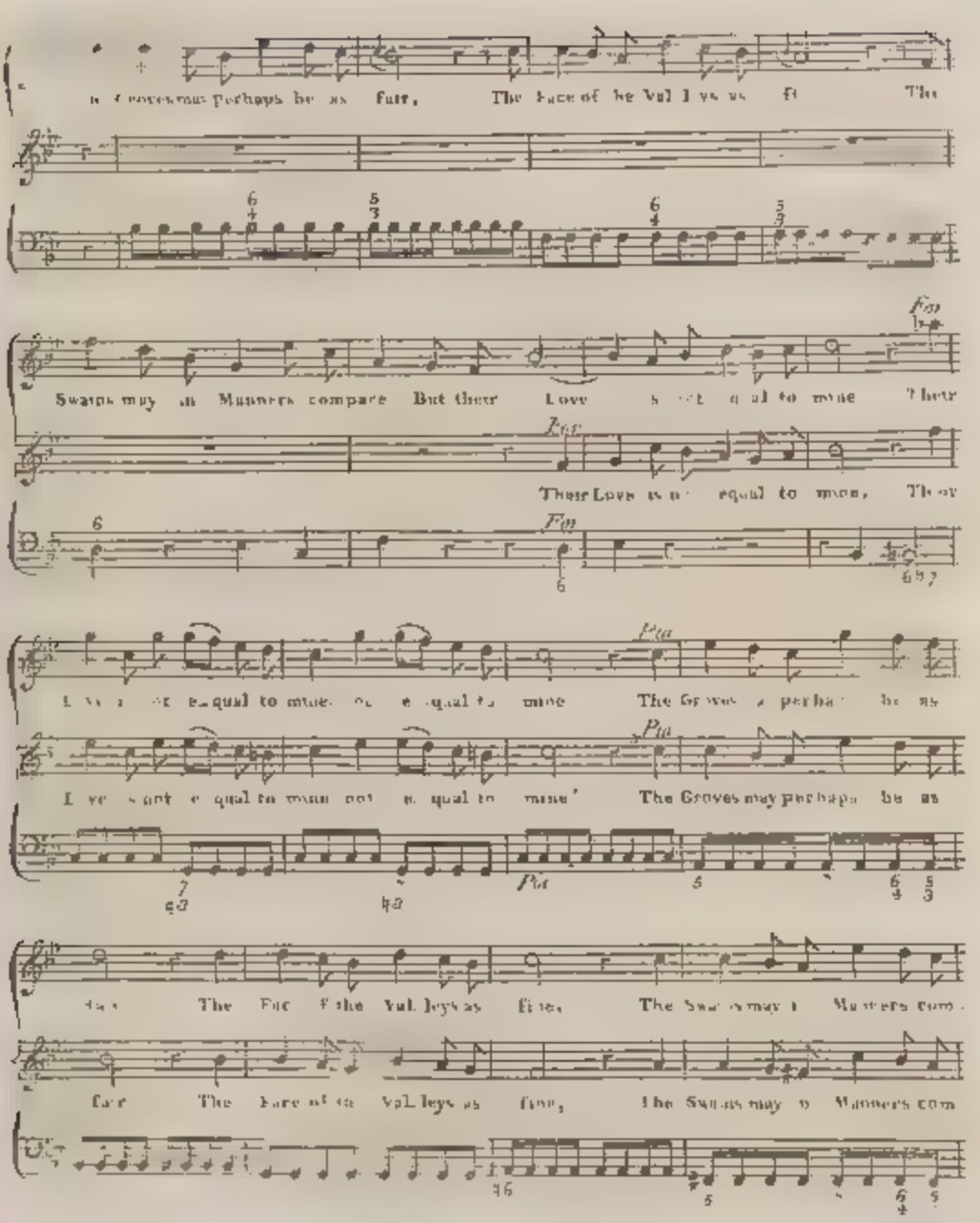
Swains may in Manners compare But their Love is not equal to mine Their
Their Love is not equal to mine, Their
Love is not equal to mine, not equal to mine The Groves may perhaps be as
Love is not equal to mine, not equal to mine The Groves may perhaps be as
fair The Face of the Valleys as fine, The Swains may in Manners com-
fair The Face of the Valleys as fine, The Swains may in Manners com

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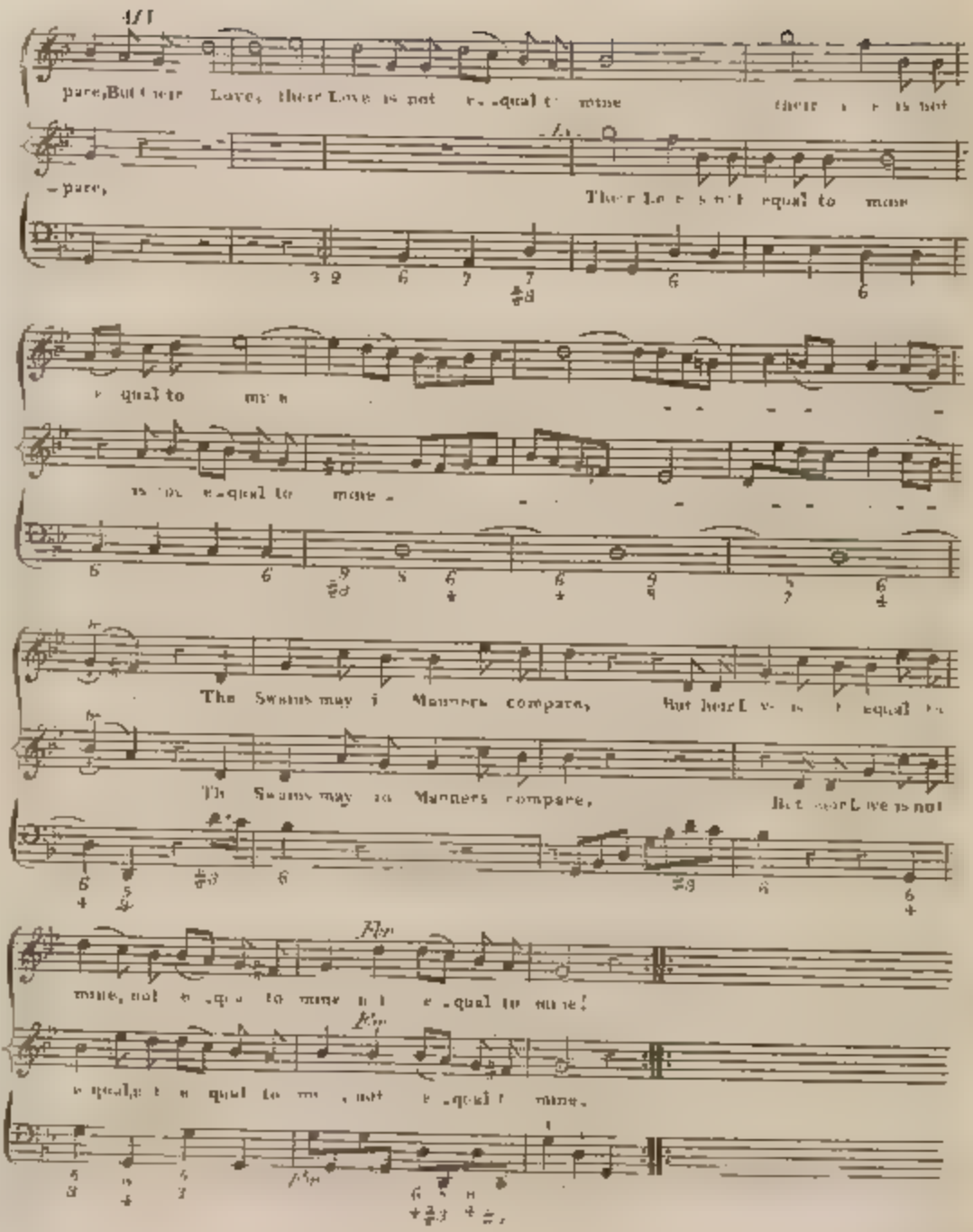
pure, But their Love, their Love is not e-qual to mine
pure,
Their Love is not equal to mine
e-qual to mine
is not e-qual to mine
The Swans may in Manners compare, But their Love is not equal to
The Swans may in Manners compare,
But their Love is not
mine, not e-qual to mine no! e-qual to mine!
e-qual to mine, not e-qual to mine.

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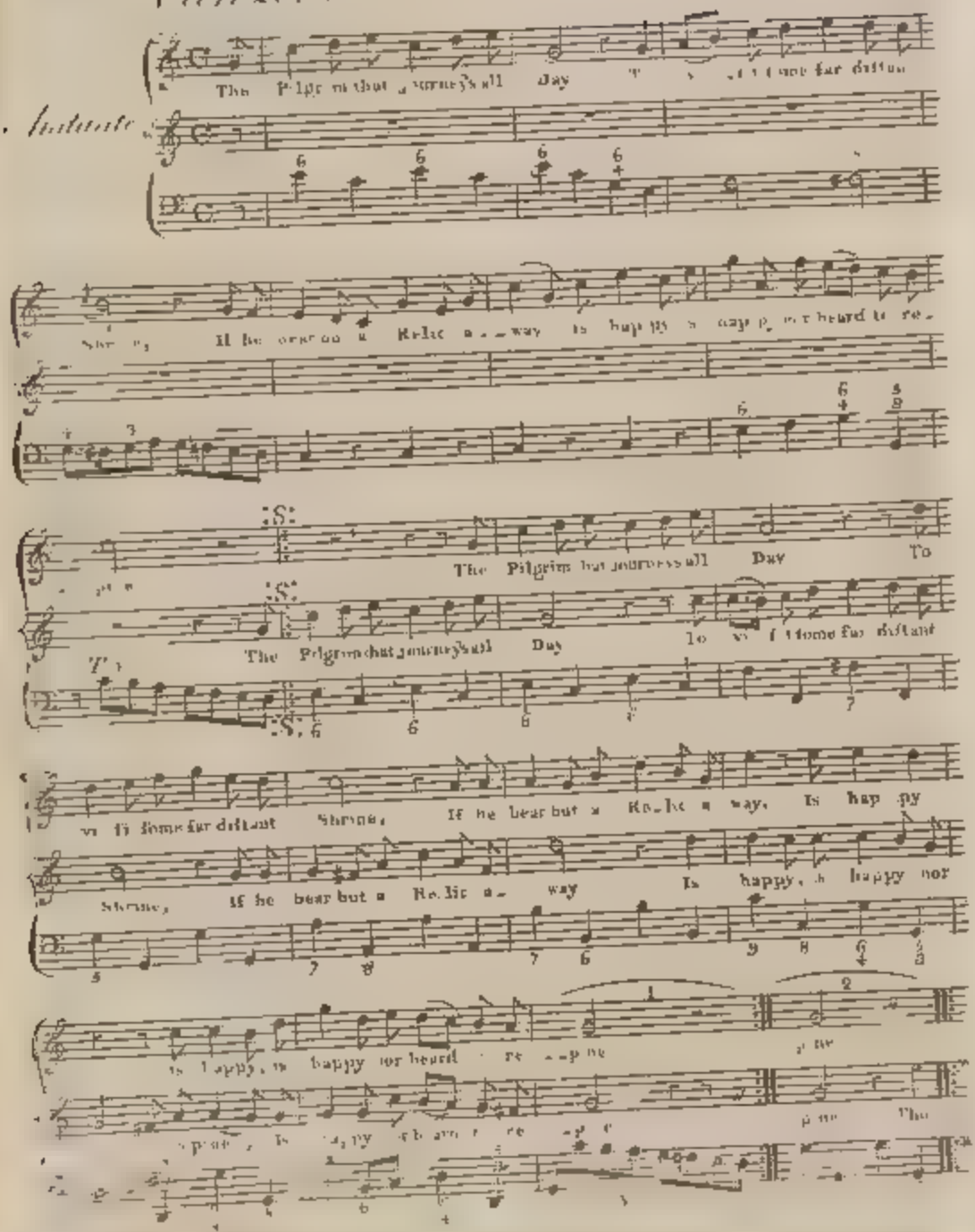
Canzonet II



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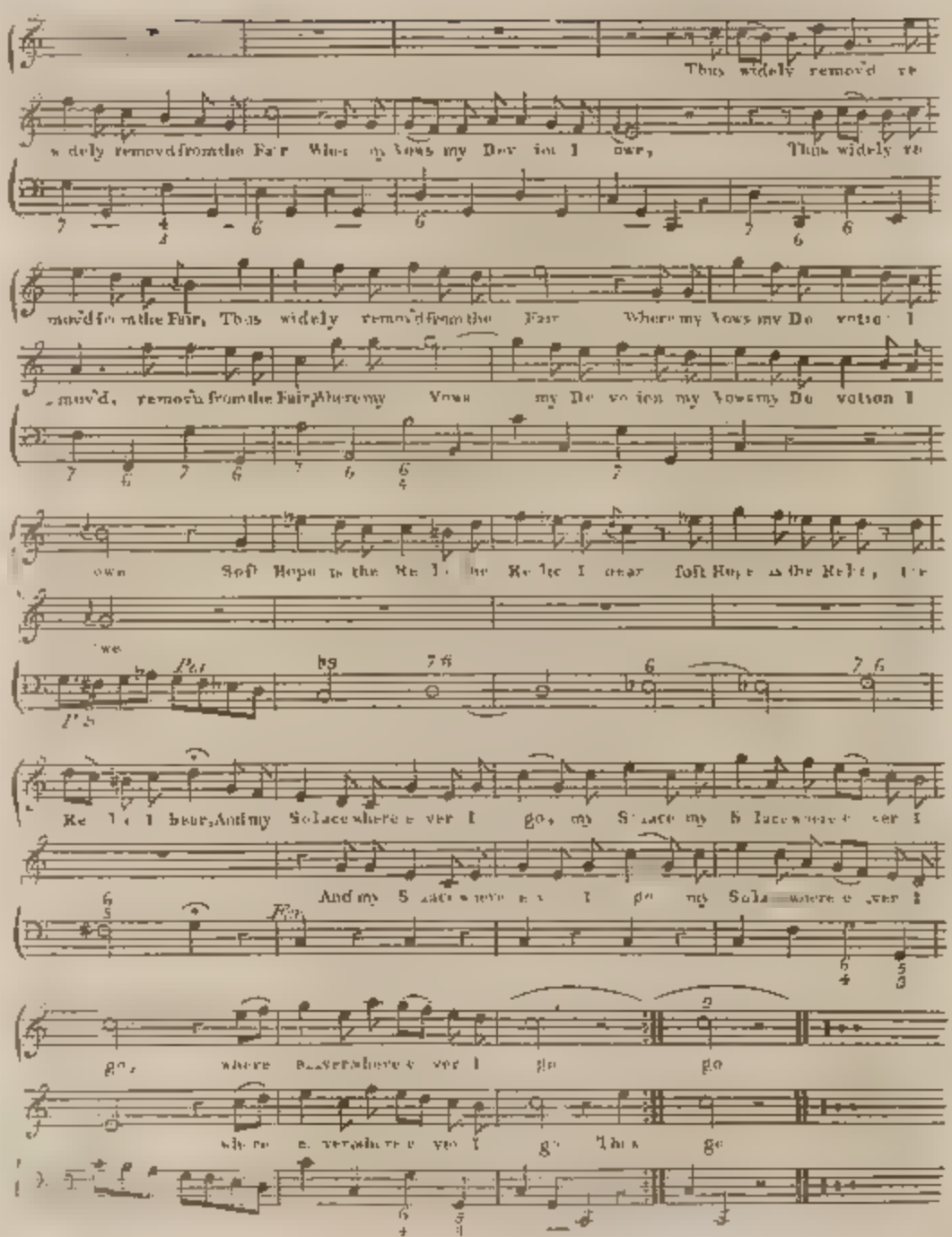
Thus widely remov'd re
s dely removd from the Fair Where my Vows my Devotion I owe,
Thus widely re
mov'd from the Fair, Thus widely remov'd from the Fair Where my Vows my Devotion I
mov'd, remov'd from the Fair Where my Vows my Devotion my Vows my Devotion I
own Soft Hope is the Relique I bear Soft Hope is the Relique I bear
we
Re lique I bear, And my Solace where e ver I go, my Solace my Solace where e ver I
And my Solace where e ver I go my Solace where e ver I
go, where e ver where e ver I go go
where e ver where e ver I go Thus go

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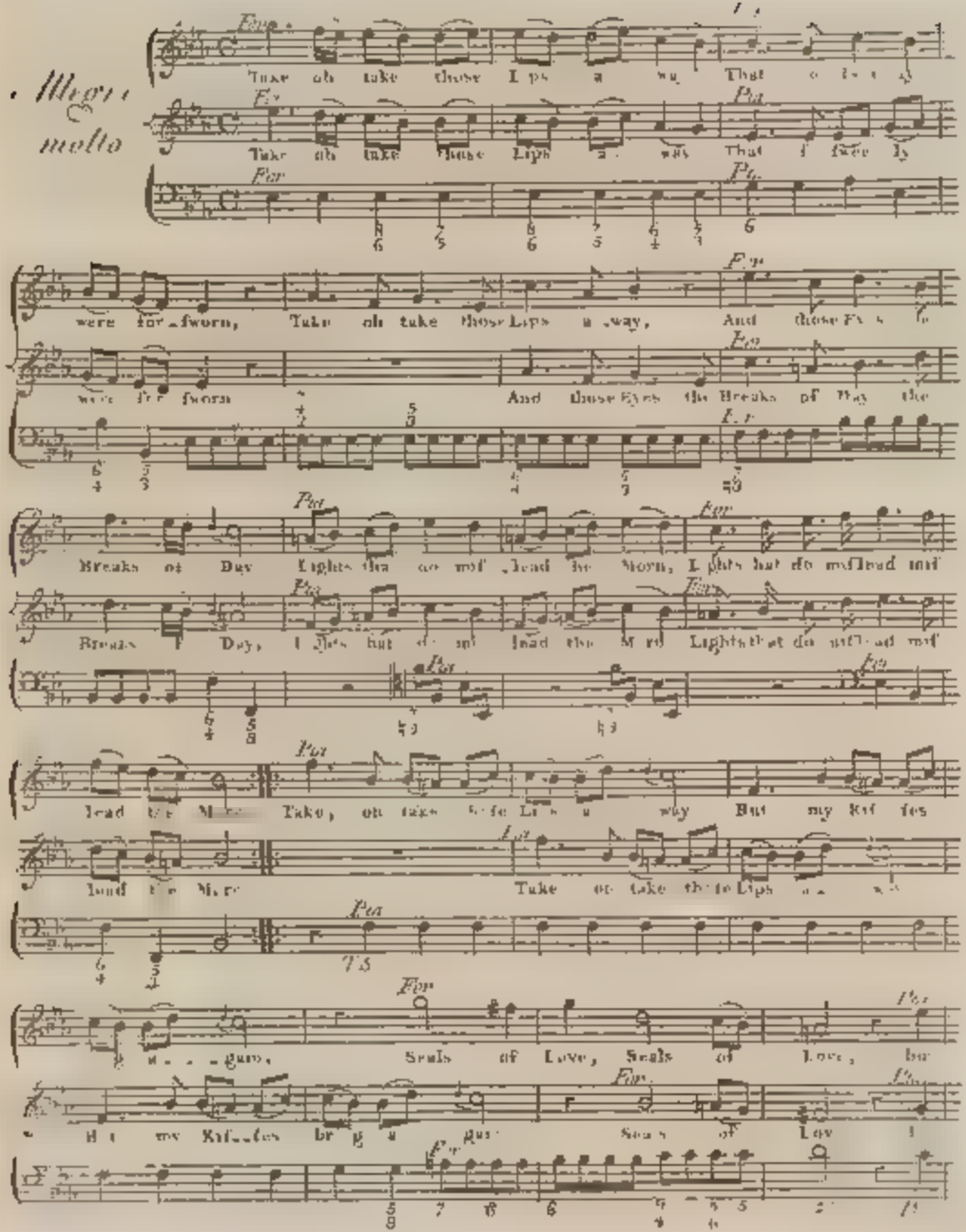
1.

Canzonet VII

Allegro molto


Take oh take those Lips away That
Take oh take those Lips away That
were forsworn, Take oh take those Lips away, And those Eyes
were forsworn And those Eyes the Breaks of Day the
Breaks of Day Lights that do mislead the Morn, Lights that do mislead mif
Breaks of Day, Lights that do mislead the Morn Lights that do mislead mif
lead the Morn Take, oh take those Lips away But my Rif ses
lead the Morn Take oh take those Lips away
Seals of Love, Seals of Love, but
But my Kiffes bring a gain Seals of Love

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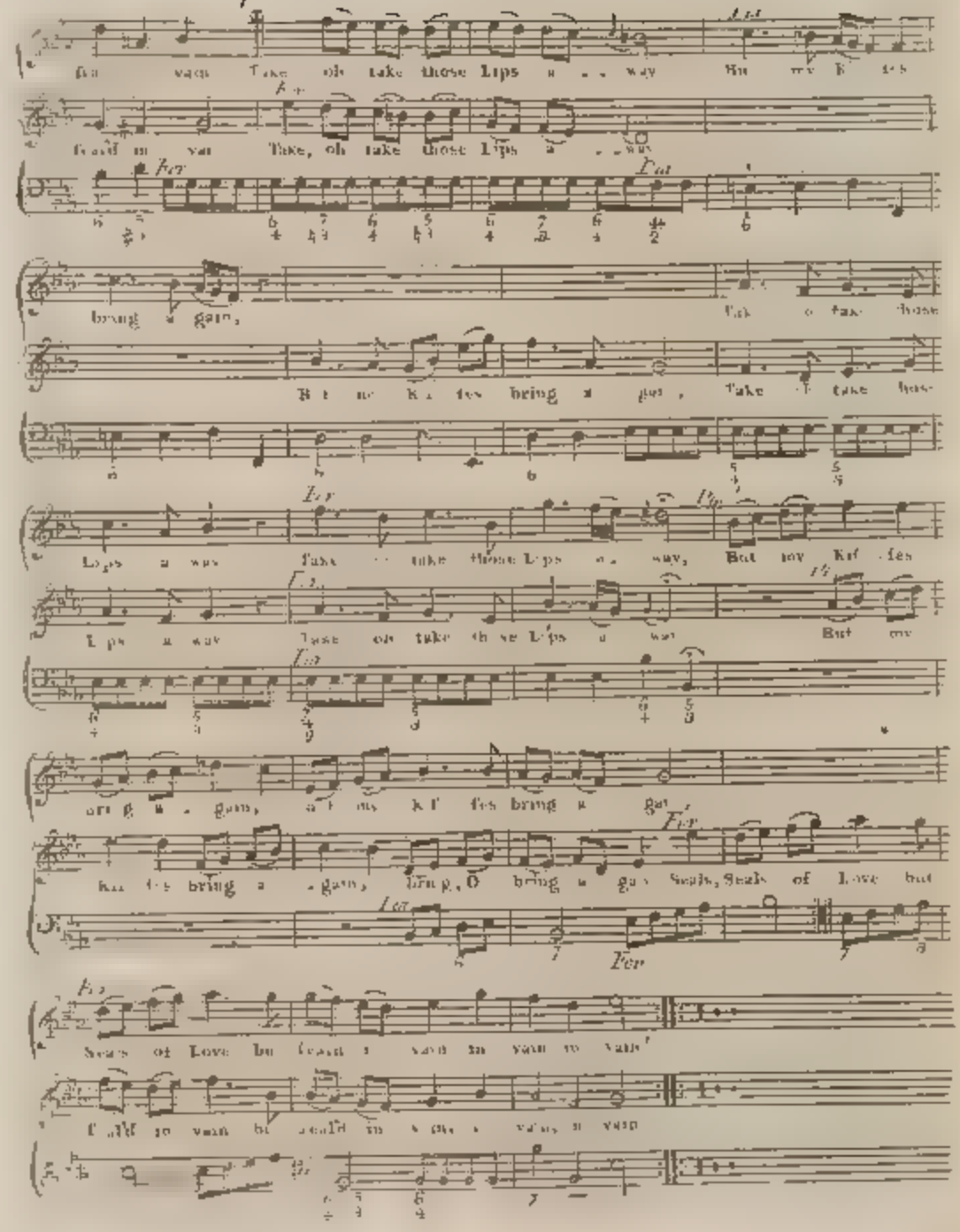
Take, oh take those Lips a way
Take, oh take those Lips a way
bring a gain,
But my Kisses bring a gain,
Take, oh take those
Lips a way
Take oh take those Lips a way,
But my Kisses
Lips a way
Take oh take those Lips a way
But my
ain, but my kisses bring a gain,
kisses bring a gain, Trip, O bring a gain
Seals, Seals of Love but
Seals of Love but
Take no vain but breath no vain no vain

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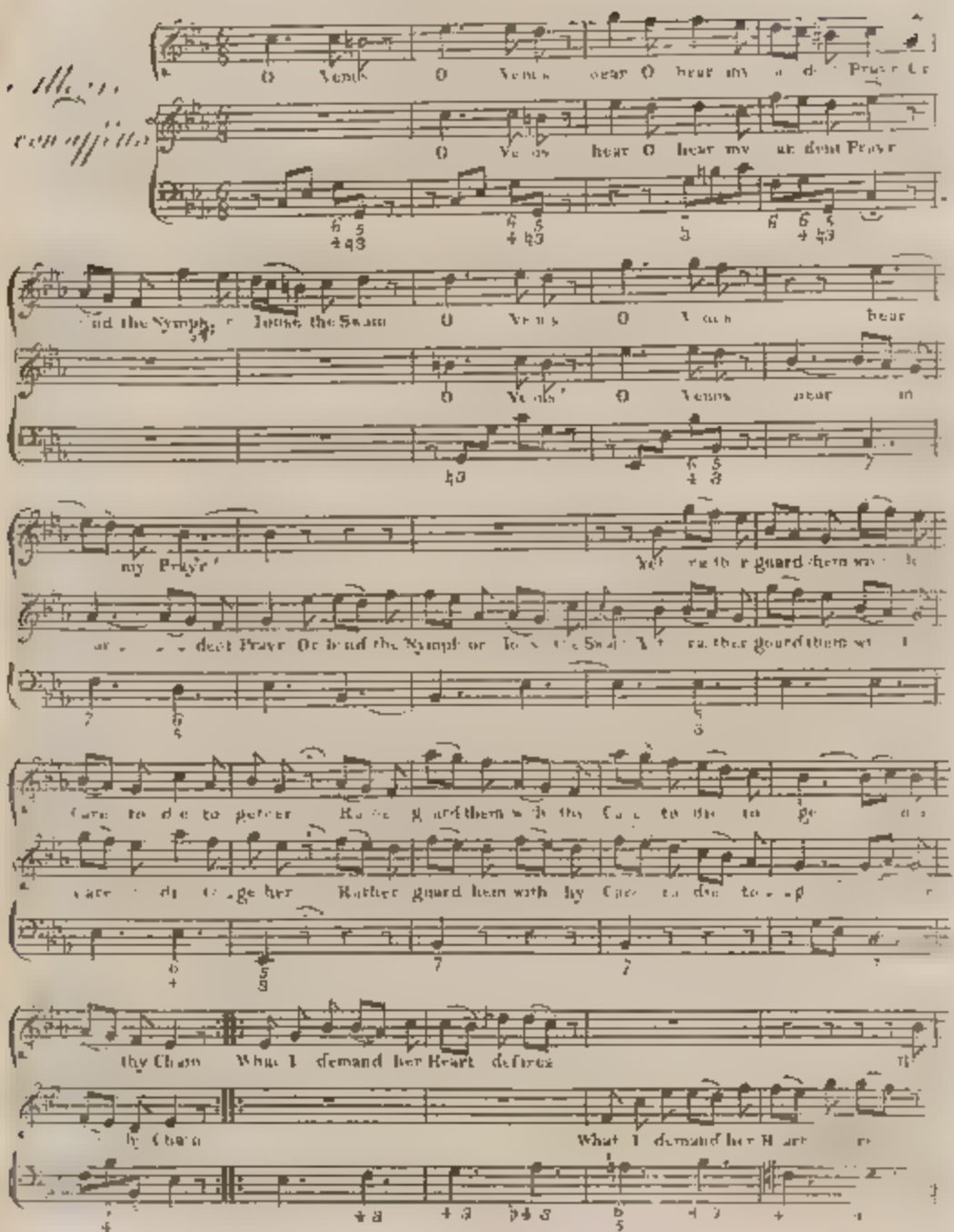
Canzonet VIII


Moderato con espressione
O Venus O Venus hear O hear my ardent Prayer
O Venus hear O hear my ardent Prayer
And the Nymph or Join the Swain O Venus O Venus hear
O Venus O Venus hear
my Pray'r Yet rather guard them with
ardent Prayer Or bind the Nymph or Join the Swain Yet rather guard them with
Care to die to please Rather guard them with thy Care to die to
Care to die to please Rather guard them with thy Care to die to
thy Chain What I demand her Heart defies
thy Chain What I demand her Heart

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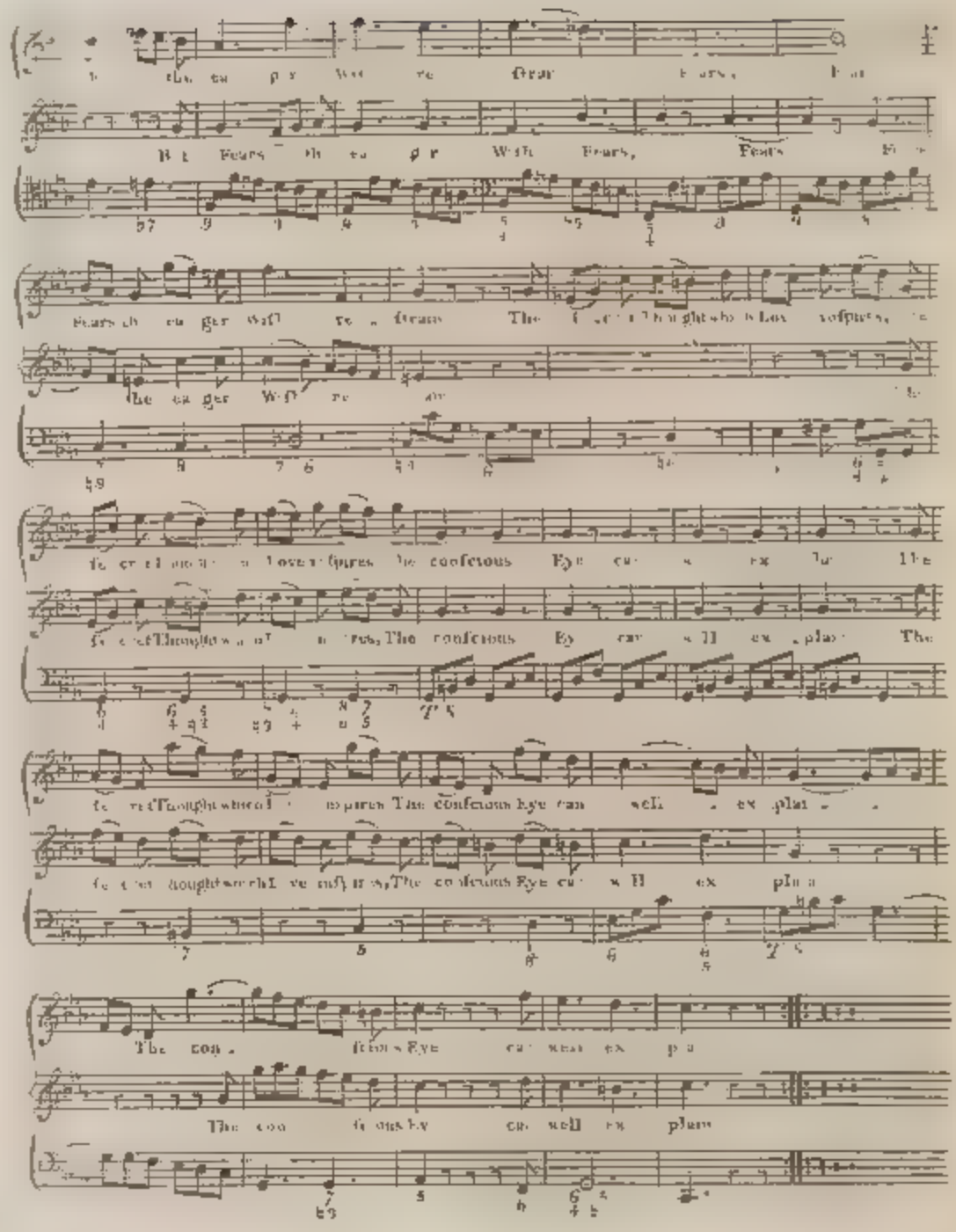

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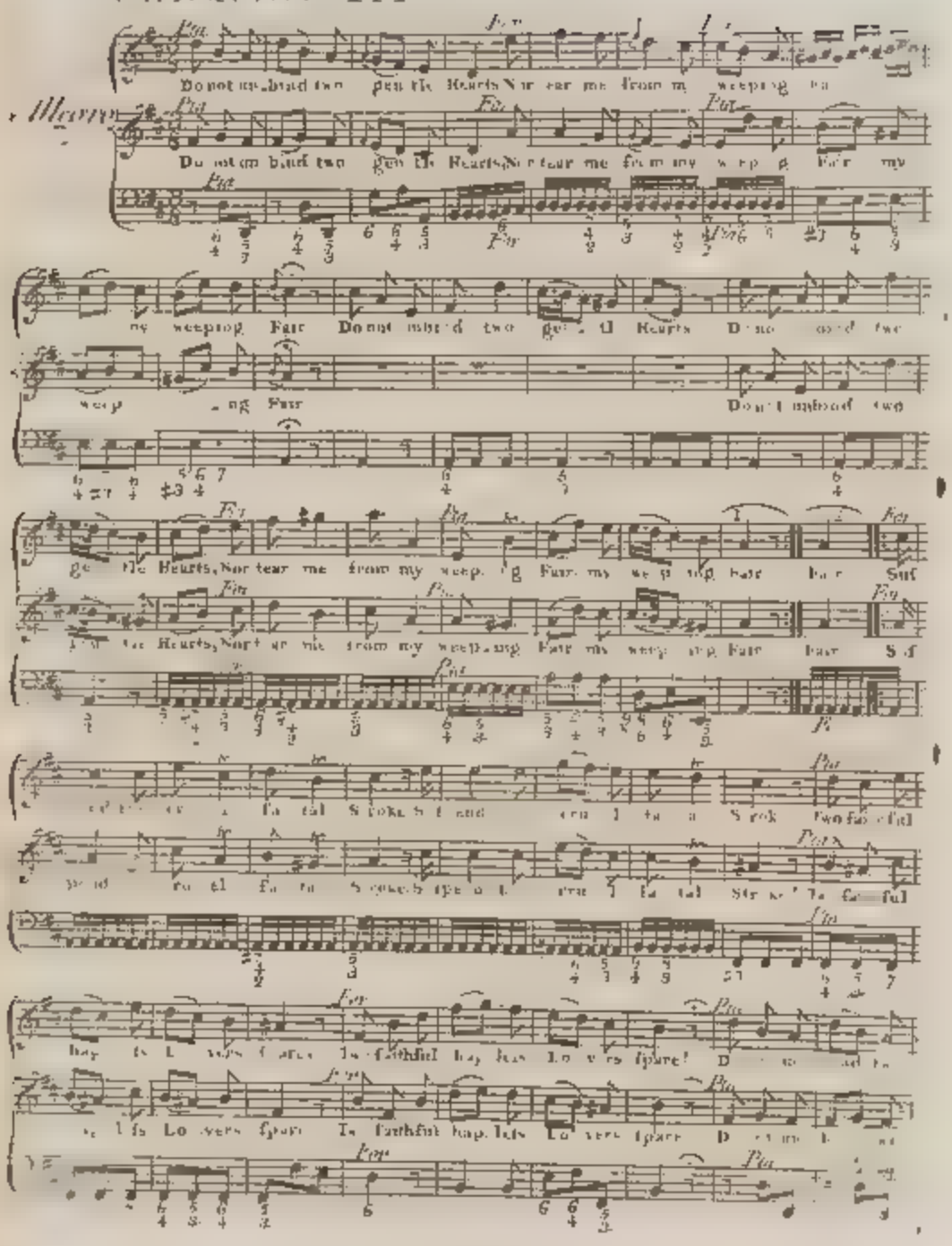
Canzonet IX


Do not unbind two gentle Hearts, Nor tear me from my weeping Fair
Do not unbind two gentle Hearts, Nor tear me from my weeping Fair my
my weeping Fair Do not unbind two gentle Hearts Do not unbind two
weeping Fair Do not unbind two
gentle Hearts, Nor tear me from my weeping Fair my weeping Fair Fair Suf
gentle Hearts, Nor tear me from my weeping Fair my weeping Fair Fair Suf
Fatal Stroke Shall end Cruel Fatal Stroke Two faithful
Speech upon Cruel Fatal Stroke Two faithful
Fatal Stroke Shall end Cruel Fatal Stroke Two faithful
Fatal Stroke Shall end Cruel Fatal Stroke Two faithful
Fatal Stroke Shall end Cruel Fatal Stroke Two faithful
Fatal Stroke Shall end Cruel Fatal Stroke Two faithful

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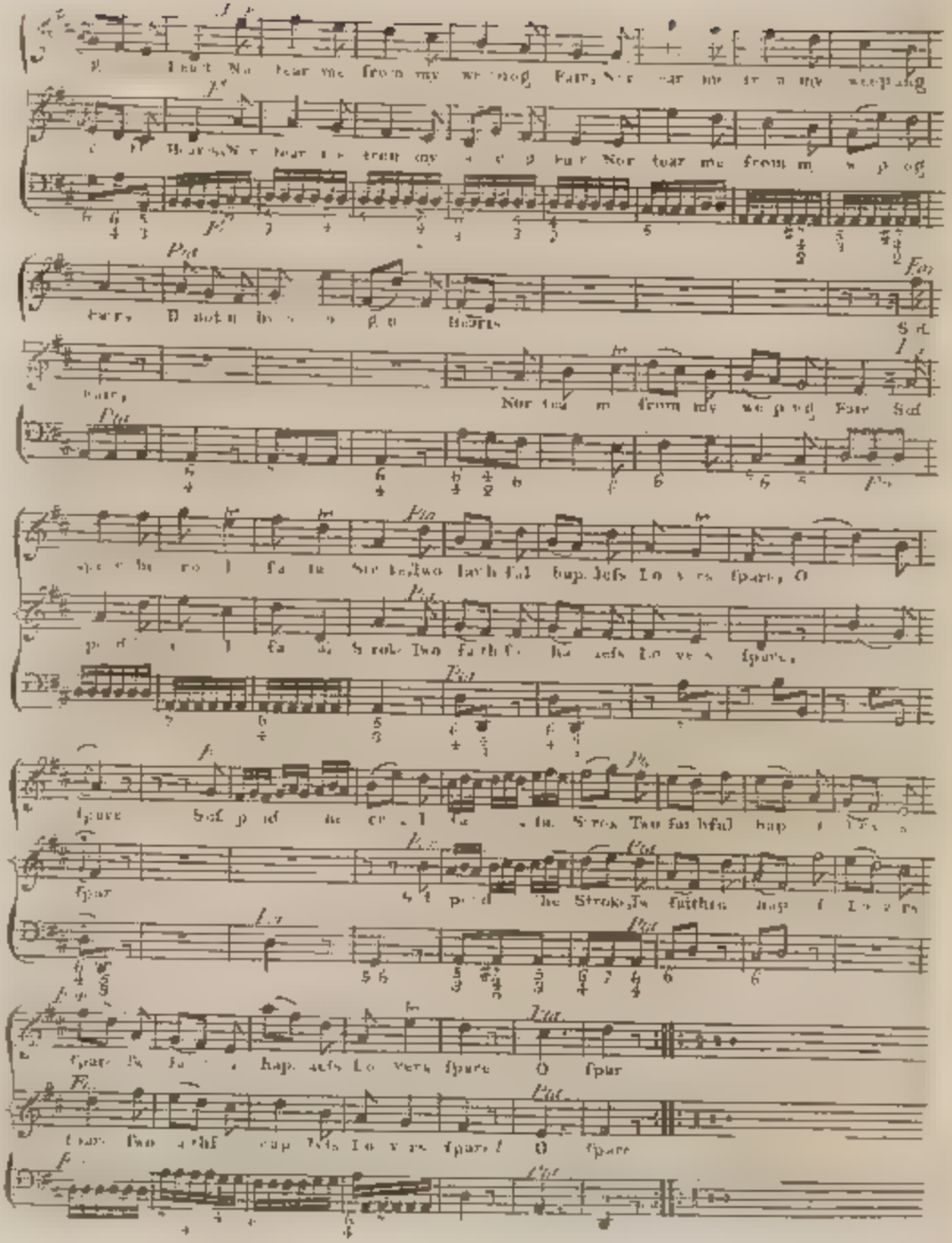
Nor fear me from my weeping Fair, Nor fear me from my weeping
Nor fear me from my weeping Fair Nor fear me from my weeping
Fair, Nor fear me from my weeping
Nor fear me from my weeping Fair
Stroke Two faithful happy Lovers spare, O
Stroke Two faithful happy Lovers spare,
spare Stroke Two faithful happy Lovers
spare
spare Two faithful happy Lovers spare O spare
Two faithful happy Lovers spare O spare

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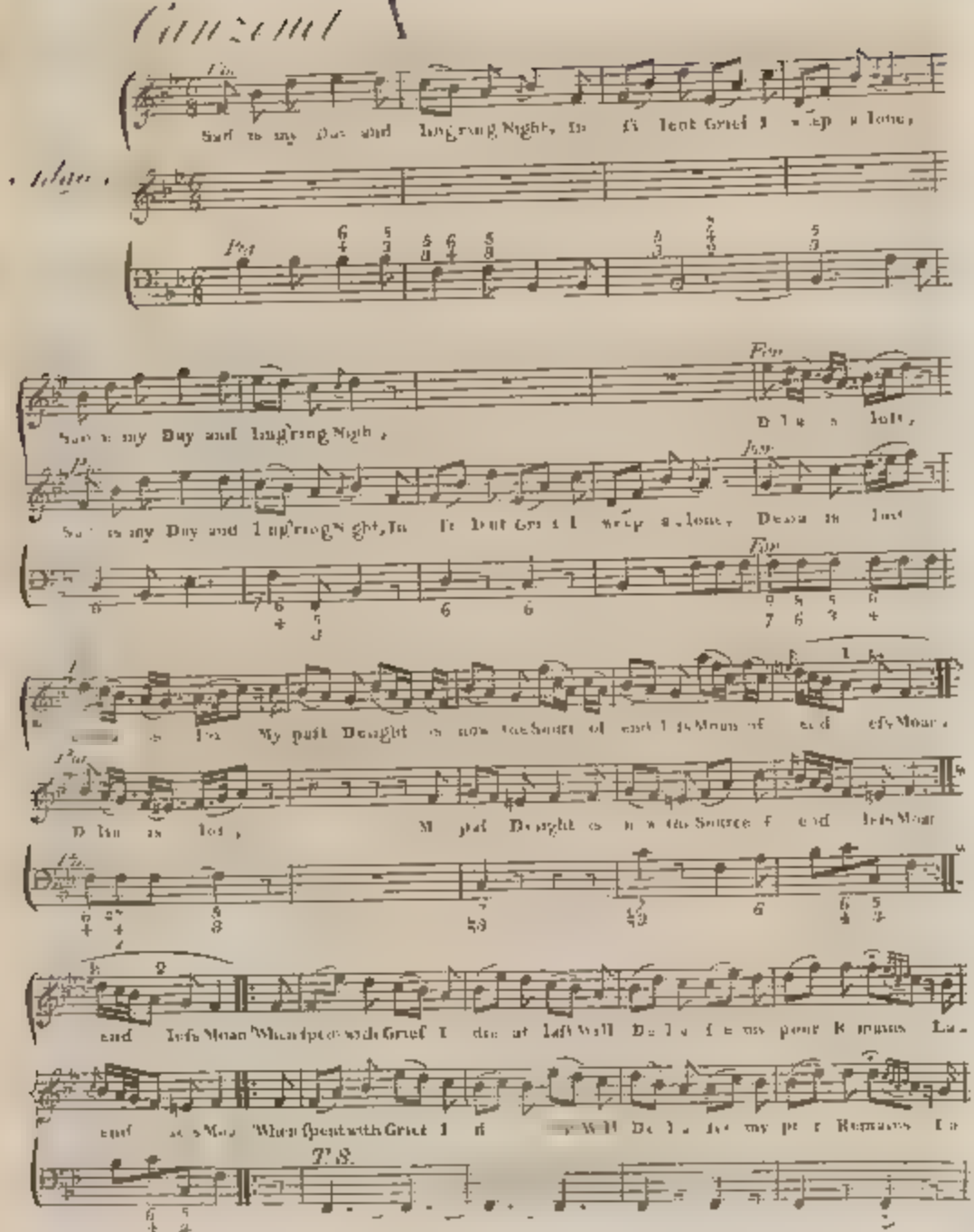
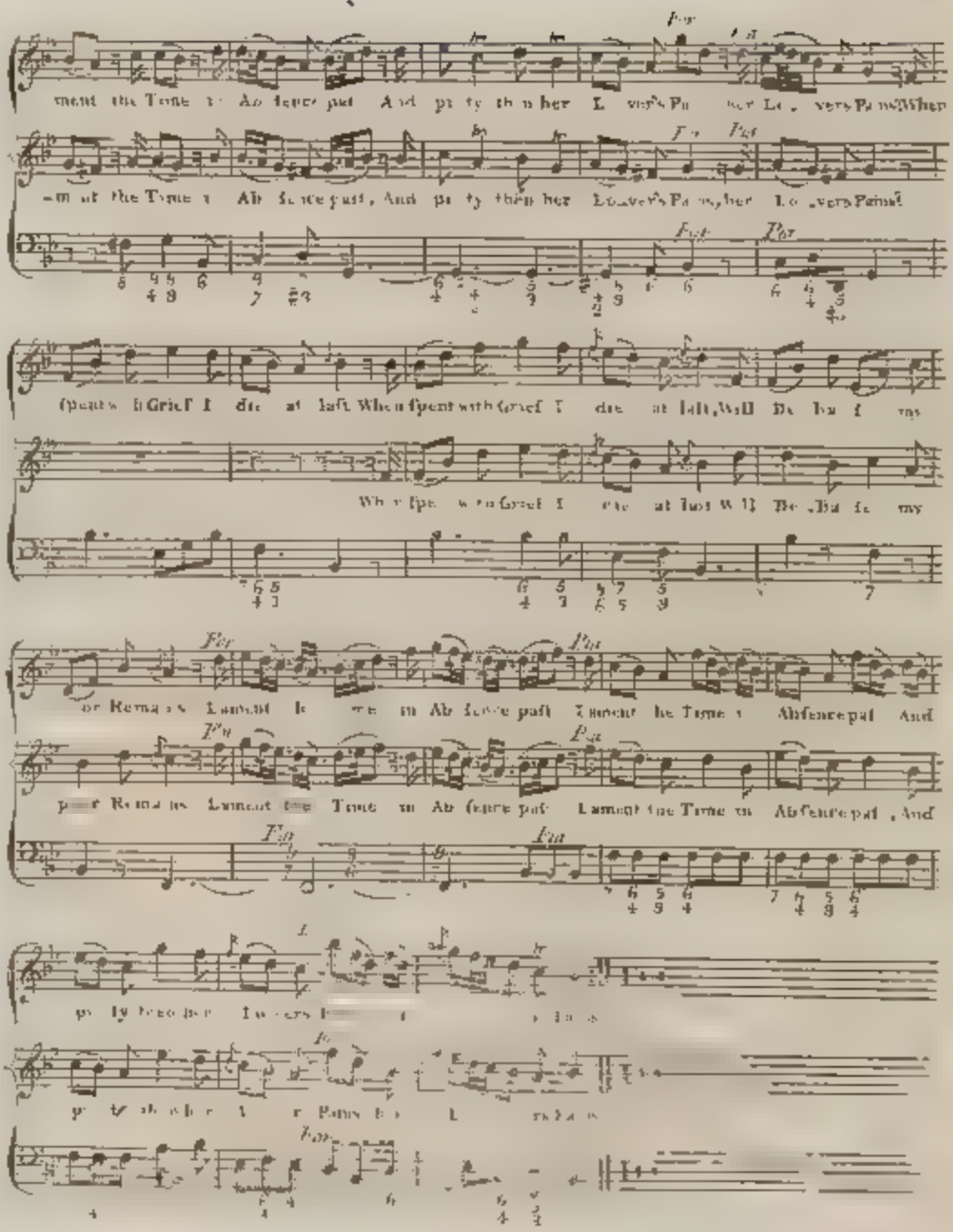

Canzonet
Sad is my Day and long long Night, In
Sad is my Day and long long Night,
My past Delight is now the Source of
end
Ah Woe is me
Ah Woe is me
Ah Woe is me


ment the Time is Absence past And pity thinker Lovers Pain her Lovers Pain When
ment the Time is Absence past, And pity thinker Lovers Pain her Lovers Pain!
Speaks Grief I die at last When spent with Grief I die at last, Will Be But
When Speaks Grief I die at last Will Be But
or Remains Lament the Time is Absence past Lament the Time is Absence past And
past Remains Lament the Time is Absence past Lament the Time is Absence past, And
pity thinker Lovers
pity thinker Pains Lovers

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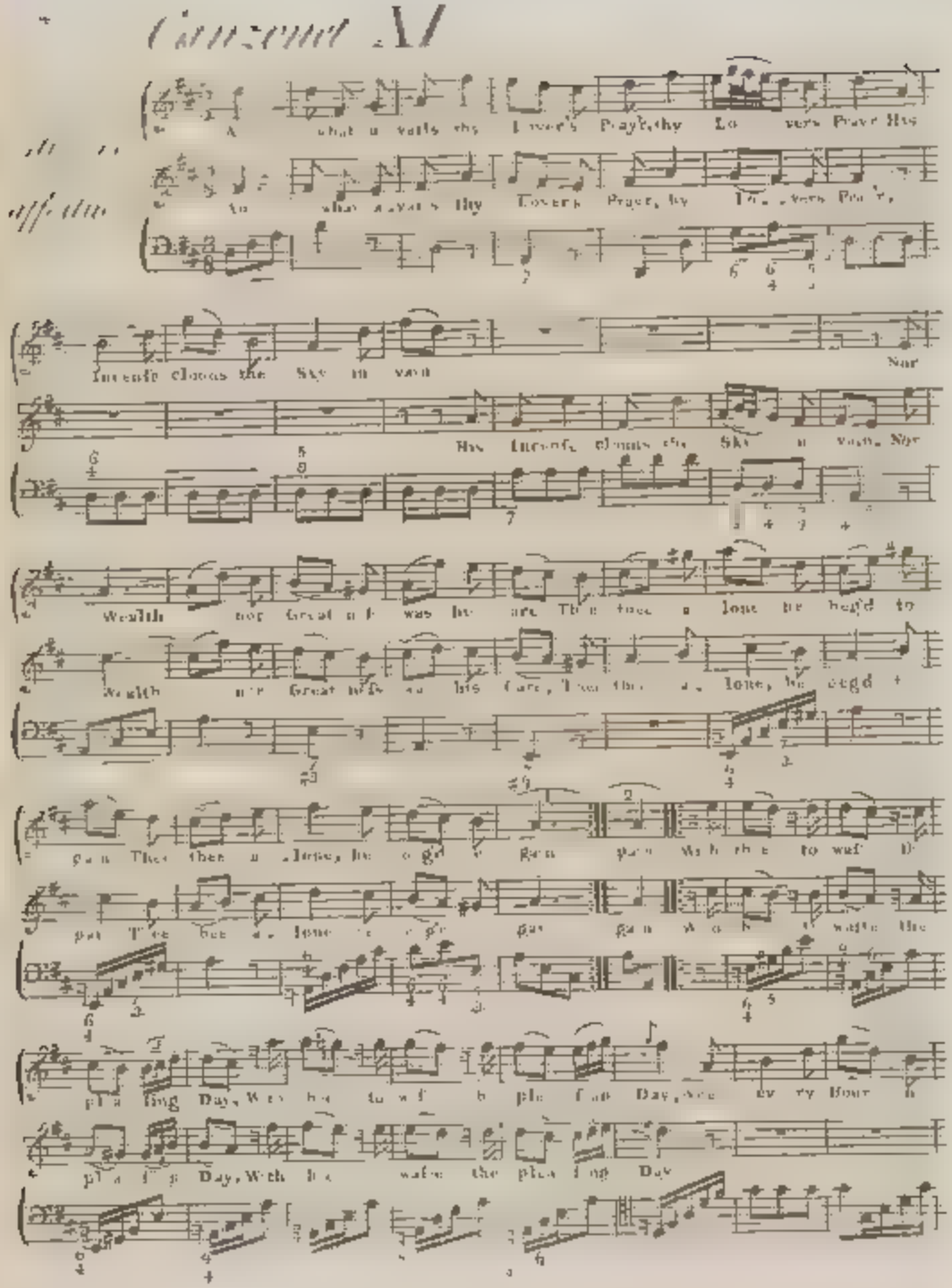

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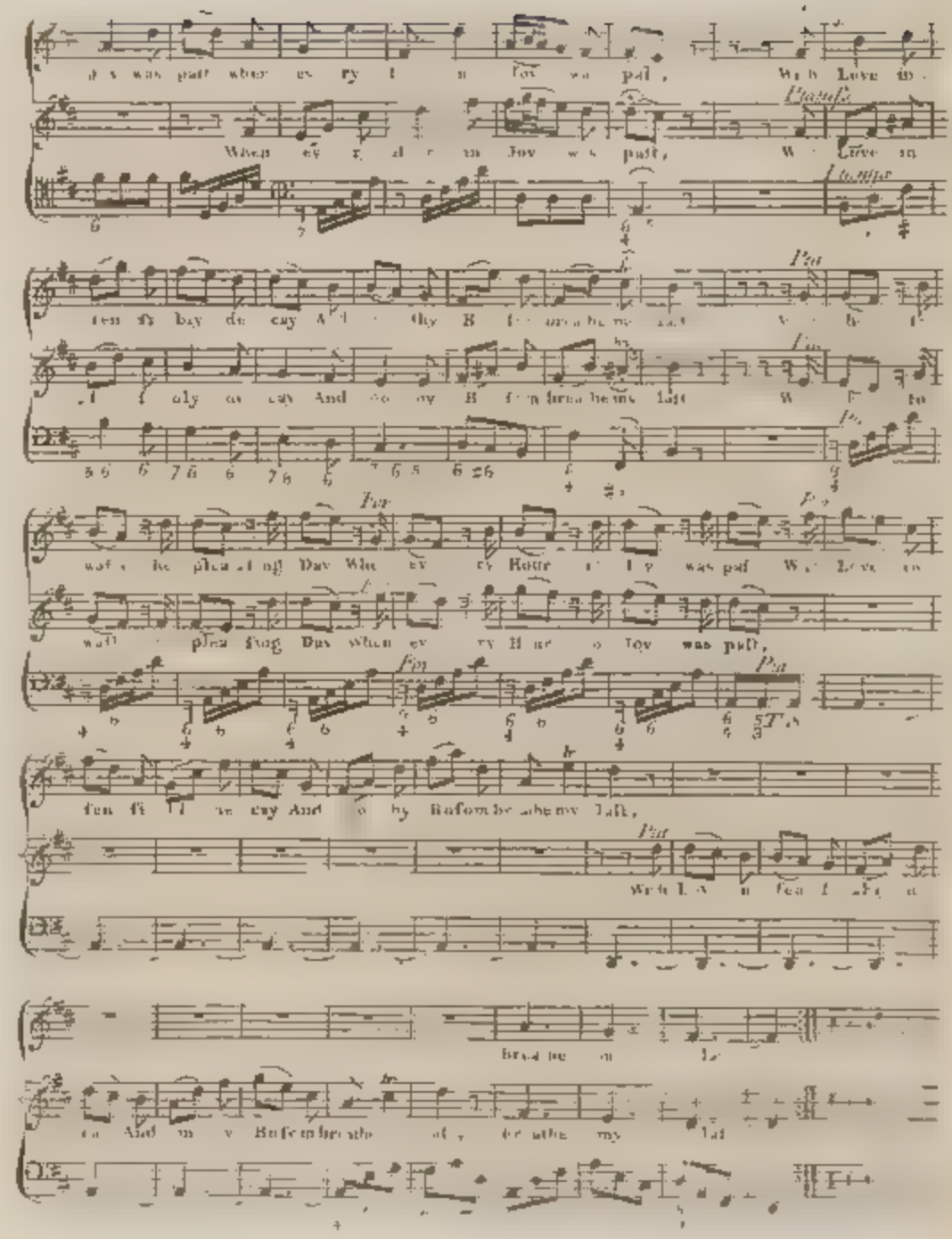

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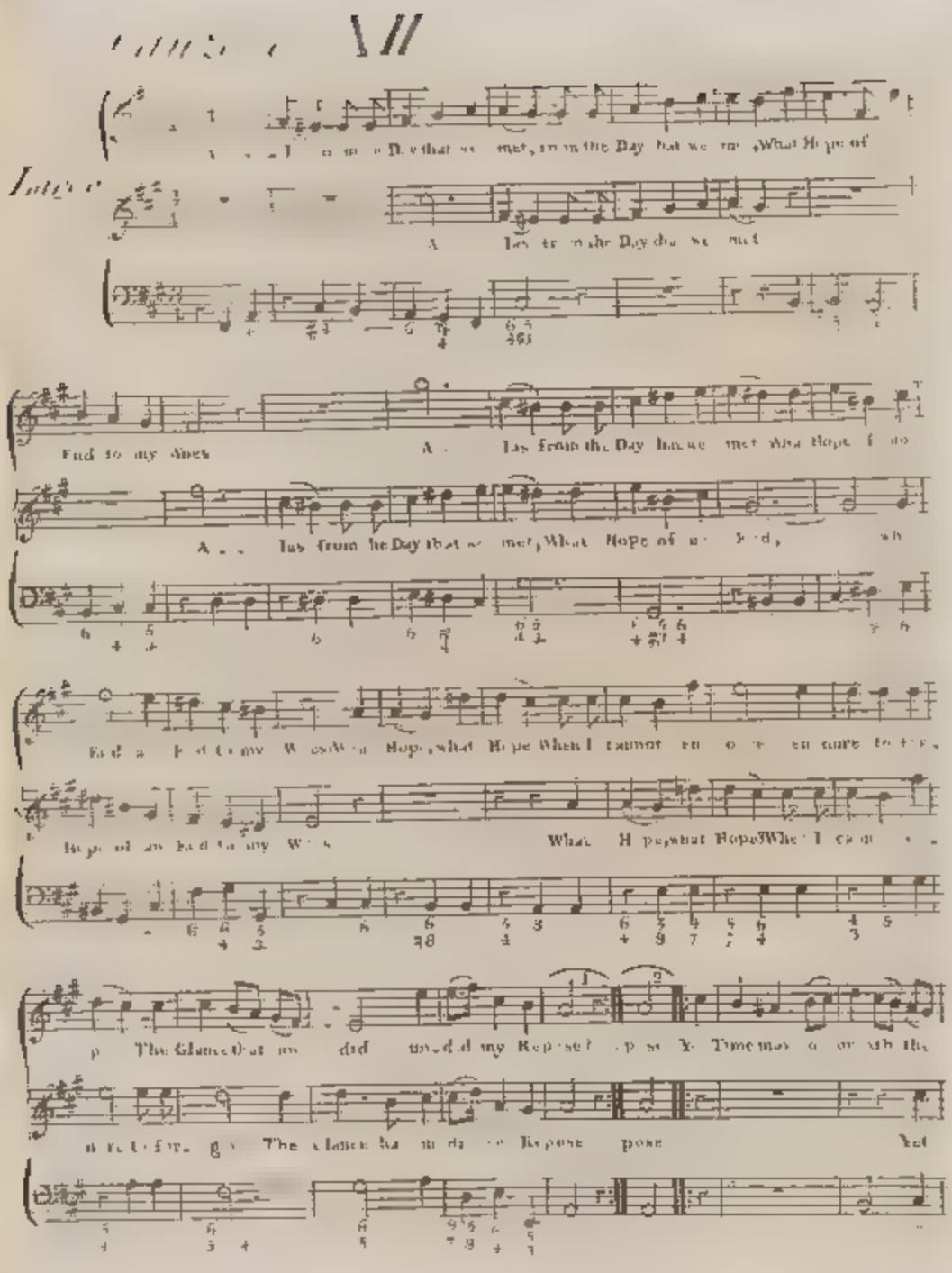

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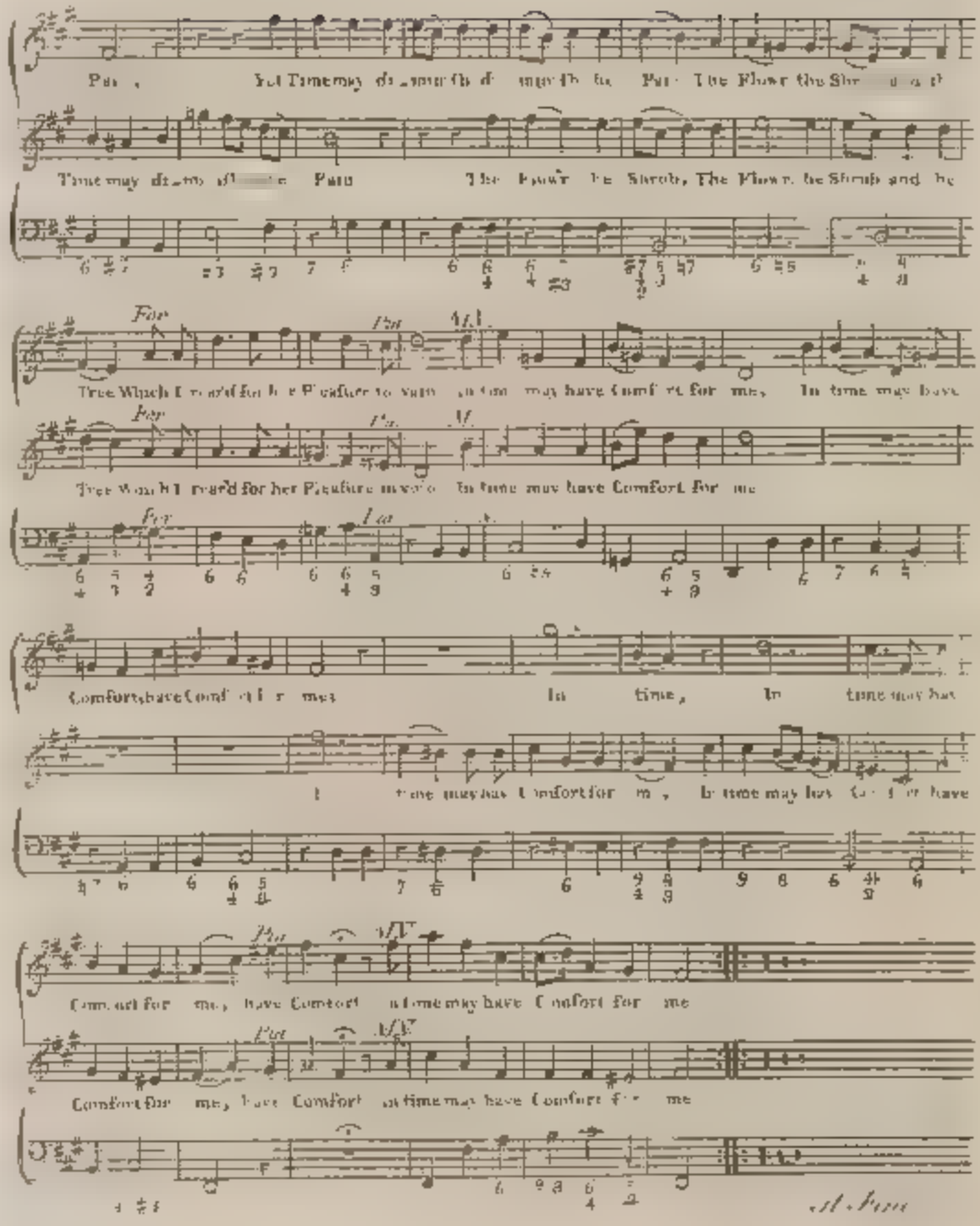
Yet Time may diminish
Time may diminish
The Flow'r the Shrub
The Flow'r the Shrub and he
For
Tree Which I rear'd for her Pleasure to vary
In time may have Comfort for me
Comforts have Comfort for me
In time, In time may have
Comfort for me, have Comfort in time may have Comfort for me
Comfort for me, have Comfort in time may have Comfort for me

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2

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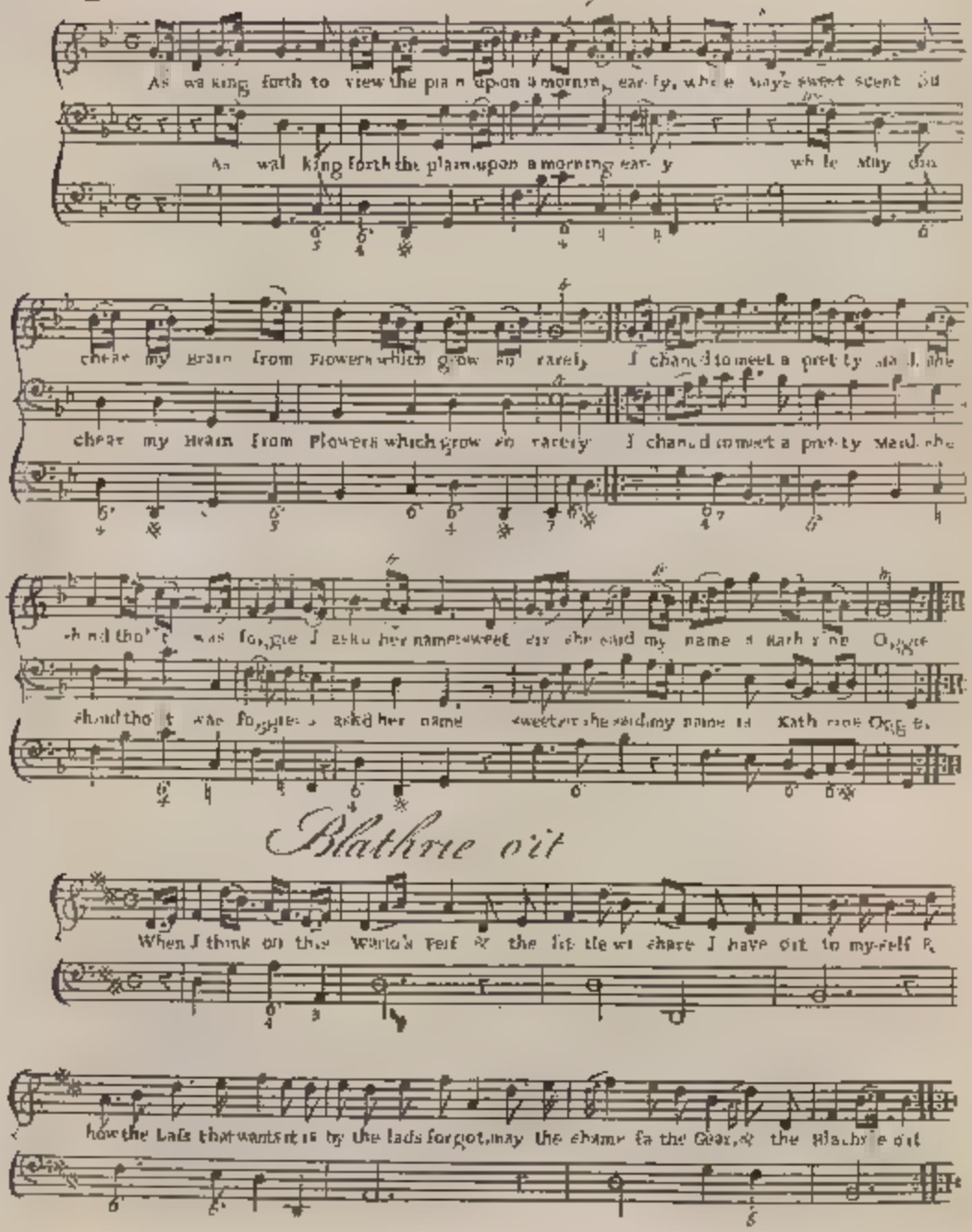
Katharine Ogie


As walking forth to view the plain upon a morning early, while May's sweet scent did
As walking forth the plain upon a morning early while May's
chear my brain from Flowers which grow so rarely I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid, she
chear my brain from Flowers which grow so rarely I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid she
should tho't was forgot I asked her name sweet she said my name is Katharine Ogie
should tho't was forgot I asked her name sweet she said my name is Katharine Ogie

Blathrie oit

When I think on this World's Pelf & the little we share I have oit to my-self R.
how the Lads that wants it is by the lads forgot, may the shame fa the Gear, & the Blathrie oit

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Katharine Ogie.

As walking forth *to view** the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's *sweet flow'rs* cau chear my brain,
From flowers wood grow so rarely
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She chan'd tho' it was togie,
I ask'd her name. Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is Kath'rine Ogie

I stood *a while*, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately,
So *mild as she* there did appear
In his dear mood so meanly
Such *har'en* sweetness she display'd
Like *Mies* in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie

Thou flow'r of *females*, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee;
Tho' thou art *drest in robes* but mean,
Yet *style* cannot disguise thee
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Excels a clownish rogue;
Thou'rt match for Laird, or lord, or Duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I *on* some *Shepherd* swain!
To feed my flock beside thee.
At boughting *time* to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie

Then I'd despise th' *imperial* throne,
And Statesmens dang'rous stations
I'd be no king, *I'd wear no* crown,
I'd smile at conquering nations,
Might I caress and ne'er be crost
That as of whom I'm vogie,
For these are toys, and but loss to's,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear *the gods* have not decreed
For me to find a creature,
Whose beauty *art makes her* exceed
All other works in nature
Clouds of despair surround my love.
That are both dark and fogie
Pity my case ye pow'rs above,
I die for Kath'rine Ogie

* The Letters and Syllables in this Song, in *Italic* characters, are to be left out by the second Voice.

Blathric o't.

When I think on this warld's pelf,
And the little wee share I have o't to myself,
And how the lad that wants it is by the side forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the plough,
But now he's got gowd and gear enough
He thinks nae mair of me than weers the plaiden coat;
May the shame, &c

Jenny was the lassie that milked the byre
But now she is clad in fine linsey attire,
And *Jockie* says he loes her and swears he'll ne'er forgot;
May the shame, &c

But all this shall never daunton me,
Sae long as I keep my liberty free
For the lad that's inconstant he's not worth a groat.
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't

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The Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts in universal lay
Let us *Amanda*, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of *Invermay*

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, the winter, will appear;
At this thy blooming youth will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade
Our pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of *Invermay*.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams,
The busy bees with humming noise,
And in the rapture kind rejoice
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of *Invermay*.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gratitude call,
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

Beffy Bell and Mary Gray.

O *Beffy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are two bonny lasses,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it o'er with rashes.
Fair *Beffy Bell* I lov'd yestreen,
And dought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But *Mary Gray's* twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Beffy's* hair's like a simmer day,
She smiles like a *May* morning,
When *Phœbus* starts frae *Thetis'* lap,
The dews wi' rays adorning
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty,
Wi' ilka grace she can command
Her sports, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances,
She's aye sae clean, red lips and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances,
Bright as a bee, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, sight, and tall is,
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O *Venus*, she's be thy *Pallas*

Dear *Beffy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye ance fair oppress us,
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are sae bonny lasses
Wae's me for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're fettered,
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
And be with ane contented.

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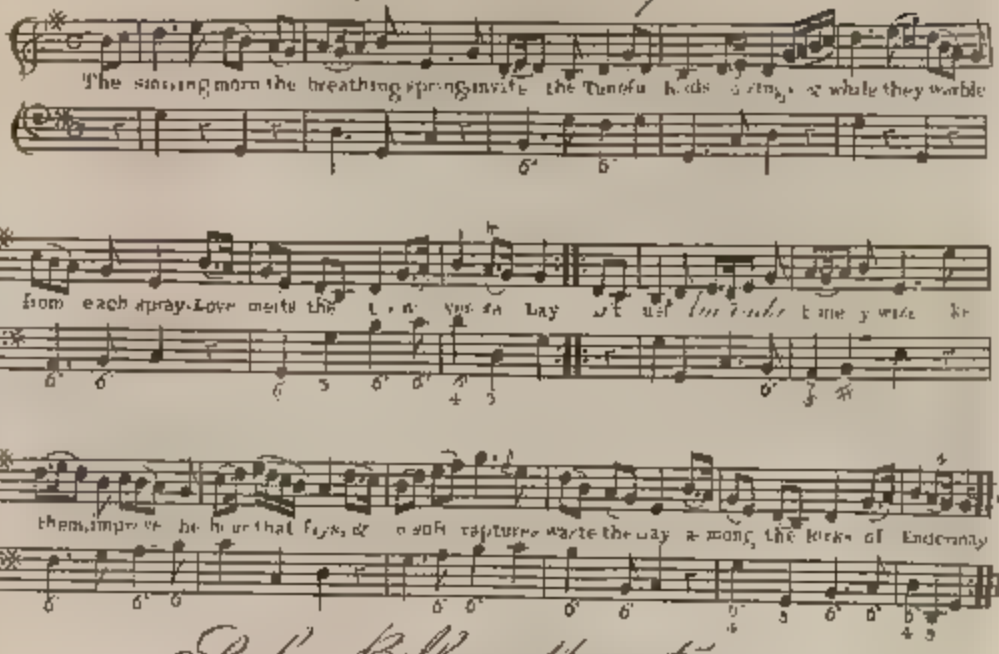
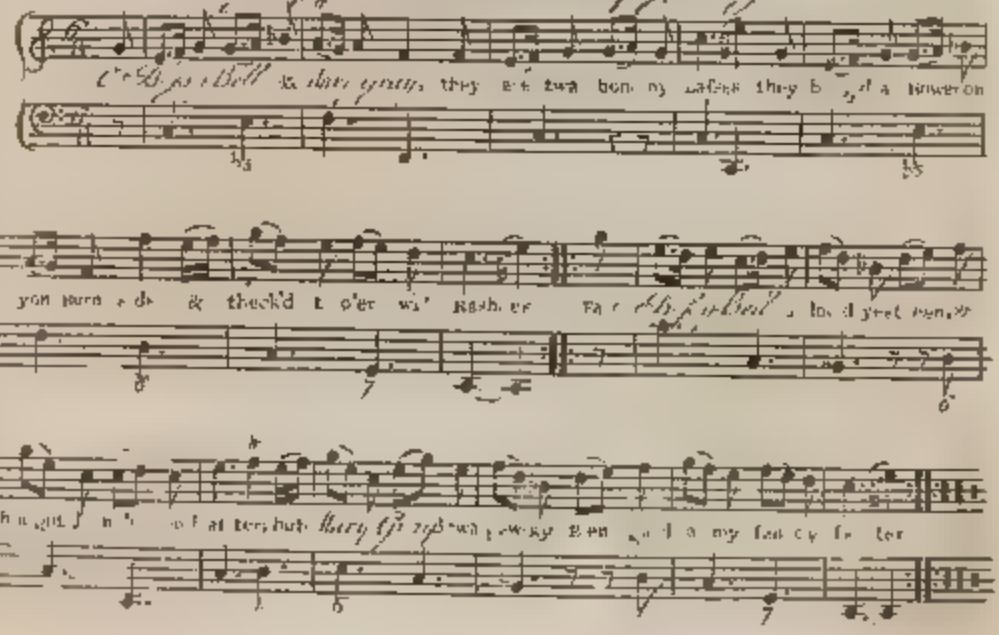
Birks of Endermay.


The morning morn the breathing spring invite the tuneful birds to sing
from each spray Love melts the lay of all the tuneful train
them improve the hour that fleets and each rapture warms the day among the birks of Endermay

Bessy Bell & Mary Gray.


O Bessy Bell & Mary Gray they are two bonny lasses they built a bower on
yon burn side & theckd it o'er wi' Rashes Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yet dearly
but ah alas for both but Mary Gray's dead pity my fancy for her

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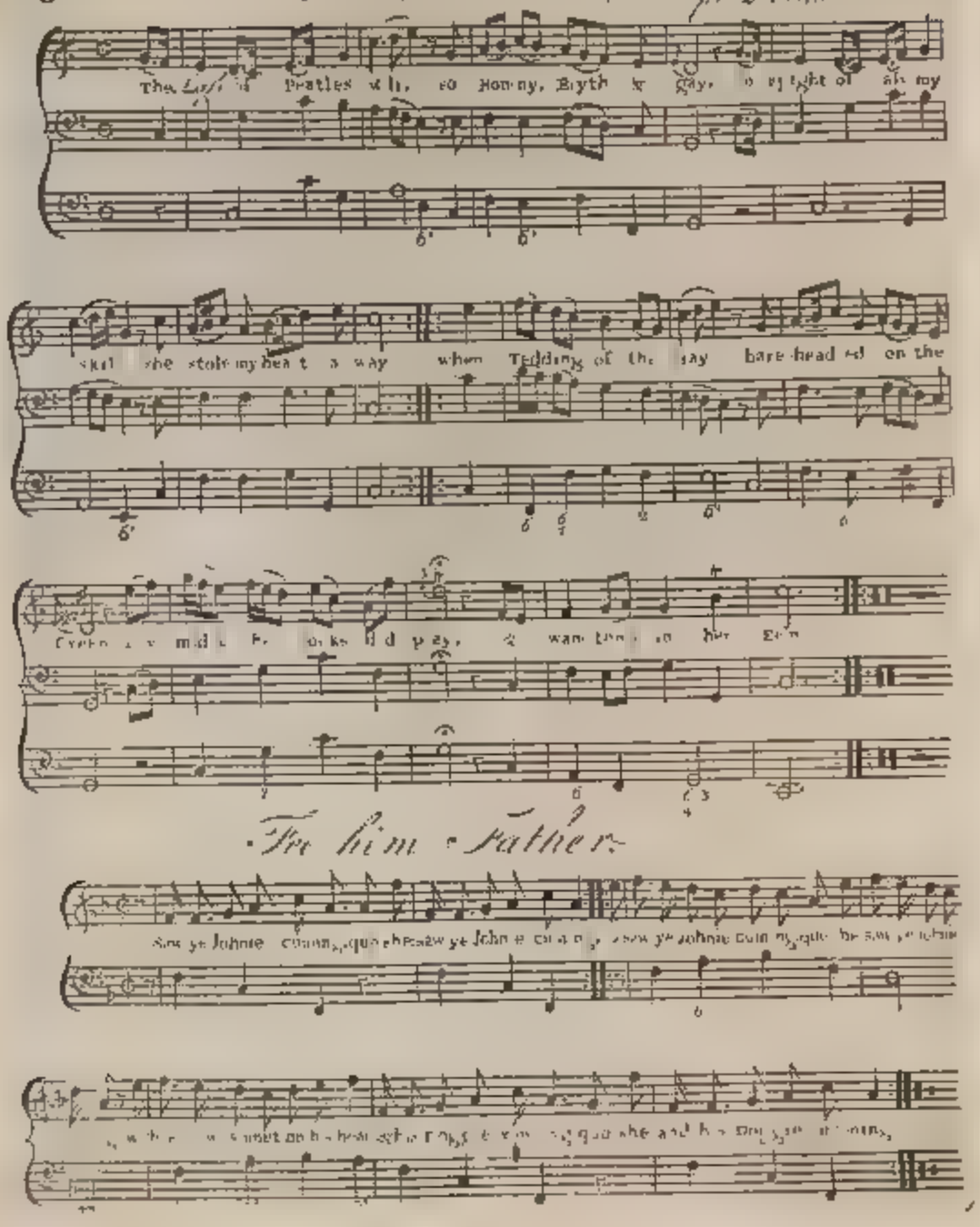
Bathe's Mill

fr 2 Vns.


The Lass of Peatles Mill, so Bonny, Blyth & Gay, is Light of all my
skul she stole my heart away when Tedding of the hay bare-headed on the
Cyther'a's mad[e] Fo[r] looks did play, & wan[t]on[s] in her Een
From him Father.
Saw ye Johnie comin, quo she saw ye Johnie comin, quo she saw ye Johnie
when she was sunset on his head she [illegible] quo she and his Dog[s] at his

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Peaty's Mill.

THE lads of *Peaty's* mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of a' my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'mang her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand.
Thro' a' my pleasant rest
An easiness of mind,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a bonny kind.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wud,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride

O had I as the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Injoy'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will,
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of *Peaty's* mill,
Should share the same with me.

Fee him, Father, fee him.

S.
SAW ye *Johny* comin, quo' she,
Saw ye *Johny* comin, S.
O saw ye *Johny* comin, quo' she,
Saw ye *Johny* comin,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie comin, quo' she,
And his doggie comin.

S.
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him S.
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doer,
And a' the work about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Wi' me, when I see him

What will I do wi' him, hussy,
What will I do wi' him
He's neither a stark upon his back,
And has nane to gie him.
I have twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him,
And for a mark or mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him

S.
For weel can I fee him, quo' she,
Weel do I fee him. S.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him,
He'll haud the pleugh straith in the yird,
And he wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
Lie wi' me at e'en

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Low down in the Broom.

MY daddy is a cankerd carle,
He'll nae twin wi' his gear;
My minny she's a scalding wife,
Hads a' the house afteer,
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom
That's toasting on me,
Wooing on me, my love,
He's toasting on me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom
That's toasting on me

My aunty *Kate* sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I 'tis a' envy,
For ne'er a ane has she.
But let them say, &c.

My cousin *Kate* was fair beguil'd
Wi' *James* in the glen,
And aye since-syne she cries, beware
Of false deluding men.
But let her say, &c.

Glee'd *Sandy* he came waft at night,
And speer'd when I saw *Pate*,
And aye since-syne the neighbours round
They jeer the air and late.
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me
For I'll gae to the bonny lad
That's toasting on me,
Wooing on me, my love,
He's toasting on me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom
That's toasting on me

The last Time I came o'er the Moor.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me,
Ye powers what pain do I endure,
When last ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day's dawning,
I met her kiss my every maid,
And a' retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chaffing, charming,
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I prest and sat beneath the skies,
Like monarchs, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortals rush to meet me,
Or call upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me,
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares a distance prove,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my tour there's not one place
To let a rival enter
Since she excels in every grace,
And has my love their center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the high shall cover,
On *Greenland* ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me,
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I leave her behind me.
Then *Hymen's* sacred bands shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

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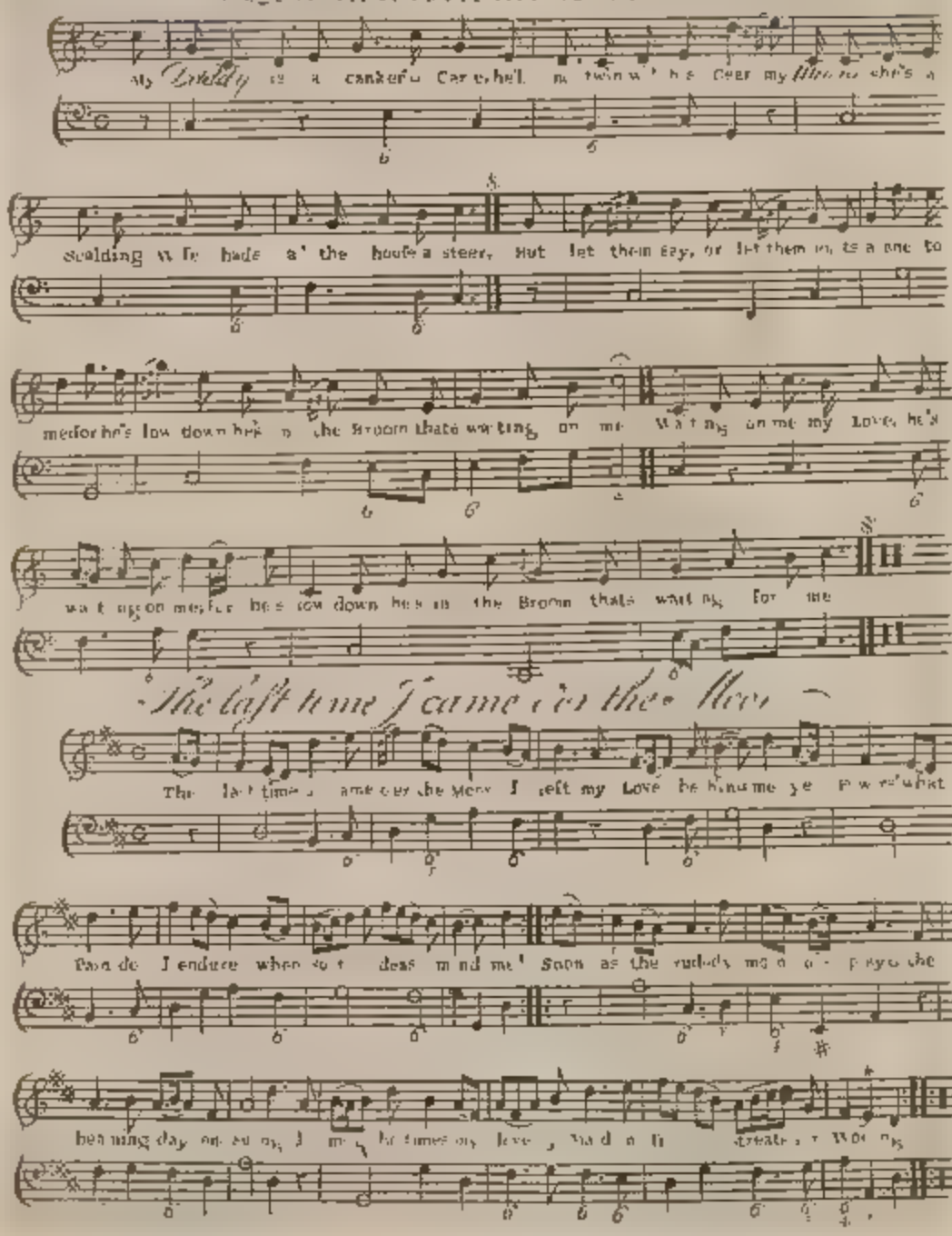
Lie down in the Broom


My Daddy is a canker'd Carle he'll not twin wi' his Gear my Mamie she's a
scolding Wife bade a' the house a steer, but let them say, or let them do as one to
me for he's low down he's in the Broom that's waiting on me Waiting on me my Love he's
wait ing on me, for he's low down he's in the Broom that's wait ing for me

The last time I came o'er the Moor

The last time I came o'er the Moor I left my Love be hind me ye Pow'rs what
pan de I endure when so I dess mind me! Soon as the ruddy morn ing pey ers the
beaming day on ev ery I mark the times my love and I treated a Wood ing

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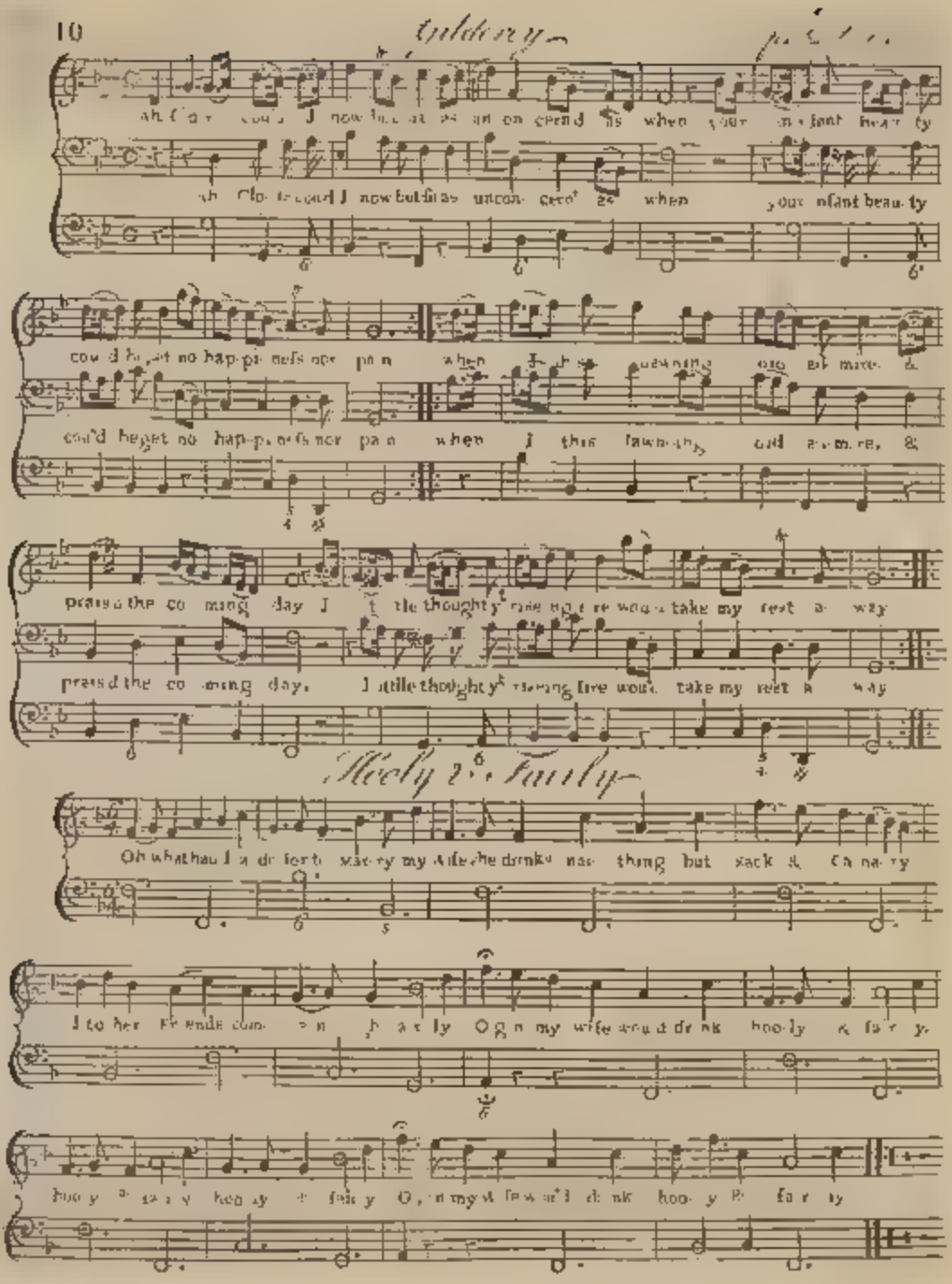
Gilderoy
Ah Chloe could I now but find as kind on eyend ly when your infant beauty
Ah Chloe could I now but find as unconcern'd as when your infant beauty
could beget no happiness nor pain when I this fawning old woman &
could beget no happiness nor pain when I this fawning old woman &
praise the coming day I little thought y' rising fire would take my rest away
praise the coming day. I little thought y' rising fire would take my rest away
Lively 2d Part
Oh what had I a do to marry my wife she drinks nae thing but sack & canary
To her friends com pli ments daily Oh my wife would drink hooly & fairly
hooly & fairly hooly & fairly O, my wife would drink hooly & fairly

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Ah! Chloris.

To the Tune of *Gilder Roy.*

Ah *Chloris*, could I now but die
As once in your embrace I did,
Your image only could beget
No fear of ought but pain.
When I'm a stranger to delight,
And think of coming day,
I look on't as a tedious piece
Which I would fain away.

Your charms in death is painful it will not be,
As in your arms it was before,
Age from my limbs has not more away,
Than you is concealed in them

But as your charms insensibly
To your perfection grew,
So love as unperceived did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his mother aim'd at you,
Threw a new flaming dart
Each gloried in their wanton part,
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art
To make a beauty, she.

Hooly and fairly.

O if wha I hae to marry,
My wife she is like barking bees and canary
I to her sing as I am inclined right airly
O gie my wife drink hooly and fairly.
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O gie my wife drink hooly and fairly.

For he drank *Canaries*, and she she drank *Garret*
Now I am grieved my bonny grey mare
That ever I my time did see and the same
O gie my wife, &c.

I for a book nor bee am doing I was as much care,
She like my mither, canna well spare,
To ease each other my wife and I gang but sorely
O gie my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
Nor ever did refuse nor the comforts of life
E'er it come to a war I pray for a parley
O gie my wife, &c.

A pint wi' the gunners I wad her allow,
But when she lies down she fills herself fow,
And when she is fow she's nice cantherie
O gie my wife, &c.

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,
She ca's the officers loons rummers and sots
And I my self am auld cockold carlie
O gie my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O gie my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

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She rose and loot me in

'TIS night her fleet while wore,
And gloomy were the skies
Of all the starry stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been.
I begg'd my suit, my lovely dame.
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove,
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty still had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did rob,
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive
Or steal such beauty away?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Before a priest we join'd,
Till Hymen o'er my arms convey'd
My treasure to be mine.

Now happy as my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy,
No greater bless'ng can I prove,
So bless'd a man am I
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart
But virtue only is the chain
Holds never to depart

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

ANN thou were my ain thing
I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee:
Ann thou were my ain thing,
How dearly wou'd I love thee!

O I wou'd clasp thee in my arms,
And I'd secure thee from all harms,
For above mortals thou hast charms
How dearly do I love thee!
Ann thou were, &c.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee
For heaven's sake then pity me,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To join none with forty can save,
O but their sake improper slave,
Who ever can forget love thee
Ann thou were, &c.

To meet a mortal charm can make,
But that I love, and for your sake
What man can name I'll undertake
So dearly do I love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
I'll fates my dread of life have spun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee
Ann thou were, &c.

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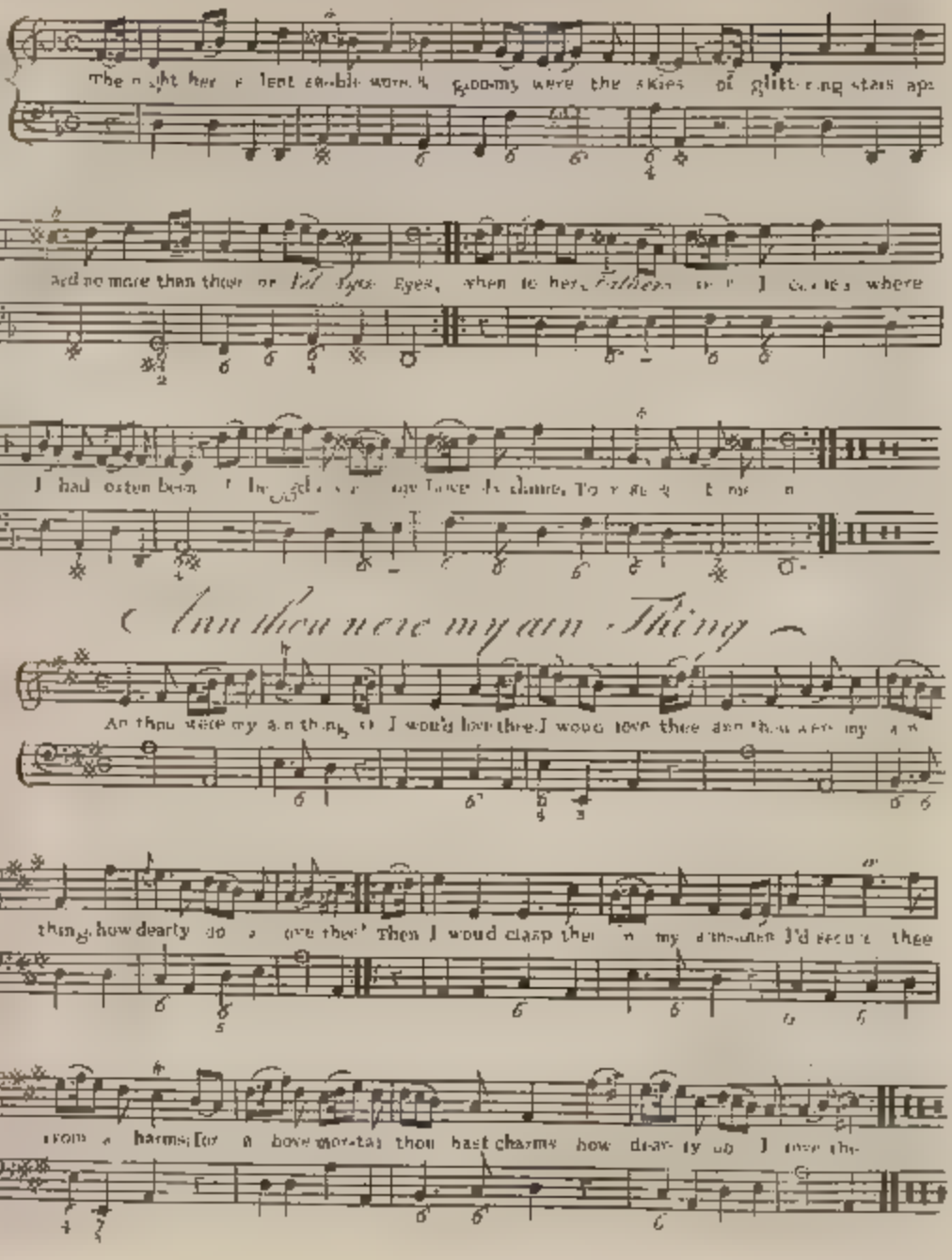
The rose & let me in —


The night her sable wrapt gloomy were the skies of glittering stars ap
And no more than thou or Ful Eyes, when to her Fathers
I had often been
Can thou were my ain Thing —
An thou were my ain thing I would love thee. I would love thee an thou were my
thing, how dearly do I love thee! Then I would clasp thee in my arms I'd secure thee
from harms; for thou mortal thou hast charms how dearly do I love thee

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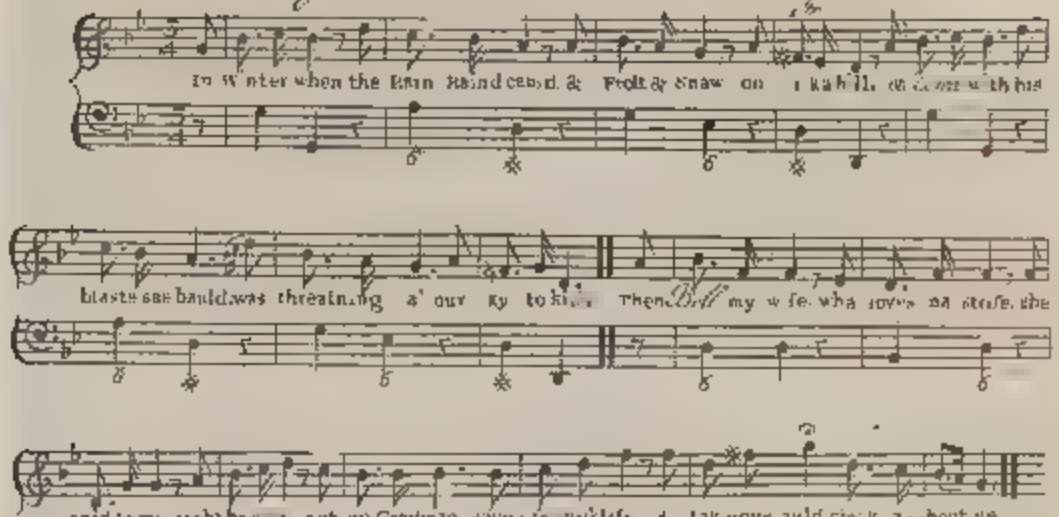
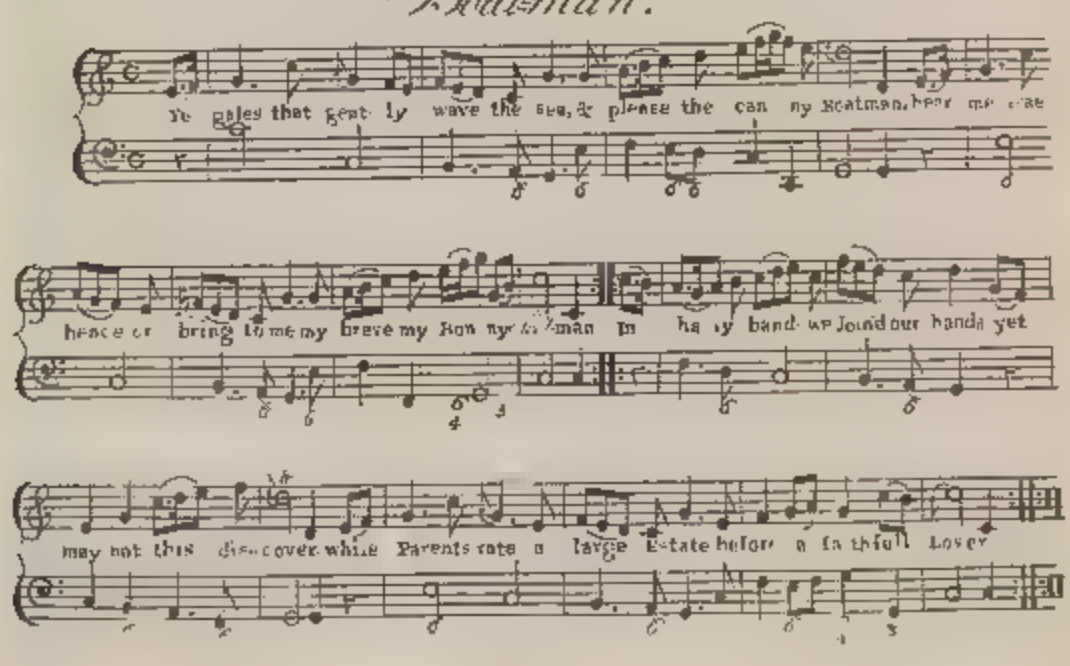
Tak your Auld Cloak about you.


In Winter when the Rain Rain'd cauld & Frost & Snaw on Hill
blasts sae bauld was threatning a' our Ky to kill Then Bell my wife who lo'es na strife
said to me right hearty get up Goodman save your Life & tak your auld cloak about ye

Boatman.


Ye gales that gently wave the sea, & please the canny Boatman, bear me frae
hence or bring to me my brave my Bonny Boatman in haly hand we Join'd our hands yet
may not this discover while Parents rate a large Estate before a faithfull Lover

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Tak your auld Cloak about ye.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frosts begoud to nip our snout,
And *Boreas*, wi his blasts sae bauld,
Was threatning a' our kye to rout,
Then *Bess* my wife, wha lo'es nae flatt'ry,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, for *Cromie's* sake,
And tak your auld cloak about ye

My *Cromie* is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kyne
Aft has she wet the bairns's mou',
And I am laith that she suld tyne;
Get up, goodman, it is your wame,
The lasses they are maist frae hame,
Sirs, ye're to blame, ye're to blame,
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear,
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year,
Let's peace the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die
Then I'll be proud, since I have worn
It, to have a new e'en's out the o't.

My wife she took me by the *Beard*, and swore
She wadna buy a new cloak for a hundred pound,
She bade me take the auld one and turn't,
And sae I did, and cobbled it round and round.

He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou be muckle of high degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye

Every land has its ain slough,
And every man has his dool,
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule,
Do ye not see *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
As they are gaun in the plew
Wishing for the bonny mouls o' the ha',
To thack a new cloak about me

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane another ken,
And we have had between us twa
Of lasses and lusty callans ten
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye

And my wife she lovingly,
Better nor ale gi'es me a kiss,
And to make our bliss complete,
I hae dwalling yet, thank God for't,
Nought's to a want at wat nor a stake,
Unless ye gie o'er at the plea,
Then I'll be just where I began,
And tak thy auld cloak about me

The Boat-man.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
And favour the becalmed boatman,
Blow to my love on every side,
Now be mair kind than ever man
Hay bands we row'd our hands,
Frae love this gift to prove,
Wi' parents rate a large estate
Be slighted for my love

But poor exile in *Highland* glens
Ye hard the sad mis fortune—plain,
Ere a comfortless night ends
Ye'll hear your weary—man

Woe worth the man who first began
The base design frae lucre,
Frae green grassy vales love's arms to tear,
While strangers to its pleasure

Frae foreign climes, my lovely youth
Haste to thy longing wife,
Who pines to prove thy earthly mou'
And ne'er before sae [illegible]
I weep for the worst, turn [illegible],
Fair winds and lovely boat-man,
Waft over, waft o'er frae yonder shore,
My dear my only boat-y Boat-man

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Nanfy's to the green Wood gane.

NANSY's to the *Green Wood* gane,
To hear the *Gowdspink* chatt'ring,
And *Willie* he has follow'd her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring
But a' that he could fay or do,
She geck'd and frown'd at him
And ay when he began to woo,
She bad him mind what gart him

What ails ye now my lad, quoth he,
My coaxin dear, my nanny?
Wha's ever yet envy'd you or me,
Lang-tail'd and ranty-tanty
Wi' routh o' good barley meal,
O' that there was right plenty,
Wi' chapped tocks tou butter'd weel,
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
Nae gear I'm to be worthy,
He has a good bein yard,
A gay house and a pantry
A good blue bonnet on his head,
A weel-ay thou lasts eatty
And ay as he gaes to the field
He eats his good flunks nagy

Now will ye wander on your knee
Ye silly dowie *Nanny*?
Will ye compare me to me,
I canna [illegible]

I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him fimple *Sandy*,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is fwee like fugar candy

Wow, *Nanfy* what needs a' this din
Do I not ken this *Sandy*?
I am fure the chief o' his kin
Was *Rab* the beggar bandy
His mammy *Meg* upo' her back
Rare baith lame and blin by
Wi' ye compare a paltry pack
To me your warldly *Willy*?

My gutcher left a good braid fword,
Tho' now auld and ruffty,
Ye've aft heard tell on my worth,
It is baith fleer and cruelty
And tho' I can not get at dearn,
Whilk wi' his might quat fa,
I fhall my bairns my siller to learn,
That he fhall get a beesy

Then *Nanfy* turn'd her round about
And fair Da *Sandy* hear'd,
Ye wadna mifs to get a clout,
I ken it wi' a word
She hurl'd ye tongue and ay nae mair,
Sae fain wha e'er ye woo,
For as auld *Saws* is to be fure
Ye never fhall get *Nanfy*

Tweed Side.

WHAT beauties does *Flora* difclose?
How fweet are her smiles upon *Tweed*?
Yet *Mary* still fweeter than thofe,
Both nature and art they exceed.
Nor walks by *Forth*'s filver ftreaming,
Nor *Boyne*'s gilded towers can delight me,
Nor *Tay*'s amber ftream glitt'ring clear fhule,
Tho' each hath its pleafure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the thrufh, and the blackbird,
The lark, the foft cooing dove,
All hail the returning fpring.
The fun fcarce does rife on the mountain,
But eccho returns the fhrill bugle,
The hunter with pleafure purfues
The courfe to the diftant green hill.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does *Mary* not tend a few flocks?
Do they never carefully ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies and ſings?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould ſtill her attention,
Kind nature indulging my bliſs
To eaſe the fad pains of my bleeding heart
I'll fly to her arms and die there.

Tho' fome do the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's lovely, ſhe's charming and fair.
Say, fhepherds, where do they feed their flocks fair?
Oh! tell me at noon where they reſt,
Is it on the fweet winding banks
Or pleaſanter braes of the *Tweed*?

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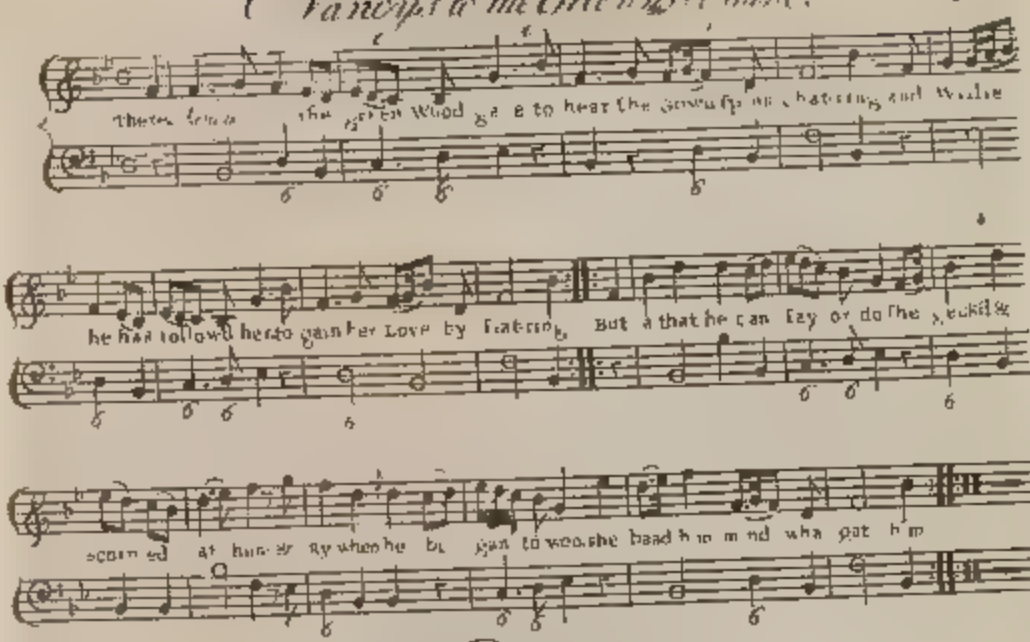
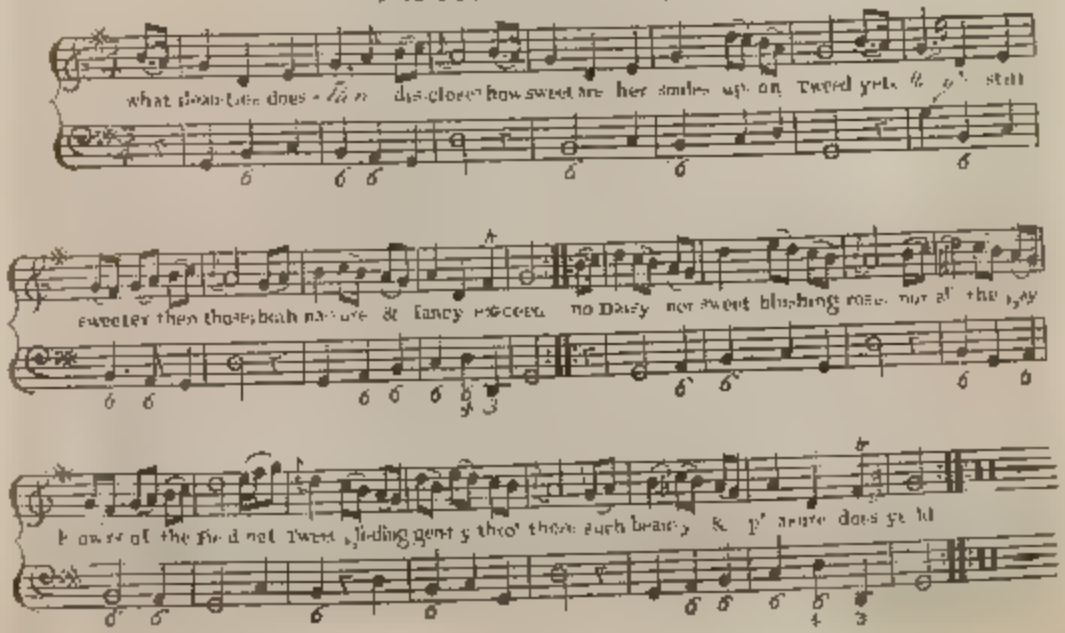
I a roop's to the Grove wood mare.


There lives a
the green Wood gate to hear the Cowslips nattering and Wattle
he has followed her to gain her Love by flatery. But a that he can say or do She's
scorn'ed at him & fly when he began to woo. she had him mind what got him

Tweedside



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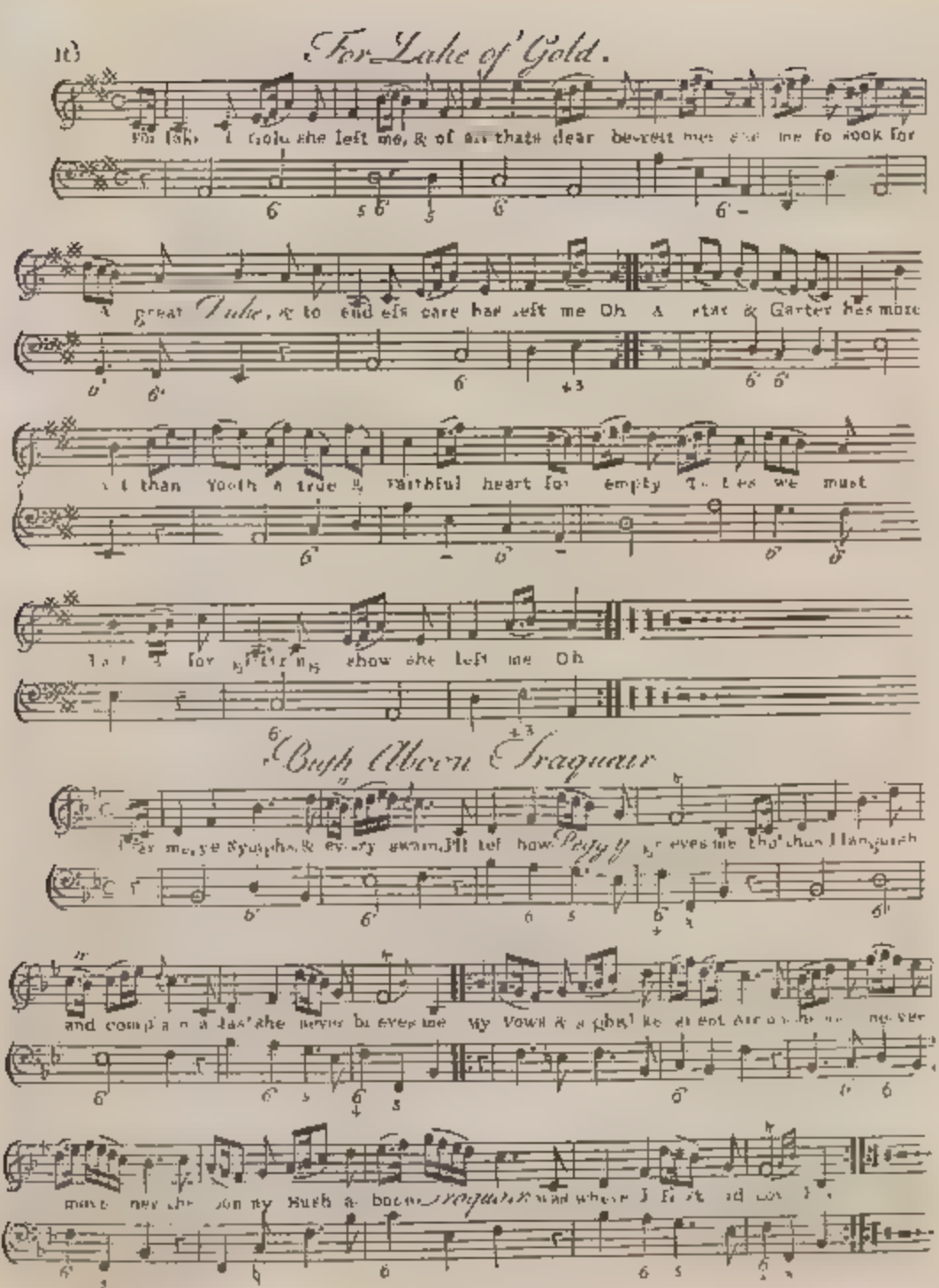
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For Lake of Gold.
For Lake of Gold she left me, & of all that's dear bereft me she left me to mourn for
A great Duke, & to end his care has left me Oh A star & Garter has more
than Youth & true & faithful heart for empty Titles we must
for Virtue's show she left me Oh
Bush Aboon Traquair
Pity me ye Sylphs & every swain Tell how Peggy's eyes me tho' thus I languish
and complain alas she never believes me My Vows & grief he deems but Art
move her she's on my Bush a boon Traquair and where I sit and con

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For laik of Gold she left me.

FOR the laik of gold she left me,
And of all that's dear bereft me;
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless care has left me, oh
A star and garter has more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart,
For empty joys we must part,
And to glittring show she left me, oh

No cruel art shall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since *Jeane* she has left me, oh!
Ye pow'rs above, I vow your care
Commit my lovely, charming fair;
Your choicest blessings on her share,
Tho' she's for ever left me, oh!

The Bush aboon Traquair.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
The bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,
Was where I first did love her

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
Its sweets I'll ay remember,
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in *December*

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will soon despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely wilds I'll wander

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Corn Riggs.

MY Paire * is a lover gay.
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy
His shape is handsome, middle size
He's stately in his wawking
The shining of his een surprise;
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There many a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing
He kist, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lo'd me best of ony;
That gars me sing auld Langsyne,
"O corn riggs are bonny."

Let maidens of a lofty mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastly should be granting,
Then I'll comply, and marry Paire,
And tyne my virginity
Syne wi' my wedlock'd Lord repair,
Where corn riggs are bonny.

* The Letters and Syllables in this Song so Italic Characters, are to be sung over by the second voice

The Broom of the Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth was I each morn to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He leapt as he'd been wild like me,
I was as glad as he
O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom
The broom of the Cowdenknows,
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes

I neither wanted cow nor lamb,
While his flocks round me lay
For gaily sang he all the day,
And cheer'd me a' the way
O, the broom, &c

His cockit hat, and his clothing sae fine,
The haill parish made him their sport,
They meikle thought on his gentle mien,
But I admired for love alone
O, the broom, &c

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Between our flocks and play
I envy'd not the richest lot,
Tho' ever so rich and gay
O, the broom, &c

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Could I but faithful be?
He stole my heart, could I do less
Whatever he ask'd of me?
O, the broom, &c

Hard was the fate that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavy and mourn
Because I lov'd the maddest swain
That ever yet was born
O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom
Where aft was my repose
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes

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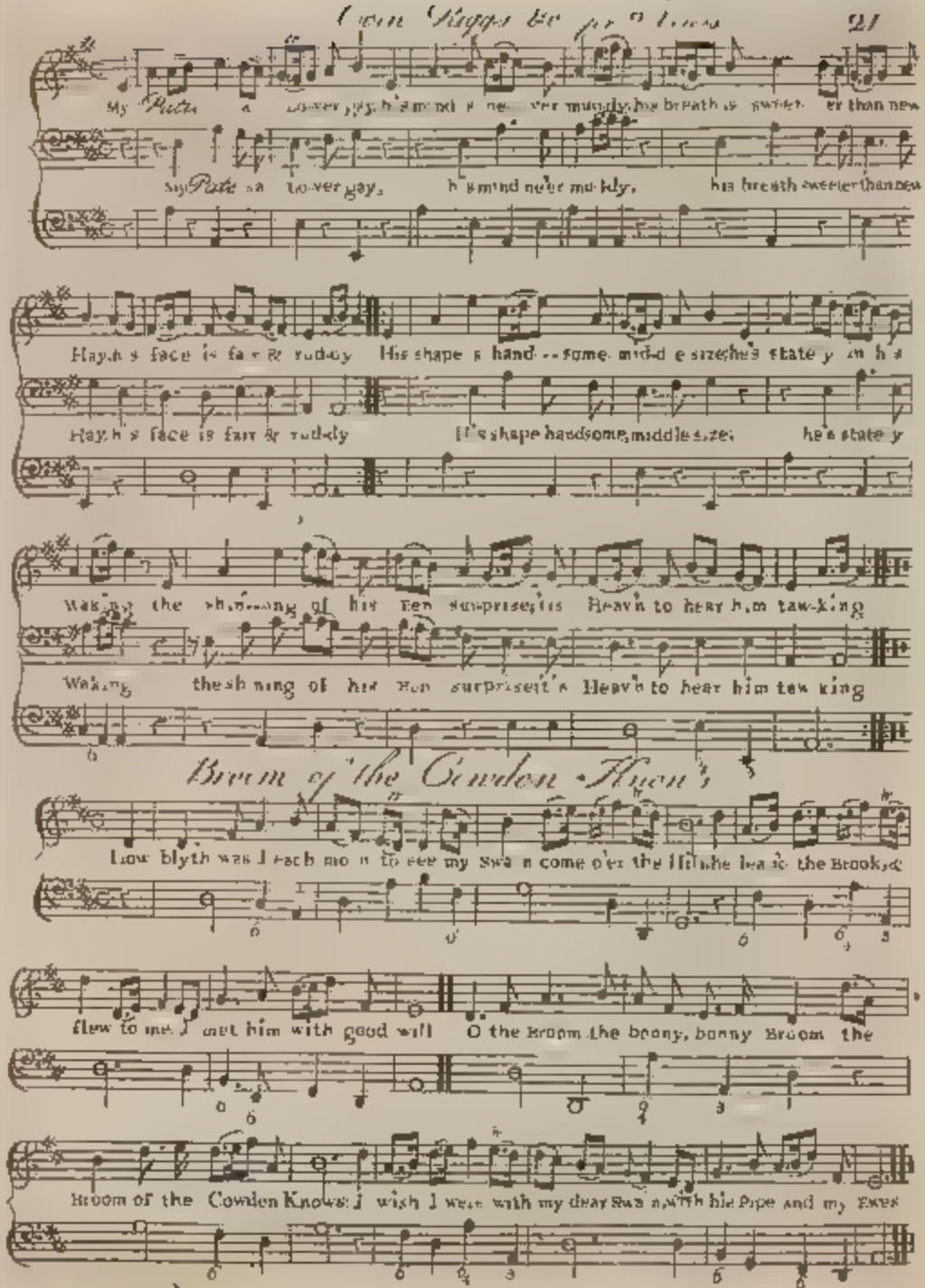
My Pate is a lovergay, his mind never muddy his breath is sweeter than new
My Pate is a lovergay, his mind nehr muddy, his breath sweeter than new
Hay his face is fair & ruddy His shape is handsome middle size he's stately in his
Hay his face is fair & ruddy His shape handsome, middle size, he's stately
Waking the thrashing of his Flail surprises Heav'n to hear him tawking
Waking thrashing of his Flail surprises Heav'n to hear him tawking
Broom of the Cowden Knows
How blyth was I each morn to see my Swain come o'er the Hill the lea & the Brook
flew to meet him with good will O the Broom the boony, bonny Broom the
Broom of the Cowden Knows I wish I were with my dear Swain with his Pipe and my Ewes

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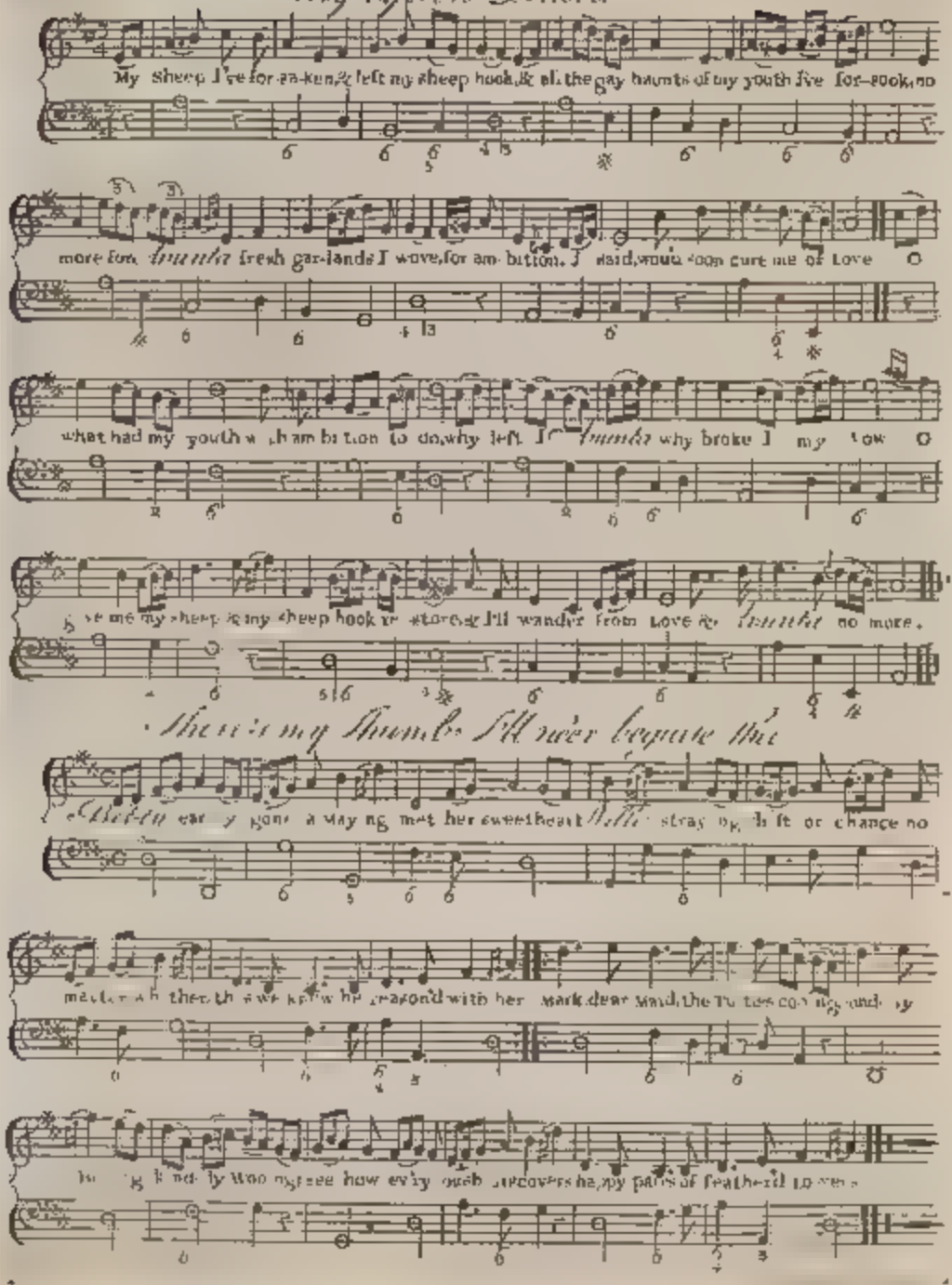
My Apron Deary


My sheep I've forsaken, left my sheep hook, & all the gay haunts of my youth I've forsook, no
more for Thumb fresh garlands I wove, for am bition I said, would soon cure me of Love O
what had my youth w th am bi tion to do, why left I Thumb why broke I my vow O
Give me my sheep & my sheep hook & store, & I'll wander from Love & Thumb no more.
There is my Thumb I'll never begone the
Whilst early gone a Maying met her sweetheart Will stray high or chance no
meeting with them I'll know his reason with her mark dear Maid, the Turtles coo nigh and by
hedge I'll daily woo agree how every bush discovers happy pairs of feathered lovers

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Amynta.

To the Tune of *My Apron deare*

MY sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for *Amynta* the flow'ry garlands I wove,
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me of love;
O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true
O what had my youth, &c

Alas! 'tis too late all thy fate to repent,
Poor shepherd *Amynta* no more can be thine,
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;
The moments neglected return not again.
O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

BETTY early gone a maying,
Met her lover *Willie* straying,
Dress'd for change no matter whether,
Thus we know he reason'd with her
Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,
Pond'ring billing, kind'ly wooing,
See how ev'ry bush discovers
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers.

See the op'ning blushing roses
All their fewest charms disclose;
Sweets the time, all short's the measure
Of their fleeting hasty pleasure
Quickly we must snatch the favour
Of their soft and fragrant flavour,
They bloom to-day, they fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow

Trust me, my *Betsy*, we'll leave no traces
Of those beauties, of those graces
Youth and love forbid our staying,
Love and youth abhor delaying
Dearest maid, nay do not fly me
Let your pride no more deny me
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee

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The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN *April*, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain,
The *yellow-hair'd laddie* would often times go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves ev'ning and morn
He ſang with ſo ſweet and melodious a ſound,
That ſylvans and fairies unſeen dane'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung: Tho' young *Maria* be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful proud air,
But *Sufie* was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That *Maddie*, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth,
But *Sufie* was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently ſour,
Then ſighing, he wiſhed, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet *Sufie* his miſtreſs might be.

Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

JOCKY he came here to woo,
On ane ſeall-day when we were tou,
And *Jenny* put on her beſt array,
When ſhe heard that *Jocky* was come that way

Jenny ſhe gaid up the ſtair,
She privily to change her ſmock,
And ay ſhe ſang as her mither did rair,
Hey, *Jenny*, come down to *Jock*

Jenny ſhe came down the ſtair,
And ſhe came bakon and bonnie ben.
Her ſhoys they were laſts, and her waiſt ſo ſmall,
And a braw well-made manie gown.

Jocky he's ta'en her by the hand,
Says, bonny laſs, will ye fancy me?
My father is dead, and has left me ſome land,
Wi' braw houſes, twa or three

And I will gie them a' to you.
A heath, quoth *Jenny*, I fear ye mock;
Then ſoul ta' me gin it de na true,
If ye'll be my *Jenny*, I'll be your *Jock*.

Jenny her gane up the gate,
And a' her coats as white as her ſmock,
And ay ſhe ſang as her mither did cry,
Wow, ſirs, has na *Jenny* got *Jock*.

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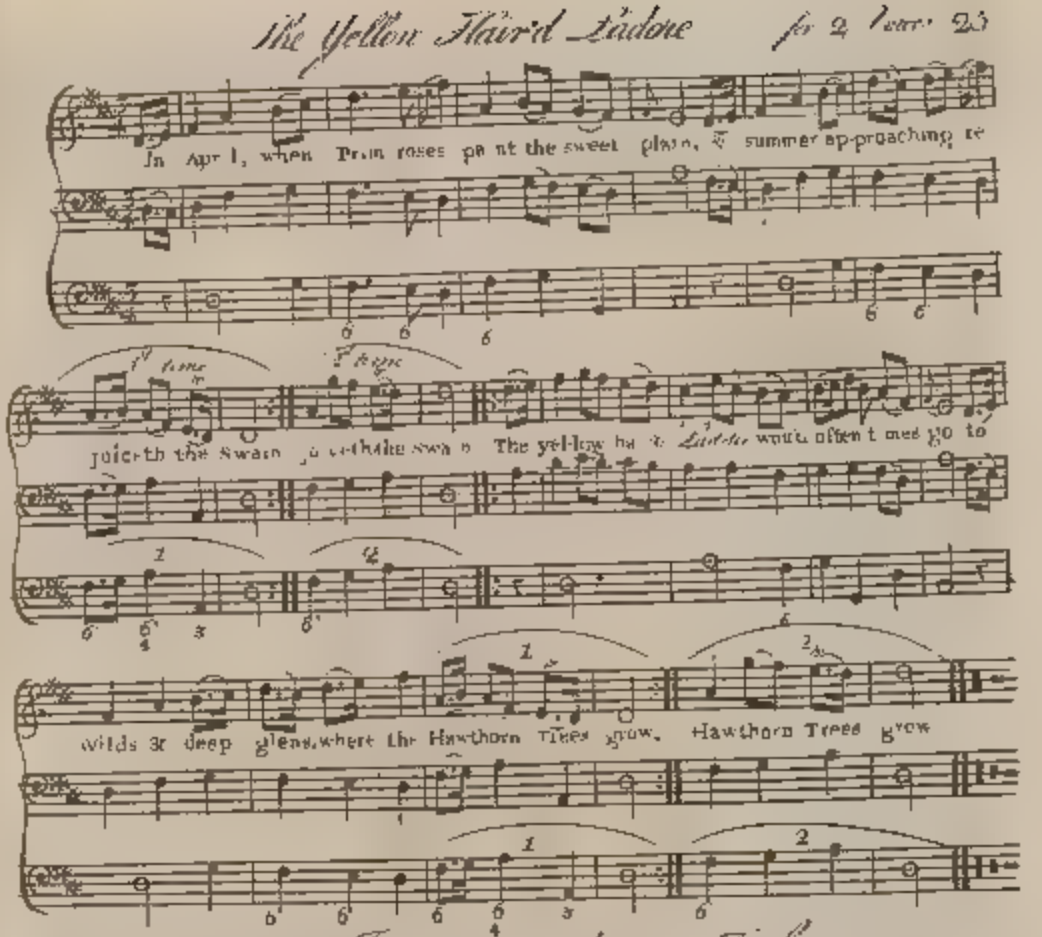
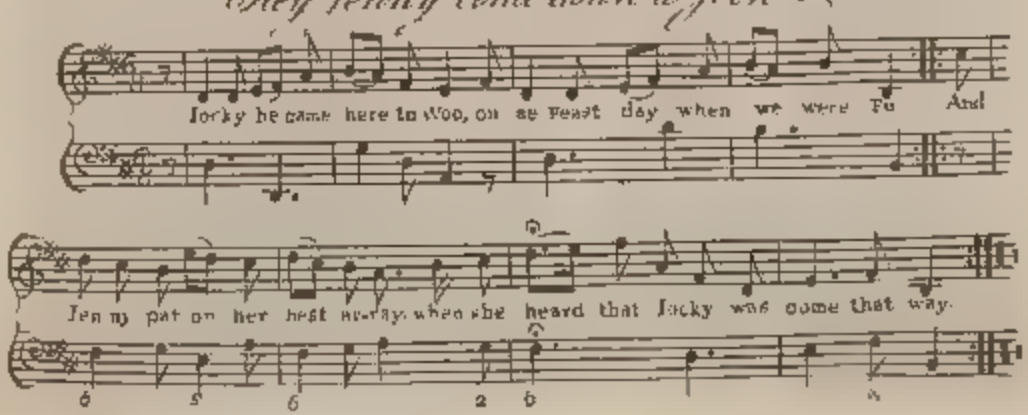
The Yellow Hair'd Laddie


In April, when Prim roses paint the sweet plain, & summer ap-proaching re
1st time
2d Repe
joicth the Swain & cheerful sings The yel-low hair'd Laddie wou'd often meet me to
wilds & deep glens, where the Hawthorn Trees grow, Hawthorn Trees grow

Hey Jenny come down to Jock


Jocky he came here to Woo, on ae Feast day when we were Fu And
Jenny put on her best array, when she heard that Jocky was come that way.

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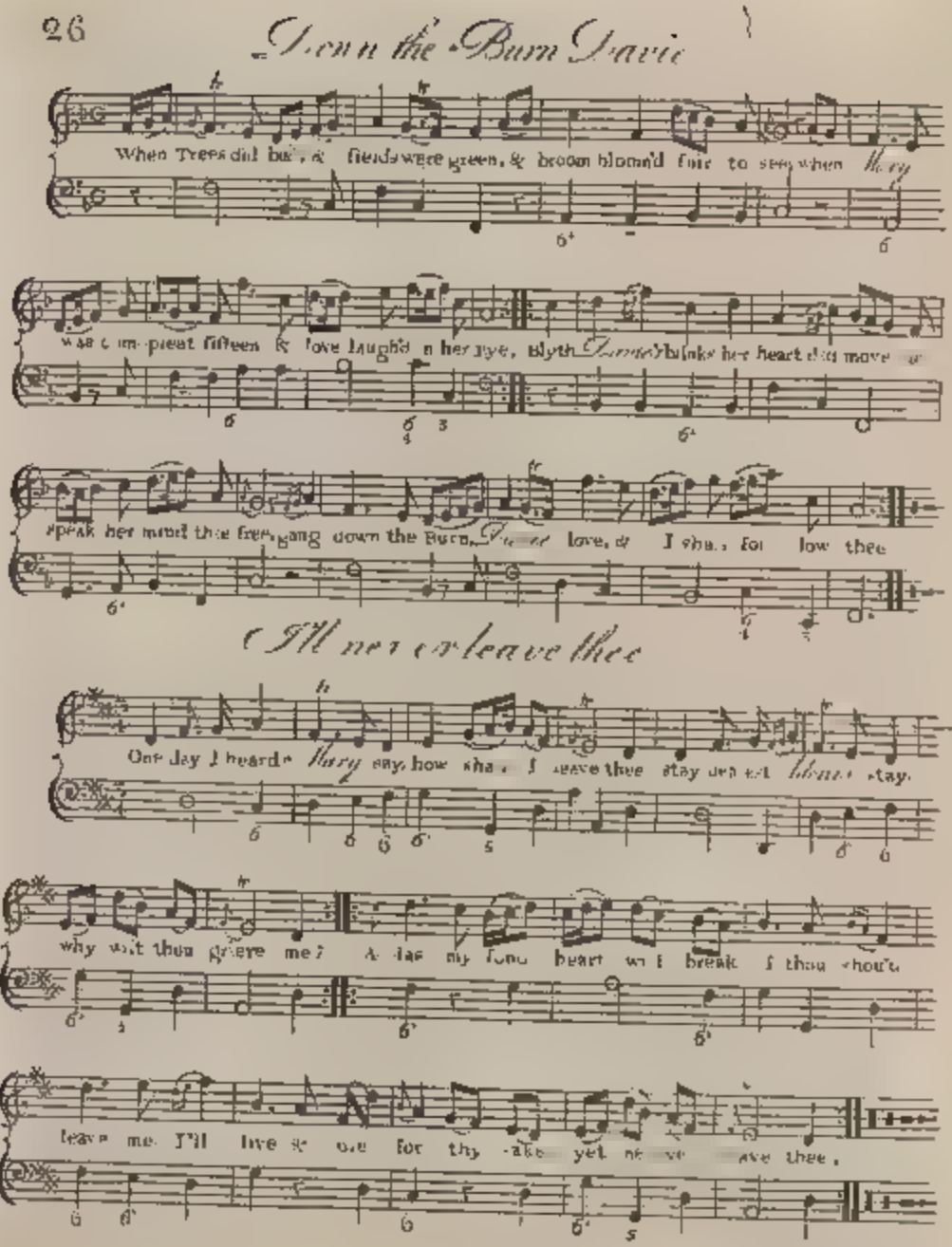
Down the Burn Davie


When Trees did bud, & fields were green, & broom bloom'd fair to see, when Mary
was compleat fifteen & love laugh'd in her eye, Blyth Jamie blinke her heart did move
speak her mind this free, gang down the Burn Davie love, & I shall follow thee

I'll never leave thee

One day I heard Mary say, how shall I leave thee stay dear lad stay,
why wilt thou grieve me? Alas my fond heart will break if thou shou'd
leave me I'll live & die for thy sake yet never leave thee,

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Down the Burn Davie

WHEN trees dud bud, and fields were green
And broom bloom'd fair to see,
When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye,
Blyth *Davie's* blinks her heart did move,
To speak her mind wi free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on the burn-side,
And *Mary* was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her een were bonny blue
Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,
Her lips like dropping dew

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they had!
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her locks did play'd,
Thus sweet delights improving grow
To raise more fully bless'd,
To wonder why they stay'd so slow
Love only saw the rest

What pass'd, I guess, was sweetly play,
And naething sure unmeet
For gladsome lasses, I dare say,
Alang the lily sweet
And that they aften should return,
Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you.

I'll never leave thee.

ONE day I heard *Mary* say,
How can I leave thee?
Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,
Why wou'd thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart wo'd break,
If thou should leave me
I'll live and die for thy sake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,
Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love that has griev'd thee?
My constant mind ne'er shall thrive,
Thou may believe me,
I'll love thee, and, might and may,
And never leave thee

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can *Mary* thy anguish soothe?
This breast shall receive thee
My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee! leave thee, and
How can I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me faint;
I'll never leave thee
Where would my *Adonis* fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart wo'd die
If I should leave thee.

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Peggy I muſt love thee.

As from a rock, paſt all relief,
The ſhipwrack, *Colin* ſpying
His native toil, o'ercome with grief,
Half ſunk in waves, and dying
With the next morning ſun he ſpies
A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe,
New life ſprings up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted.
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted
Thus droop'd I, till divincr grace
I found in *Peggy's* mind and face,
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now, ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying
Th' haſte does courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe
Why ſhou'd we happy minutes loſe,
Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee

Men may be foolith, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a lover's duty
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doating on a proud beauty
Such was my caſe for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear
Falſe *Betty's* charms now diſappear,
Since *Peggy's* far outſhone them

Woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

WITH broken words, and downcaſt eyes,
Poor *Colin* ſpake his paſſion tender;
And, parting with his *Grify*, cries:
Ah! woe's my heart that we ſhould ſunder
To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my heart that we ſhou'd ſunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder,
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder
The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invites our wonder;
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me, tho' we ſunder
Ye gods, take care of my dear lais,
That as I leave her ſtay ſhe finds her
When that bleſt time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſunder

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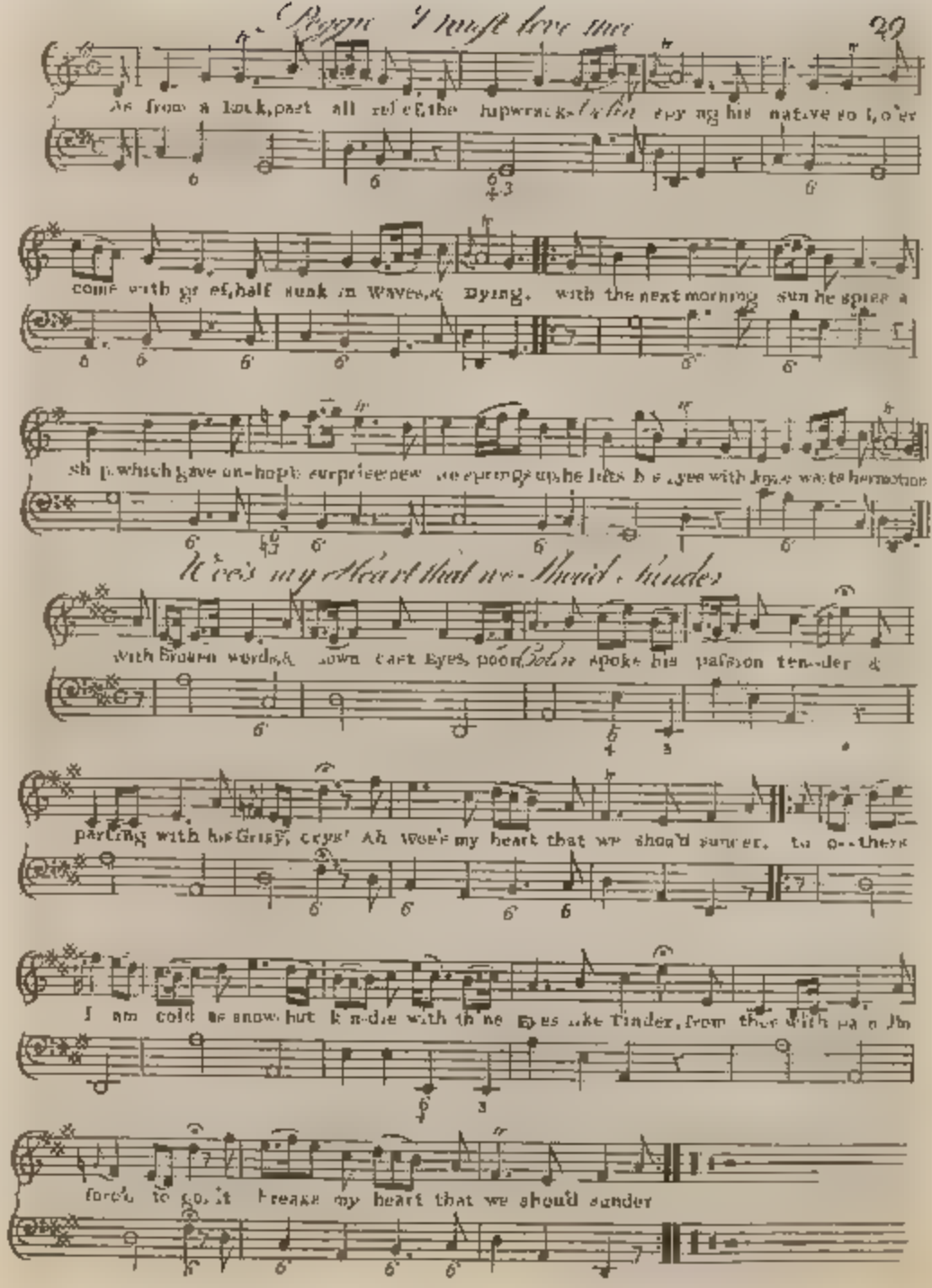
Begone I must love me
As from a lock, past all relief, the shipwreck'd Colin espying his native coast,
come with grief, half sunk in Waves, & Dying. with the next morning sun he spies a
sh p, which gave no hope, surprise new deeper grief, he lifts his eyes with Joyce with tumultuous emotion
Woe's my Heart that we should sunder
with broken words, & down cast Eyes, poor Colin spoke his passion tender &
parting with his Grief, cryd' Ah woe's my heart that we should sunder, to o--there
I am cold as snow, but kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder, from thee with pain I
forc'd to go, it breaks my heart that we should sunder

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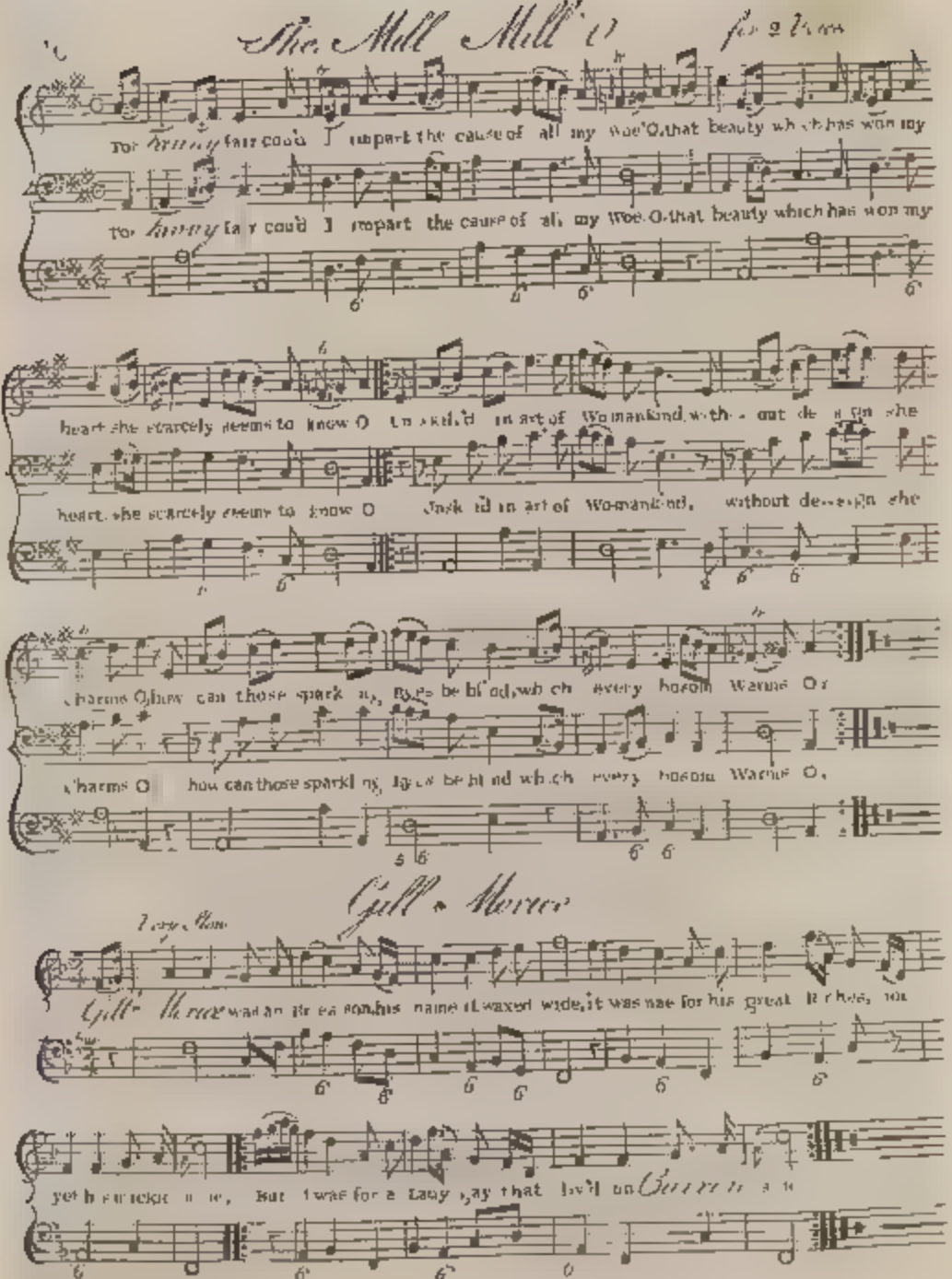
The Mill Mill O
for 2 Voices
For Jenny fair could I impart the cause of all my woe O that beauty which has won my
To Jenny fair could I impart the cause of all my Woe O that beauty which has won my
heart she scarcely seems to know O Unskill'd in art of Womankind, without design she
heart she scarcely seems to know O Unskill'd in art of Womankind, without design she
Charms O how can those sparkling eyes be blind which every bosom Warms O
Charms O how can those sparkling eyes be blind which every bosom Warms O
Gill Morice
Gill Morice was an Ayr-ea son, his name it waxed wide, it was nae for his great Riches, nor
yet his eurldoch lore, But 'twas for a Lady gay that lived on Carron side

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Fanny Fair.

To the Tune of *Hill, Hill—O.*

TO *Fanny* fair could I impart,
The caute of all my woe!—O
That beauty which has won my heart,
She scarcely seems to know—O
Unskill'd in all art of womankind,
Without deſign the charms—O,
How can thoſe sparkling eyes be blind,
Which every beſom warms—O?

She knows her pow'r is all deceit,
The conſcious blushes ſhows—O,
Thoſe blushes to the eye more sweet
Than th' op'ning budding roſe—O

Yet the delicious fragrant roſe,
That charms the ſenſe ſo much—O,
Upon a thorny bear grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch—O.

At firſt when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was bleſs'd—O,
But as I wou'd approach more near,
At once I loſt my reſt—O,
Th' enchanting ſight, the ſweet surprize,
Prepare me for my doom—O,
One cruel look from thoſe bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb—O.

Gill Morice.

Gill Morice was an earl's ſon,
His name it waxes wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yet his meikle pride,
But it was for a lady gay
That dy'd for Gamrie ſide. O!

Where will I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoſe and ſhoon,
That will gae to Lord *Barnard's* ha',
And bid his lady come?
Ye maun na this errand, *Willie*,
And ye may ride wi' pride;
When other boys gae on their feet,
On horſeback ye ſall ride.

Oh no, Oh no, my mither dear!
I dare nae for my life,
I'll nae gae to the bauld baron's
For to tryſt forth his wife,
My huns *Willie*, my boy *Willie*,
My dear *Willie*, he ſaid,
How can ye ſtrive againſt the ſtream?
For I will be obey'd.

But, Oh my mither dear! he cry'd,
In green wood ye're your lain;
Gi' o'er ſic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,
For fear ye ſhou'd be ta'en,
Haſte, haſte, I ſay gae to the ha',
Bid her come here wi' ſpeed,
As ye refuſe my high command,
I'll gar thy body bleed.

Gae bid her tak this gay mantle,
'Tis a' gowd but the hem

Bid her cum to the good green wood,
And bring nane but her ane
And here it is, a ſilken ſark,
Her am hand ſew'd the ſleeve,
And bid her cum to *Gill Morice*
Speer nae bauld baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae your black errand,
Tho' it be to thy coſt,
Sen ye by me wou'd be waru'd,
In ſtrife ye ſhou'd find frift
The baron he's a man of might,
He ne'er could bide a taunt,
As ye will ſee before it's night,
How ſma' ye'll hae to vaunt

Now, ſen I maun your errand rin,
Sae fair againſt my will,
I'll mak a vow, and keep it true,
It ſall be done for ill.
And when he came to broken brigg,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And when he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran

And when he came to *Barnard's* ha'
Wou'd neither chap nor ca',
But ſet his bent bow to his breaſt,
And lightly lap the wa'
He wou'd na tak nae man on ſtrength,
Tho' two ſtood at the gate;
But ſtraight into the ha' he came,
Where grit folks ſat at meat.

Hail! hail! my gentle ſire and dame!
My meſſage wunna' wait

Done.

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Dame ye heard o the green wood grow,
Before that he was wed,
Ye're bidden ask his gay maniel,
'Tis a' gowd but the heid
Lord Barnard gae to the good green wood
Fish by your fell thane.

And there it was, a fisken lark,
Your pin hand row'd in fleece
Ye maun come speik to *Gil Morice*
Speik me heild baron's leave.
The way tramped wi her foot,
And winked wi her eye
But a' that he could say or do,
Forbidden or wad nae be

Art's lonely to my wife's woman,
here should be to me
brought to the lady *Barnard*
a bow braid be the
Then up and spake the wylie nurse,
(The cairn upon her knee),
If to the greenwood *Gil Morice*,
art's dear welcome to me.

Ye lied, ye lied, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie
brought to the lady *Barnard*
a sword wi be na the.
Then up and spake the heidil baron,
An angry man was he,
Gar saddle me the milk white steed,
In illadeen gae I see.

Gar bring a sobe of yon elding,
That hings upon the pin
And fill gae to the good green wood,
And speak with your leman.
O come ye hame now lord *Barnard*,
warn ye but at hame,
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
That ne'er wyte ye wi nane.

Gil Morice lies in good green wood,
He wi lilla and on sang
O what means a' these folks coming?
My master tarries lang
When lord *Barnard* to green wood came,
Wi meikle dule and care,
There first he saw brave *Gil Morice*
Kaming his yellow hair

Nae wonder lare. Oh, *Gil Morice*,
Thy days are gane wi wae,
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than my feet.
Yet nae arthritis, now *Gil Morice*,
For a' thy great beauty,
Yet true the day ye e'er was born
That gart me gae sae late

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And hash it on his shear
And thro' *Gil Morice* lovely body
He gart it gaed frae gare.
And he has taen *Gil Morice* head,
And set it on a speir
The sweetest man to his hue train
Has got that head to bear

And he has to on *Gil Morice* up,
Laid him across his steed,
And brought him to his painted bow,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on castle wa
Beheld both dale and down,
And there she saw *Gil Morice* head
Come trailing to the town.

For mair a rose her bloody head,
Her and her yellow hair,
Than fairer *Barnard*, and a' his lands
As they were never mair.
And she has taen her *Gil Morice*,
And kissed both mouth and chin,
Since word was now of *Gil Morice*,
As lief was o the kine.

I gat ye in my father's house,
Wi meikle ho and shame
I brought him up in good green wood,
Under the lily wan.
Oft have by thy cradle sat,
And mony teen hae deep
But now I'll go about thy grave,
The last care for to weep.

And syne she kiss'd his bloody cheek,
And syne his bloody chin,
Better lies my *Gil Morice*,
Than a' my kith and kin
Away, away, ye ill woman
An ill death mait ye die,
Gin I had kend he'd been your son,
He'd never been slain for me.

Upbraid me not, my lord *Barnard*,
Upbraid me not, for shame
Wi that same spear, Oh pierce my heart
And put me out o pain.
Since nothing but *Gil Morice* head
Thy jealous age could quell,
Let that same hand now take her life
That ne'er to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights
Will e'er be glad or sad
I'll fill the air with dreary sighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enough of blood by me's been spilt;
Seek not your death frae me
I rather had been myself
Than ye her limb on thee.

With wae to wae I hear you plain
Sair, sair I rew the deed,
That e'er this curled hand of mine
Did gar dis lordly bleed.
Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
Ye ne'er can beal the wound
Now see his head upon my spear,
His heart's blood on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deed
The heart that thought the ill,
The feet that bore me wi sic speed
The comely youth to kill.
I'll fay tailzeit for *Gil Morice*,
As gin he were my ain,
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
On which the youth was slain.

FINIS

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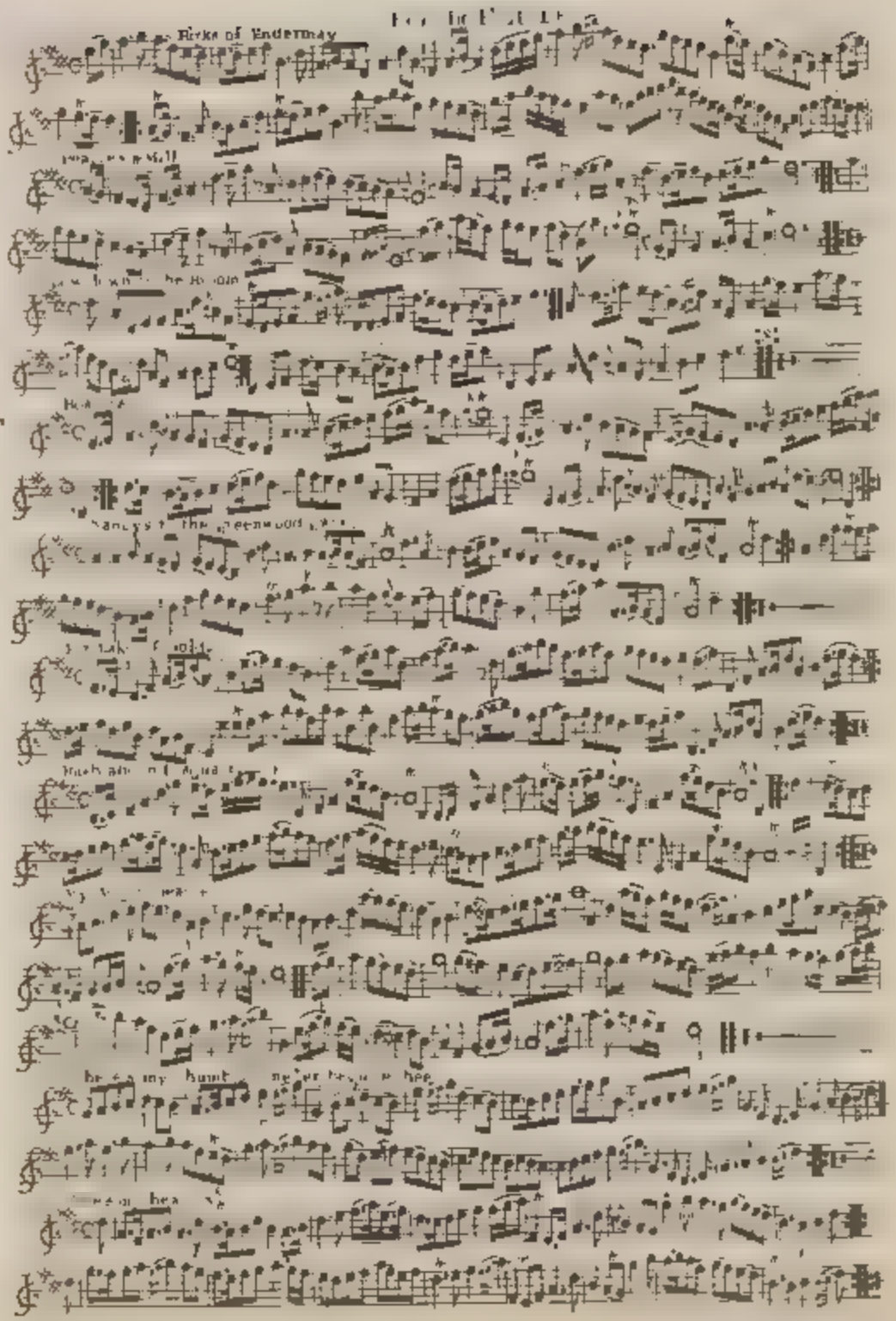

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Gallow Sheils.

Ah the poor Shepherd's mournful fate when doomd to love and doomd to anguish, to

bear the scornful fair ones hate nor dare disclose his anguish Yet eggs make and dying sighs my

secret soul discovers while rapture trembling thro' none eyes reveals how much love lies the

tender glance the reddning cheek o'er spread with rising blushes, a thousand various

ways they speak a thousand various wishes

Polwart on the Green

At Polwart on the green if you'll meet me the morn when Lasses do con=

vene to dance about the Thorn A kindly welcome you shall meet from her who lives to

serve a Lover and a Lad com pleat the Lad and lover you

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Tune, Gallowshiels.

AH the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful air one's hate
Nor dare dissemble his anguish
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret pain discover,
While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That angel's truth, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm wherever I view thee,
Tho' death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this my last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of Heaven.

Polwart on the Green.

AT Polwart on the green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome you shall meet
Frae her who likes to view
A Lover and a Lad compleat,
The Lad and Lover you.

Let dorty Dames fly na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Scorn coulder than the snaw,
While inwardly they bleeze
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee,
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs nae to be free

At Polwart on the green,
Among the new-mawn hay,
With sangs and dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome day,
At night, if beds be o'er throng laid,
And thou be twin'd of mine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a part of mine.

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The Banks of Forth.

YE Sylvan powers that rule the plain,
Where sweetly winding *Forth* glides
Conduct me to her banks again,
Since there my charming *Mary* bides
Those banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
Where every smiling beauty meets
Where *Mary's* charms adorn the plain,
And cheer the heart of every Swain.

Often on the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their musick chirp around,
Alternately we hung our loves,
And *Forth's* fair meanders view'd.
The meadows were a genial bride,
Love was our banquet all the while,
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
Where *Forth* can by in murmurs deep
It was my happy chance to find
The charming *Mary* lull'd asleep,
My heart was leap'd with inward bliss,
I softly stoop'd and stole a kiss,
She wak'd, she blush'd, and gently blam'd,
Why *Damon* are you not asham'd

Ye Sylvan Powers, ye Rural Gods.
To whom we Swains our cares impart,
Restore me to those blest abodes,
And safe, oh! safe my love sick heart
Those happy days again restore.
When *Adall* and I shall part no more.
When she shall fill those longing arms,
And crown my bliss with all her charms

Tune, I wish my Love were in a Mire.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth that fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest.
And rais'd such tumults in my breast,
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost

My bosom glow'd, the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame,
O'er my dimb eyes a darkness hung.
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted sunk, and dy'd away

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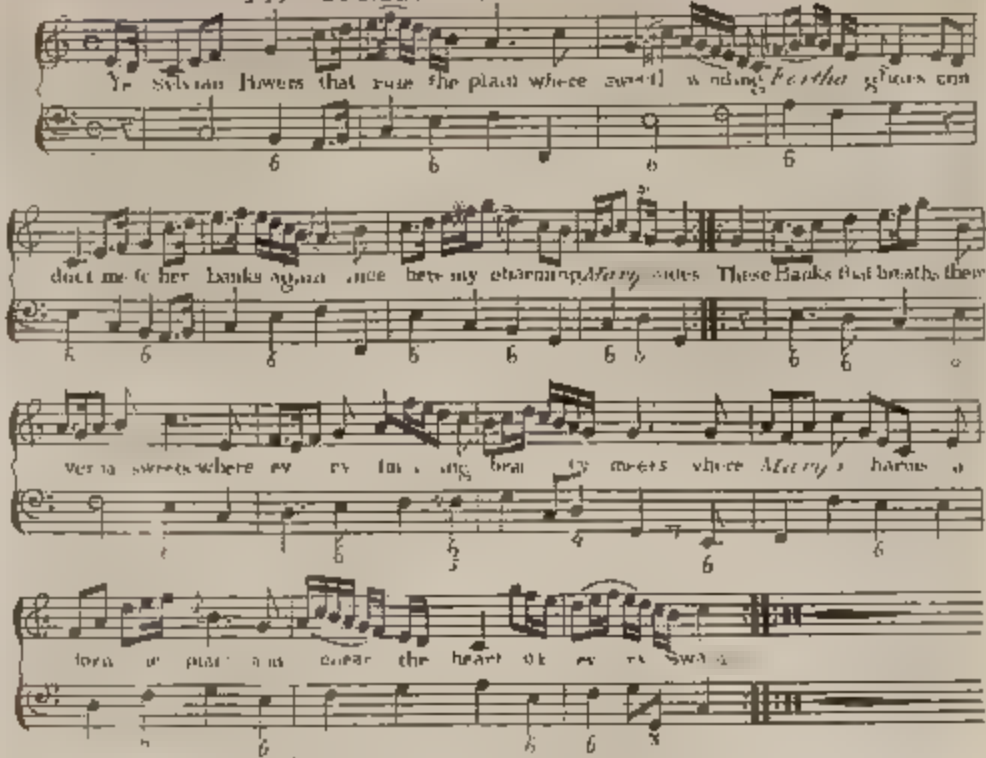
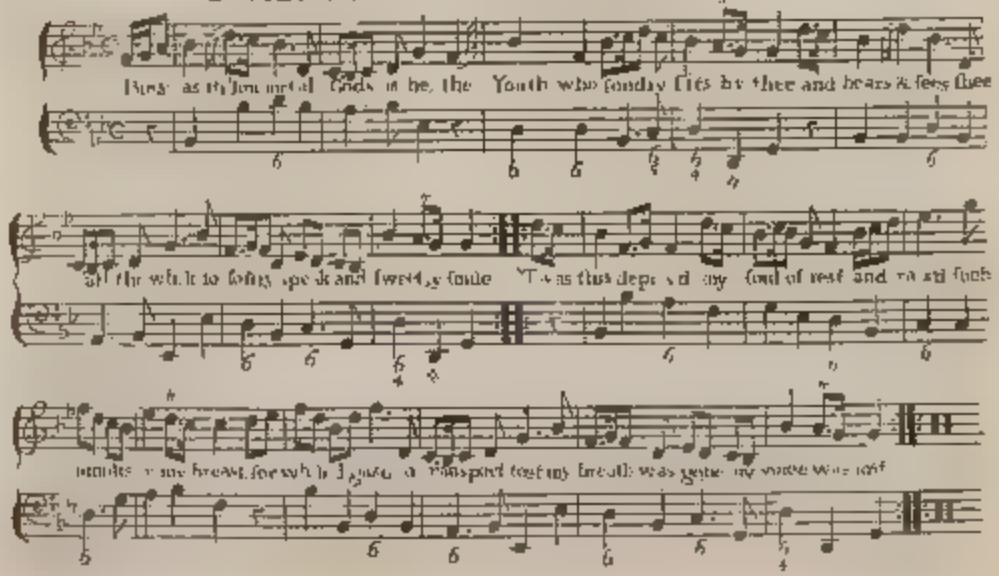
The Banks of Forth.


Ye Sylvan Powers that rule the plain where sweet winding Forth glides on
dost me to her banks again once here my charming Mary rules These Banks that breathe their
vers sweets where ev ry lon ing heart by meets where Mary's haunts
form a plain and cover the heart of ev ry Swain

I with my Love were on a Mo


Blest as th'immortal Gods is he, the Youth who fondly lies by thee and hears & sees thee
all the while to softly speak and sweetly smile 'Twas thus depriv'd my soul of rest and rais'd such
minutes o'er my breast for which I gave a thousand lives my whole was rest

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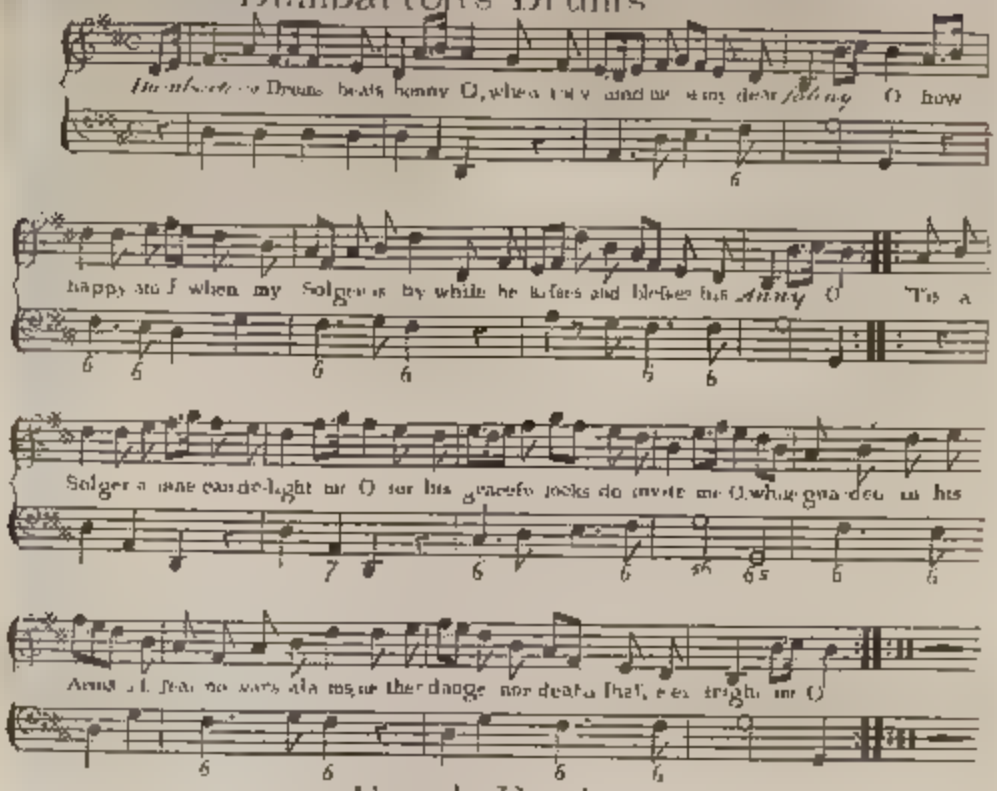
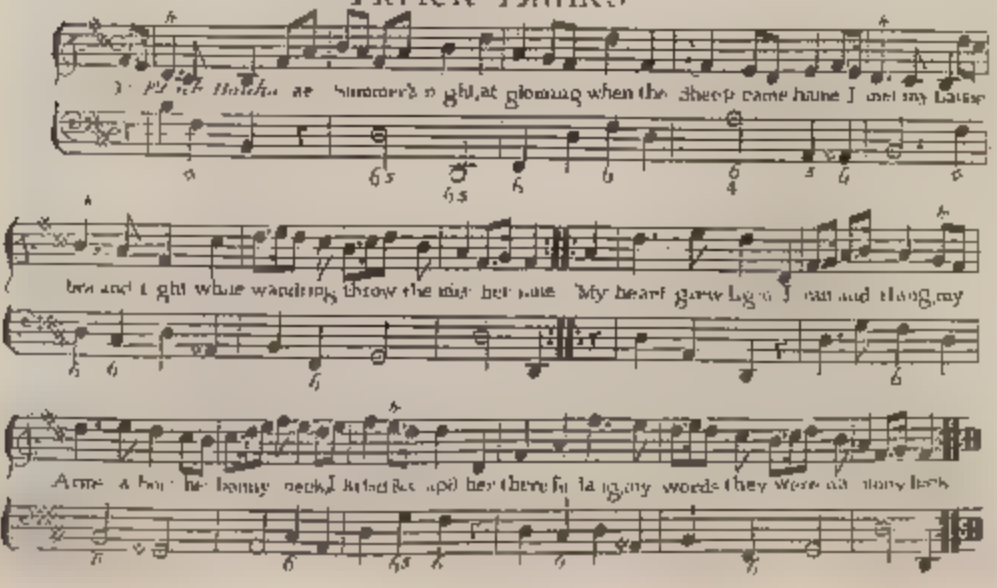
Dumbarton's Drums


Dumbarton's Drums beats bonny O, when I'm wand'ring my dear Jockey O how
happy am I when my Solger is by while he kisses and blesses his Annie O 'Tis a
Solger alone can delight me O for his graceful looks do invite me O while gracefully he
Arms I fear no more alarms nor the dangers that e'er might me O

Erick Banks


By the Banks of Sweet Dundee as Summer's night at gloming when the sheep came home I met my Lassie
her and I sat while wandring through the mazy path we rose My heart grew light so I sat and sang my
Arms about her bonny neck I kissed and clapt her cheek so fair sang my words they were all many lines

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Dumbarton's Drums.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny O.
When they mind me of my dear *Jenny*—O,
How happy am I
When my Soldier is by.
While he kisses and blesses his *Annie*—O
'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me—O.
For his graceful looks do invite me—O
While guarded in his arms.
I'll fear no wars alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O.

My Love is a handsome Laddie O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy O
Tho' commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he shall serve no longer a Cadie—O

A Soldier has honour and bravery—O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O:
He minds no other thing,
But the Ladies or the King
For every other care is out slavery—O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady—O,
Farewell all my friends and my Daddy—O.
I'll want no more a home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er he beats I'll be ready—O.
Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O,
They are sprightly, like my dear *Jenny*—O
How happy shall I be,
When on my Soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his *Annie*—O.

Etrick Banks.

ON *Etrick* banks on Summer's night,
At gloaming when the Sheep came hame
I met my lassy bra' and tight
While wandring throw the mist her lane
My heart grew light I ran, and sang
My arms about her bonny neck,
I kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,
My words they were na many feck.

I said, my Lassy, will you go
To *Highland* hills, the Erth to learn
And there ye shall have cow and yew,
When you come to the braes of *Earn*.

At *Leith*, auld meal comes in, (ne'er fash)
And herrings at the Brooms law;
Chear up you heart my bonny Lass,
There's gear to win we never saw

All day when we ha' toil'd enough,
When winter's frost and snaw begin,
And when the sun goes west the *Loch*,
At night when you sa' fast to spin,
I'll screw my drone, and play a spring
And thus the dreary night we'll end
Till tender kids and lambs bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

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Love is the Cauſe of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring ſtream a fair Shepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft heard her ſay,
Tell *Strephon* I die, if he paſſes this way,
And that love is the cauſe of my mourning.
Falſe Shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
Deceive me, for *Strephon*'s cold heart never warms
Ye bring me this *Strephon*, I'll die in his arms,
Oh *Strephon* the cauſe of my mourning.
But firſt ſaid ſhe, let me go
Down to the ſhades below,
Ere ye let *Strephon* know
That I have liv'd him to
Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow
That love is the cauſe of my mourning.

Her eyes were ſcarce cloſ'd when *Strephon* came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping and ſoftly drew nigh,
But finding her breathleſs, oh Heaven! he cry,
Ah *Celoris!* the cauſe of my mourning
Reſtore me, my *Celoris* ye Nymphs uſe your art
They ſighing, reply'd, 'twas yourſelf that ſhe darr,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd the poor *Celoris* with mourning
Ah then, ſ *Celoris* dead
Wounded by me he ſaid.
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
Down to the ſilent ſhade
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor *Strephon* with mourning.

Here awa there awa

HERE awa, there awa, here awa *Willie*,
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame,
Lang have I ſought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I have gotten my *Willie* again

Through the lang muir I have followed my *Willie*,
Through the lang muir I have followed him hame,
Whatever betide us, nought ſhall divide us,
Love now rewards all my ſorrow and pain

Here awa, there awa, here awa *Willie*,
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame,
Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleaſes while *Willie*'s at hame.

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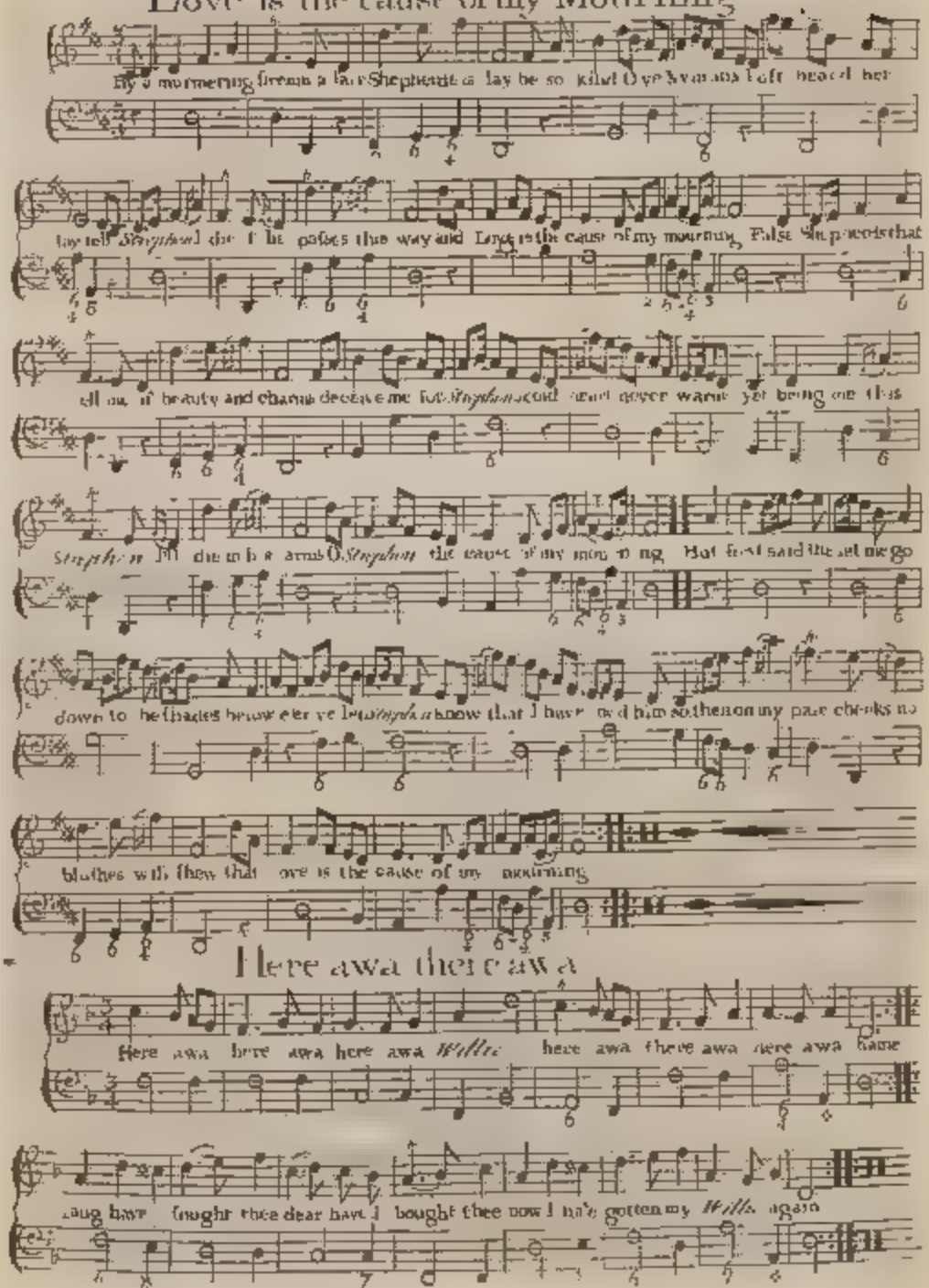
Love is the cause of my Mourning


By a murmering streem a fair Shepheard did lay he so killd Ove Swains left heard her
lay tell Stephon did she pass this way and Love is the cause of my mourning False Shepheards that
all on, of beauty and charms deceave me for Stephon cold snow cover warm yet being on this
Stephon I'll die in thy arms O Stephon the cause of my mourning But first said He set me go
down to he Shades below ere ye let Stephon know that I have cri'd him so then on my pale cheeks no
blushes with flow that one is the cause of my mourning

Here awa there awa

Here awa here awa here awa Wille here awa there awa here awa hame
laug have I sought thee dear have I bought thee now I ha'e gotten my Wille again

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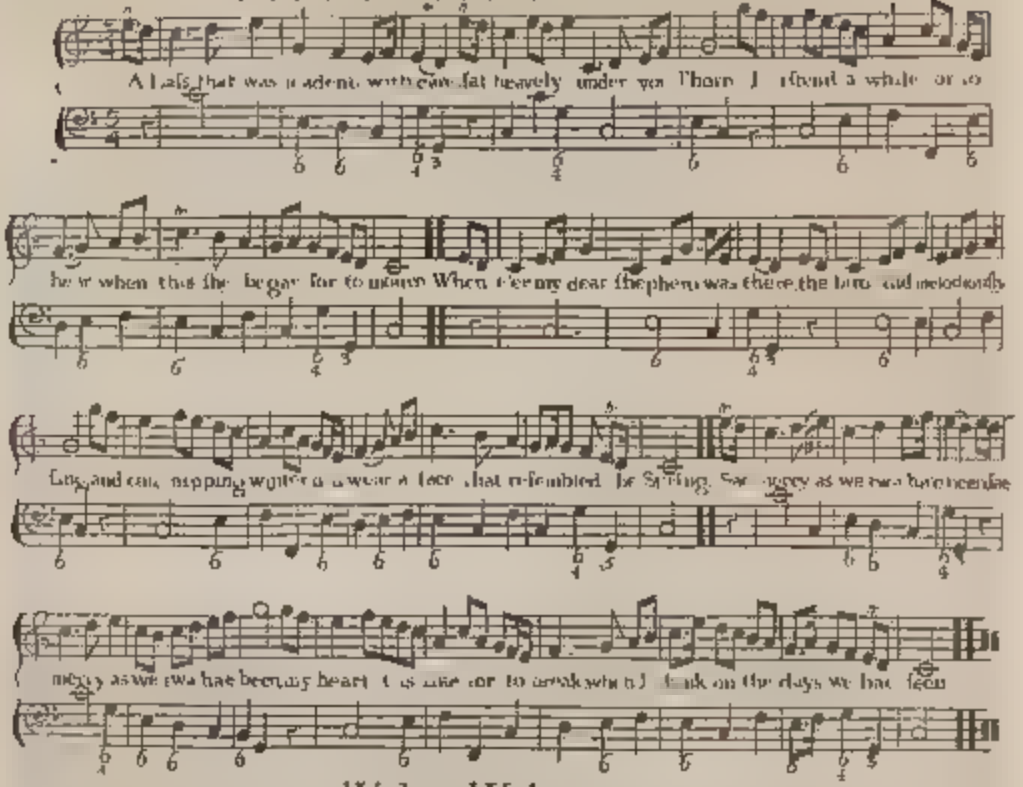
So Merry as we ha'e been


Alas that was I adem with cou fat heavely under yo Thorn I
he r when this the began for to mourn When I see my dear Shepherd was there the bird sid melodiously
Lay and cas nipping wither a wear a face that resembled he Spring So merry as we
merry as we wa hae been my heart Is like or to break when I
Waly Waly
O Waly Waly up yon bank and Waly Waly down yon brae and Waly by yon river side where
I and my love wont to gae O Waly Waly love is bonny a little while when it is new but
when its auld it waxes cauld and wears awa like morning dew

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Sae Merry as we ha'e been.

A Lass that was leaden'd with care
Sat heavily under yon Thorn,
I listen'd a while for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn
When e'er my dear Shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And cold nipping Winter did wear
A face that resembled the Spring
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the days we have seen.

Our Flocks feeding close by his side,
He gently pressing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command
My dear, he wou'd oft to me say,
What makes you hard-hearted to me,
Oh why do you thus turn away,
From him who is dying for thee?
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps a Deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love
At eve, when the rest of the folk
Were merrily seated to spin,
I set myself under an oak,
And heavily sighed for him.
Sae merry, &c

Waly, Waly.

O waly, waly up yon bank,
And waly, waly down yon brae,
And waly by yon River's side,
Where I and my Love wont to gae.
O Waly waly, love is bonny,
A little while when it is new,
But when 'tis auld it waxes cauld,
And wears away, like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an ash,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
And sae did my false Love to me
When cockle-shells turn silver bells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When Frost and Snow shall warm us a',
Then shall my Love prove true to me.

Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me
St Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true Love's forsaken me
O Martinmas wind, when will thou blow
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle Death, when will thou come,
And take a life that wearies me?

'Tis not the Frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing Snaw's inclemency,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see,
My Love was clad in velvet black,
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in case of Gold,
And pin'd it wi' a silver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young Babe were born,
And set upon the Nurse's knee,
And I my sel were dead and gane,
For Mair again I'd never be.

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My Deary, if thou die.

LOVE never more shall give me pain.
My fancy's fix'd on thee
Nor ever Maid my heart shall gain,
My *Peggy*, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love to me so free
Without thee I can never live,
My Deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my Breast,
How shall I lonely stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see
Then I renounce all Woman-kind,
My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
While cupid's raving rage,
But time which can such sweets impart
Melt in the wanton gaze
Twas thee, that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me,
And when 'tis dest'ned day is done,
With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
And such Pleasure share
You who its fast-ent flames approve,
With pity view the fair
Restore my *Peggy*'s wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me,
Oh! never rob them from these arms
I'm left, but *Peggy* die.

Lochaber.

FArewell to *Lochaber* and farewell my *Jean*,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony days
been
For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more
Tho' tears dim I them they are a' for my Dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody Shore,
May be return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' hurricanes rife and rise ev'ry wind.
They'll never make a tempest like that in my mind.
Tho' loudest of thunder on winter waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my Love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain,
By ease nor by honour, nor siller can be gain'd
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory my *Jenny*, maun plead my excuse,
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee
And without thy favour I'd better not be
I gae then, my Lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame.
A heart I'll bring thee wi' love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more

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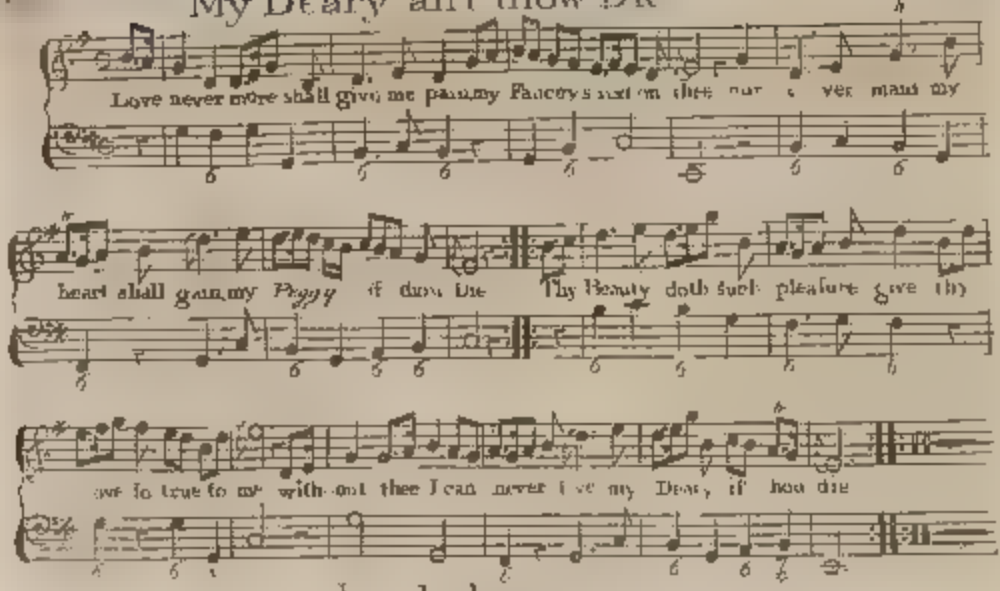
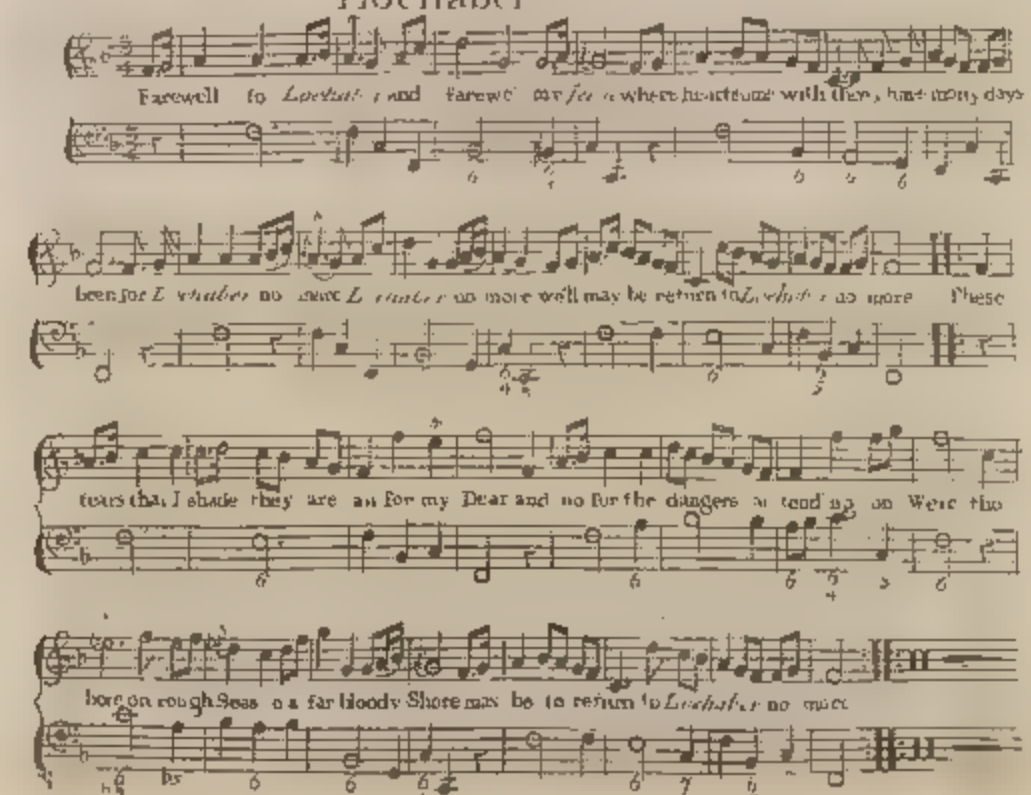
My Deary an't thow Die


Love never more shall give me pain my Fancy's not on thee nor ever mind my
heart shall gain my Peggy if thou Die Thy Beauty doth such pleasure give th
art so true to me with-out thee I can never live my Deary if thou die

Lochaber


Farewell to Lochaber and farewell my fair where heartsome with thee I have many days
been for Lochaber no more Lochaber no more well may be return to Lochaber no more These
tears that I shade they are all for my Dear and no for the dangers attend us on Were tho
bore on rough Seas or a far bloody Shore may be to return to Lochaber no more

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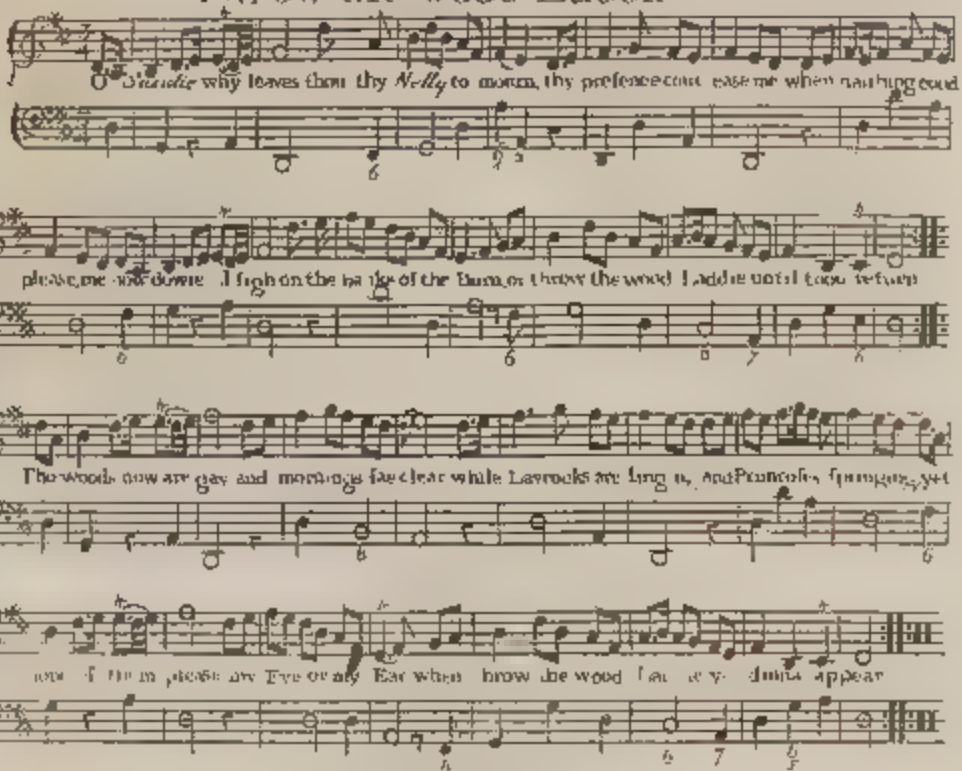
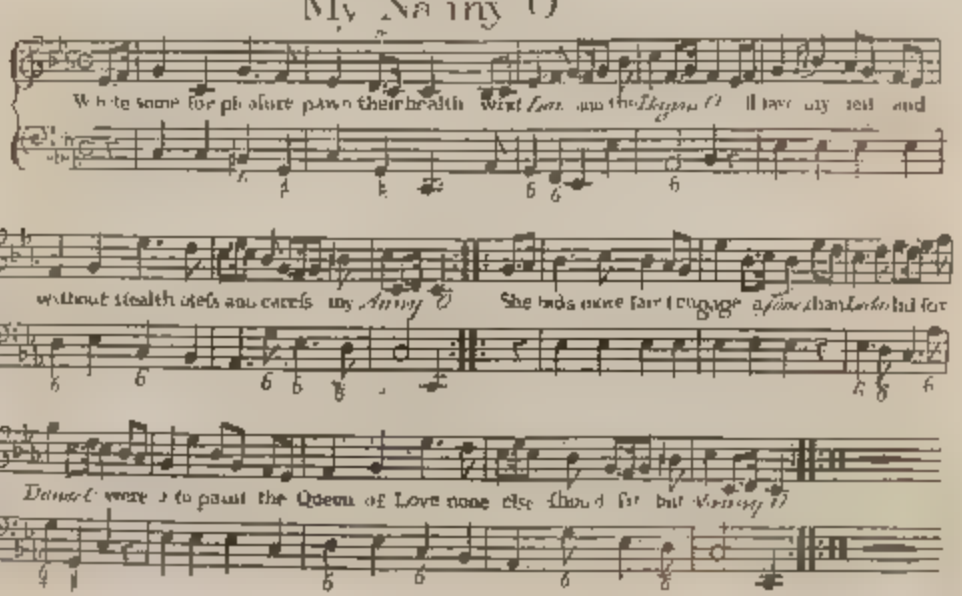
Throw the wood Laddie


O Laddie why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn, thy presence could ease me when nothing could
please me now I sigh on the banks of the Burn, or throw the wood Laddie until thou return
The woods now are gay and mornings fair clear while Lavrocks are sing-ing, and Primroses spring-ing yet
now I from pleas-ure Eye or any Ear when brow the wood Lad-die shall appear

My Nanny O


While some for pleasure pass their breath first Sun and then Drams O I love my self and
without stealth steals and carrels my Annay O She bids more fair I engage a flame than Locke had for
Danae were I to paint the Queen of Love none else should sit but Nanny O

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Thro' the Wood Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leave thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
Thy presence could ease me,
When nothing can please me.
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are gay and mornings be clear
While mavocks are singing,
And primroses springing,
Yet none of them please my eye or my ear
When thro' the wood, Laddie ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell:
I do fold my flocks early and morning,
But ilka evening and morning,
Their bleering gars aft my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, Laddie, I wander my sel.

Then stay my dear *Sandy* nae longer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Who's living in langour, till that happy day
When thro' the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

My Nanny-O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll have myself, and wi' hou health,
Bless and cares my *Nanny-O*.
She bids more and more engage a Slave
Than *Leda* did for *Danae-O*.
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None else should sit but *Nanny-O*.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely—O,
I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
Which paradise do duely—O.
Attend my vow ye Gods, while I
Breathe in the air of *Britannia*,
None's happiness shall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny—O*.

My bonny, bonny *Nanny—O*,
My lovely charming *Nanny—O*,
I care not two the whole world know
How dearly I love *Nanny-O*.

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Young Philander.

YOUNG *Philander* woo'd me long,
But I was peevish and forbad him,
I wou'd no sentiments loving sang.
But now I wish, I wish I had him
His morning when I view my glass,
Then I perceive my beauty going,
And when the wrinkles seize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, once so much admir'd,
I find it fading fast, and dying,
My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying
And we may see ourselves to be
Like summer fruit that is unshaken
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil,
Fifteen is a season rare,
But five and twenty is the devil
Just when ripe, consent unto it.
Hug me and your lately pillow,
Women are like other fruit,
They lose their relish when too mellow

If opportunity be lost,
You'll find it hard to be regained,
Which now I may tell to my cost,
That but my self-same can be blamed
If then your fortune you respect,
Take the occasion when it offers,
Nor a true lover's fair neglect,
Lest you be scuff'd or being scoffers.

I, by too good expressions, thought
That his love he'd never prove changing
But now, alas! it turn'd so rough,
And quit my hope, he's gone a ranging
Dear Maidens, then, take my advice,
And let no cowards prove your sure,
For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
Your lovers will give over wooing.

Then Maidens cold you maid we be,
And on that fatal roll be number'd,
As long as live, and when ye die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd
A punishment, and worse than hell,
With which we cannot be contented,
Then be not wise behind the hand,
That the mistake may be prevented

Mary Scot.

HAPPY's the Love which meets return,
When in fair flames souls equal burn.
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless Lover
Ye regents of Heaven relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see the mark'd to sorrow
Mary Scot the flower of *Yarrow*?

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair
Her love the Gods above must share,
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at a distance due adore her.

O lovely Maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile
Alas! if not you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of *Yarrow*.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair
My *Mary's* tender as she's fair,
Then I'll go tell her all in an Anguish
She's too good to let me languish
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The gods who dwell above the sky
When *Mary Scot's* become my own
We'll make a paradise of *Yarrow*.

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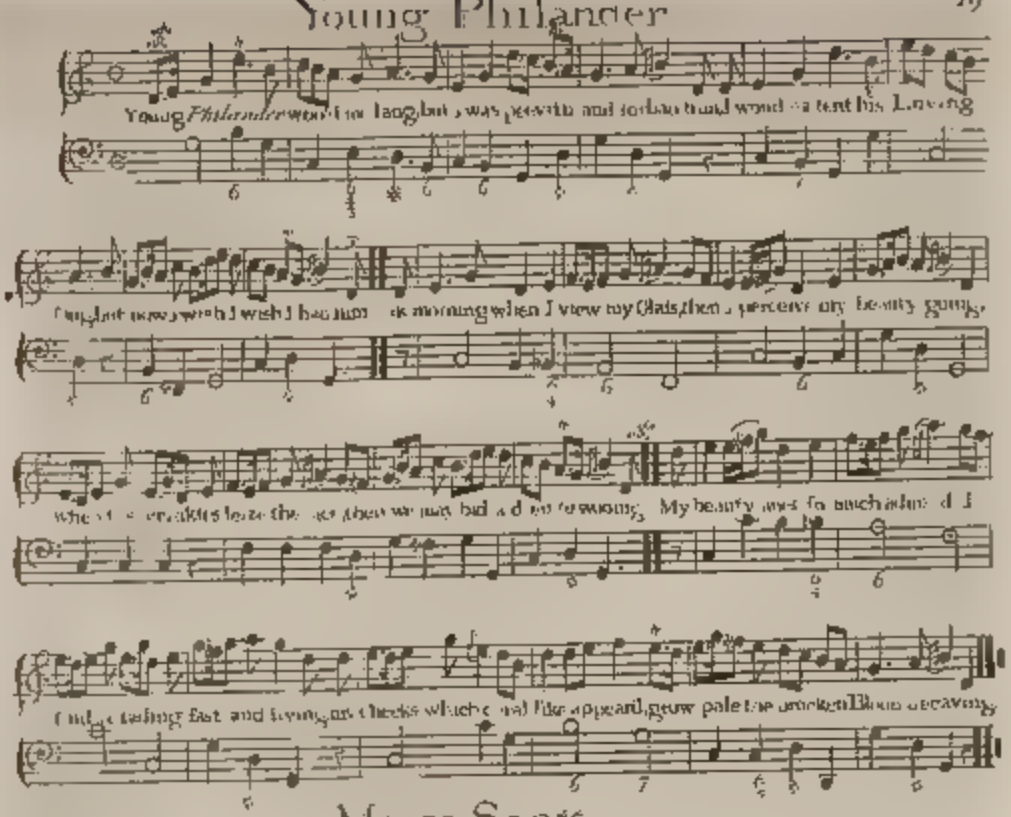
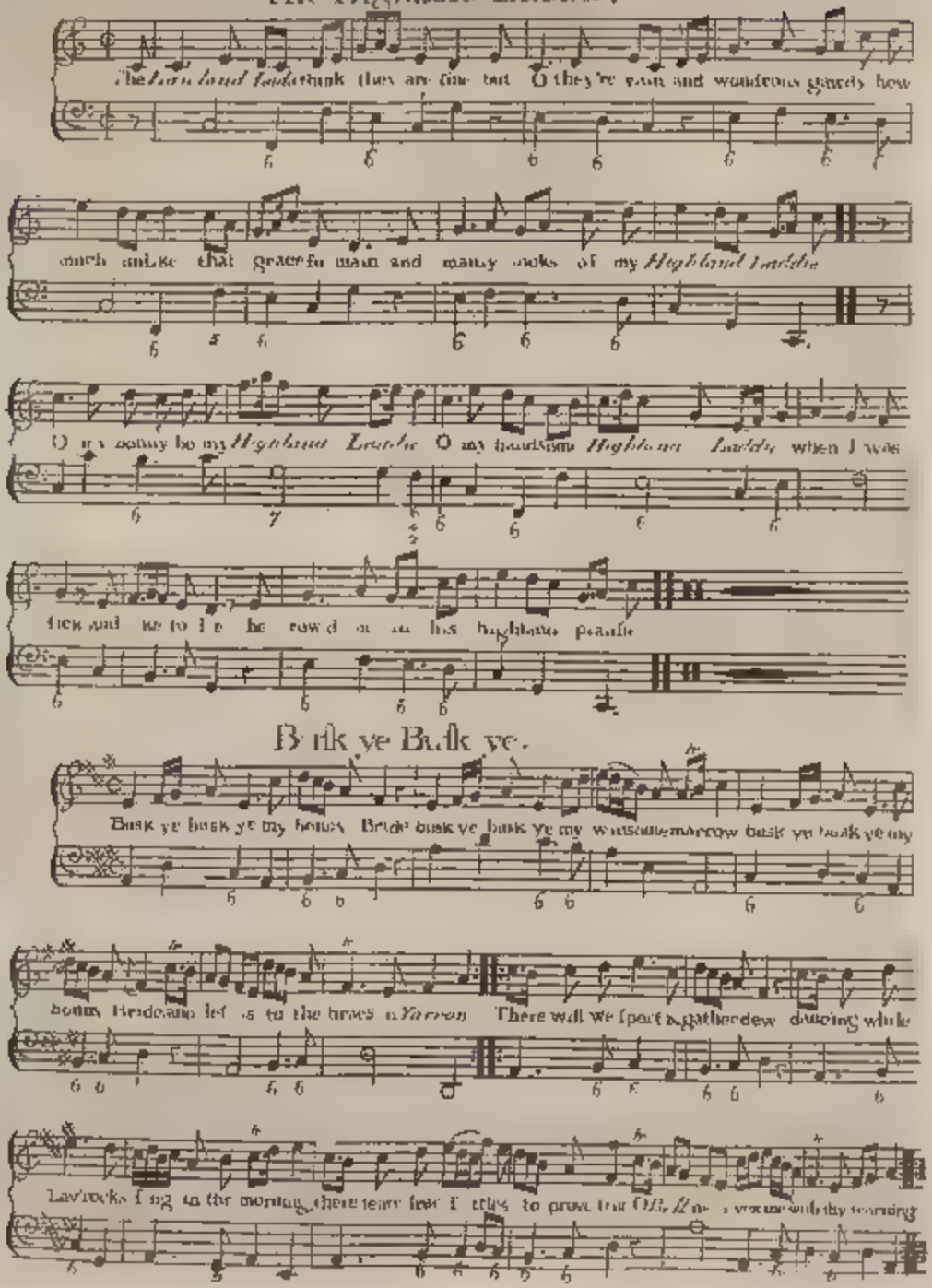
Young Philander


Young Philander would a-courting go, Hey how, how, how,

The Highland Laddie.


The Highland Laddie think they are fine but O they're vain and wanton gaudy how
much unlike that graceful mien and manly looks of my Highland Laddie
O my bonny he my Highland Laddie O my handsom Highland Laddie when I was
sick and like to die he row'd me in his highland plaidie

Busk ye Busk ye.

Busk ye busk ye my bonny Bride busk ye busk ye my winsome marrow busk ye busk ye my
bonny Bridegroom let us to the braes o Yarrow There will we sport & gather dew dancing while
Larocks sing in the morning there tenderly I'll strive to prove true O Willie your vow with thy morning

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The Highland Laddie.

THE *Lawland* Lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and wondrous gawdy!
How much unlike that graceful mien,
And manly looks of my *Highland* Laddie!
O my bonny bonny Highland *Laddie,*
O my handsome Highland *Laddie,*
When I was sick and like to die,
He row'd me in his Highland *Plaidy.*

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest *Lawland* Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy
O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in borrows-town,
In all his art, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown,
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy
O my bonny, &c

O'er bonny hill with him I'll run,
And leave my *Lawland* kin and dady.
Frae winter's cauld, and simmer's sun,
He'll screen me with his *Highland* plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a *Lawland* Laird and Lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
Behind a bush in's *Highland* plaidy
O my bonny, &c

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear *Highland* Laddie,
And he ca's me his *Lawland* Lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll ever pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While Heaven preserves my *Highland* Laddie
O my bonny, &c

Busk ye, busk ye.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny Bride,
And loe us to the braes of *Yarrow*,
There will we sport and gather dew,
Dancing while the rocks sing i the morning
There learn frae turtles to prove true,
O *Bell*, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes *Flora* yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythest appears o'er a' the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom.
Yet hastyie they flow to *Tweed*,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny *Bell*,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free consent my care repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee
Thus sang I fair y to my fair,
Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of smiles, I ask no mair,
Since now my bonny *Bell*'s consenting

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John Hay's bonny Laſſie.

BY ſmooth wilding *Tay* a Swain was reclining,
Aſt cry'd he, ohdeey! maun I ſtill live pining
My ſel, thus away and darna diſcover
To my bonny Laſs, that I am her Lover

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtranger,
If ſhe's nae my Bride, my days are nae longer.
Than I'll take a heart and try at a venture,
May be, e'er we part my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as *Aurora*,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good-morrow.

The ſward of the mead, enamel'd with daiſies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flow'rs ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis Heaven to be by, when her words is a flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded
I'm all in a fire, dear Maw, ſo careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is *Hay*'s bonny Laſſie.

The bonnieſt Laſs in a' the Warld.

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* ſmiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer,
See how with all their arts and wiles,
The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her
A bluſh dwells glowing on her cheek,
Fair ſeat of youthful pleaſure,
There Love in ſmiling language ſpeaks,
There ſpreads the roſy treaſure.

O faireſt Maid, I own thy power,
I gaze, I ſigh and anguiſh,
Yet ever, ever will adore.
And triumph in my anguiſh.
But eaſe, O Charmer, eaſe my care,
And let my tormens move thee,
As thou art faireſt of the fair,
So I the deareſt love thee.

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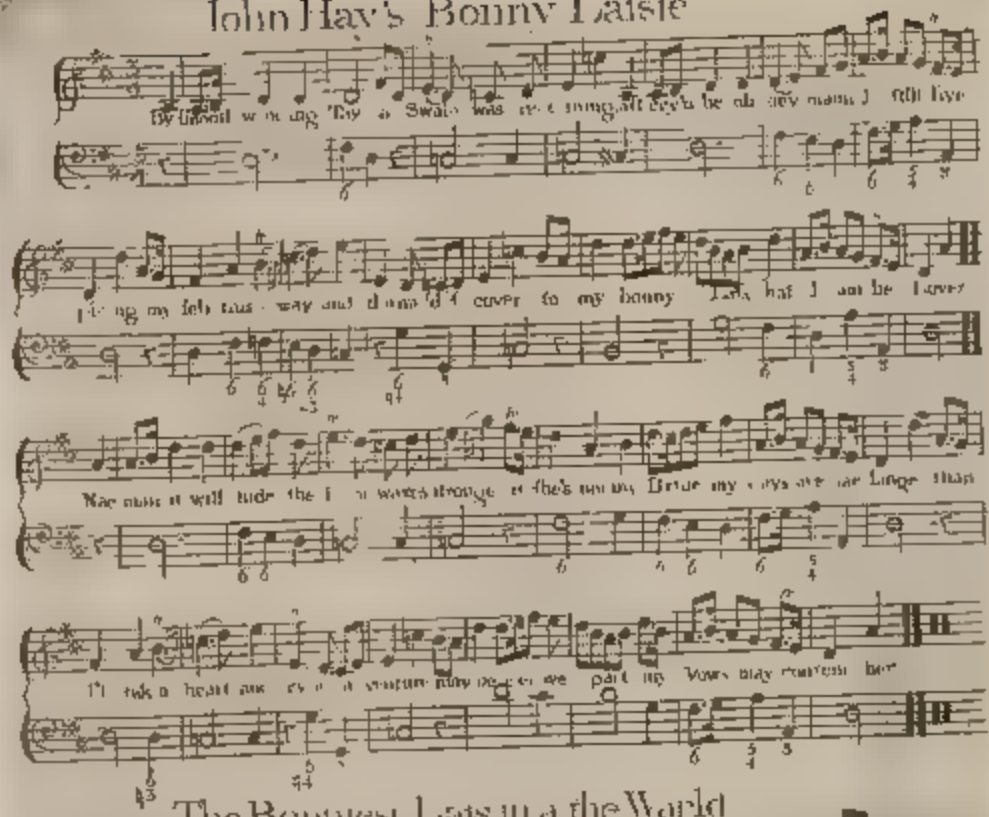
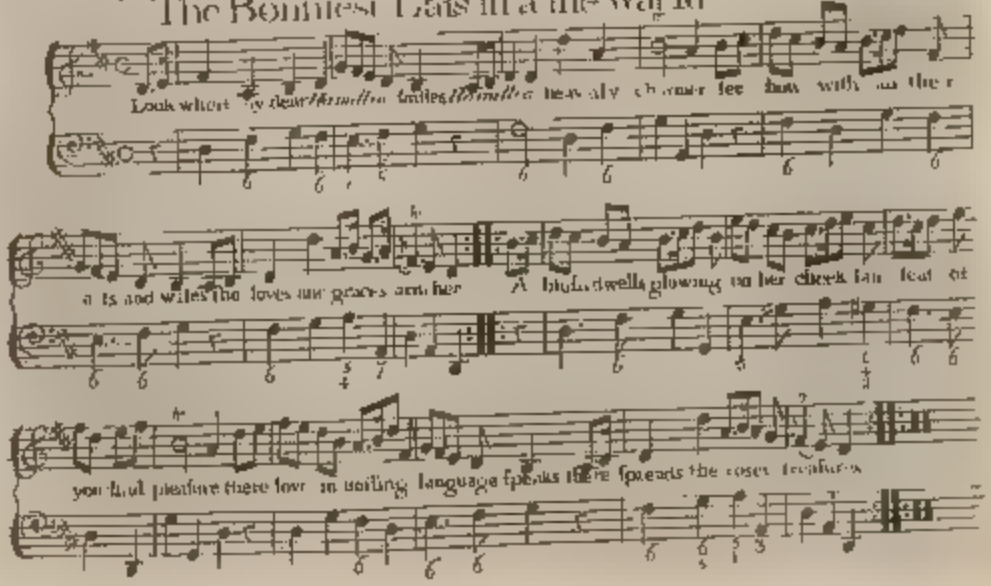
John Hay's Bonny Lafsie



The Bonniest Lass in a the World



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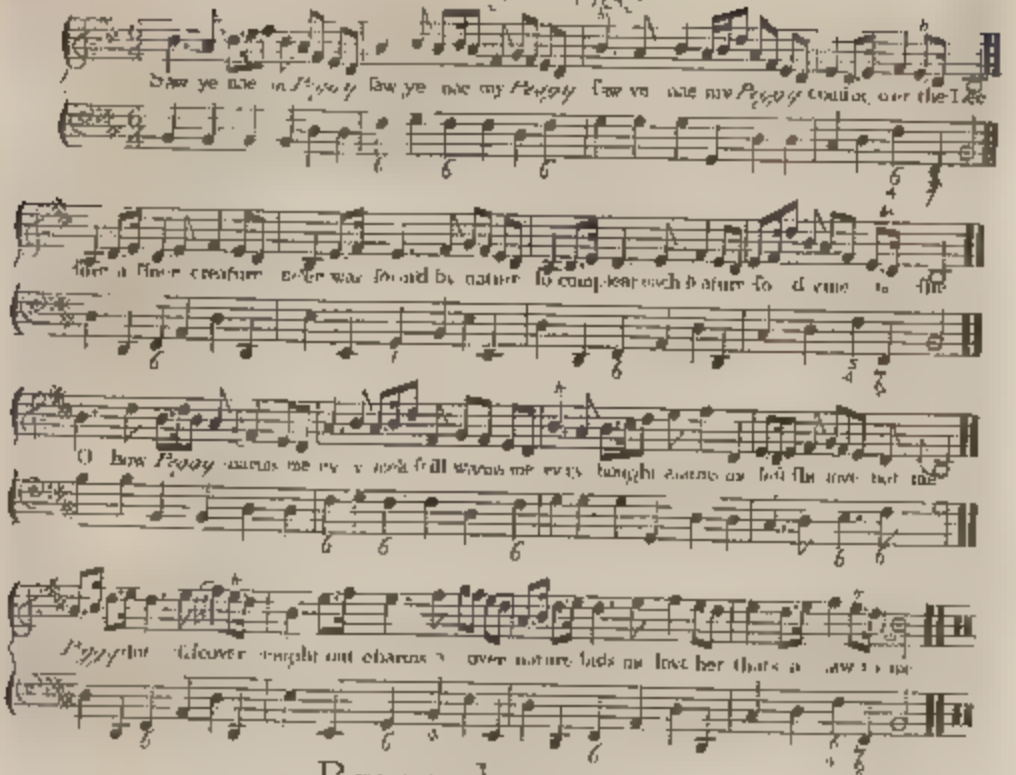
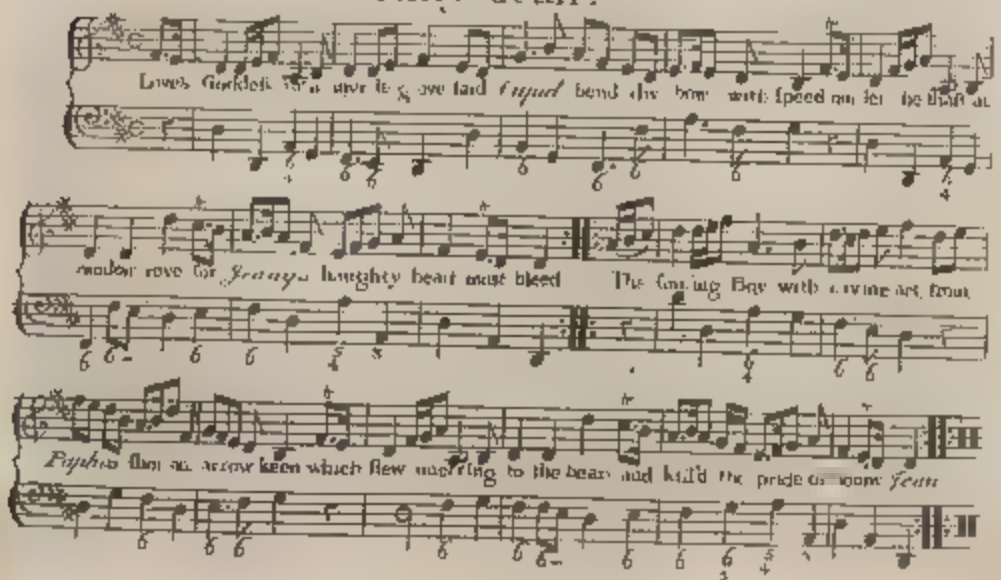
Saw ye nae my Peggy


Saw ye nae my Peggy Saw ye nae my Peggy Saw ye nae my Peggy coming over the Lee
O how Peggy charms me &c will always me every thought charms or fill the love but me
Peggy alone right out charms over nature bids me love her thats all

Bonny Jean.


Loves Goddess &c give fair Cupid bend thy bow with speed no let be dull at
nother rove for Jenny haughty heart must bleed The smiling Boy with arming art from
Psyches flew an arrow keen which flew marking to the heart and kill'd the pride of bonny Jean

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Saw ye nae my Peggy.

SAW ye nae my *Peggy*,
Saw ye nae my *Peggy*,
Saw ye nae my *Peggy*,
Coming o'er the lee?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by nature,
So compleat each feature.
So divine is she
O how *Peggy* charms me,
Ev'ry look fill warms me,
Ev'ry thought alarms me
Left she love nae me.
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over,
Nature bids me love her
That's a law to me.

Who would leave a Lover,
To become a Rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
Till happy be.
For thee love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.
When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her,
Cou'd I but obtain her,
Happy wou'd I be!
I'll fly down before her,
Bleed, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
'Till she pity me.

Bonny Jean.

LOVE a goddess in a myrtle grove,
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with speed,
Nor let the shaft at random rove,
For *Jenny*'s haughty heart must bleed.
The smiling boy with divine art,
From *Paphos* shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the Nymph with haughty air,
Refuses *Willy*'s kind address,
Her yielding clothes flow no care,
But too much conquest to suppress.
No more the youth is fullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst every day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his *Jenny* is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny *Jean*.

The day he spends in amorous gaze,
Which ev'n in summer short'est seems,
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
As charms disclose, she looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s prize, the *Spartan* Queen,
With breaking day he lifts his sight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

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Roſline Caſtle.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That *Colin*, with the morning ray,
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay
Of *Nanny*'s charms the Shepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with *Nanny* rung,
While *Roſline Caſtle* heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the cheerful ſtrain.

Awake, ſweet Muſe! the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms, awake and ſing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a ſong
To *Nanny* raiſe the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haſte and come away,
In ſweeteſt ſimiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my Love! on ev'ry ſpray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong
Then let my raptur'd notes ariſe,
For beauty dwells from *Nanny*'s eyes,
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come, my Love! by *Colin*'s lay
With rapture calls, O come away
Come, while the Muſe the wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine!
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the ſpring,
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm the ravith'd breaſt of mine

Pinky Houſe.

BY *Pinky Houſe* oh let me walk,
While circled in my arms,
I hear my *Nelly* ſweetly talk,
And gaze o'er all her charms
O let me ever fond behold
Thoſe graces void of art
Thoſe chearful ſmiles that ſweetly hold
In willing chains my heart!

O come, my Love and bring anew
That gentle turn of mind,
That graceleſneſs of air, in you,
By nature's hand deſign'd,
Whose beauty, like the bluſhing roſe,
First lighted up his flame,
Which, like the Sun, for ever glows
Within my breaſt the ſame

Ye light Coquets ye airy things!
How vain is all your art
How ſeldom in a Lover brings
How rarely keeps a heart
O gather from my *Nelly*'s charms,
That ſweet, that graceful eaſe,
That bluſhing modeſty that warms,
That native art to pleaſe!

Come then, my Love O come along!
And feed me with thy charms,
Come fair inſpirer of my ſong!
O fill my longing arms
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, ſo bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair both pleaſe the eye,
And fill the ſoul divine

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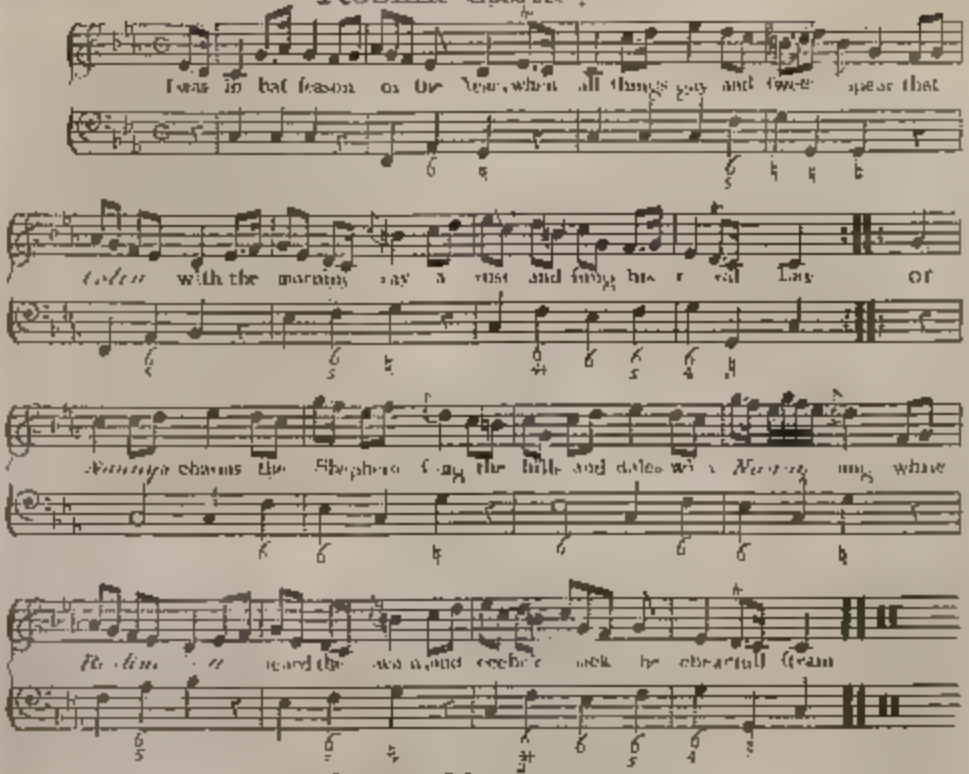
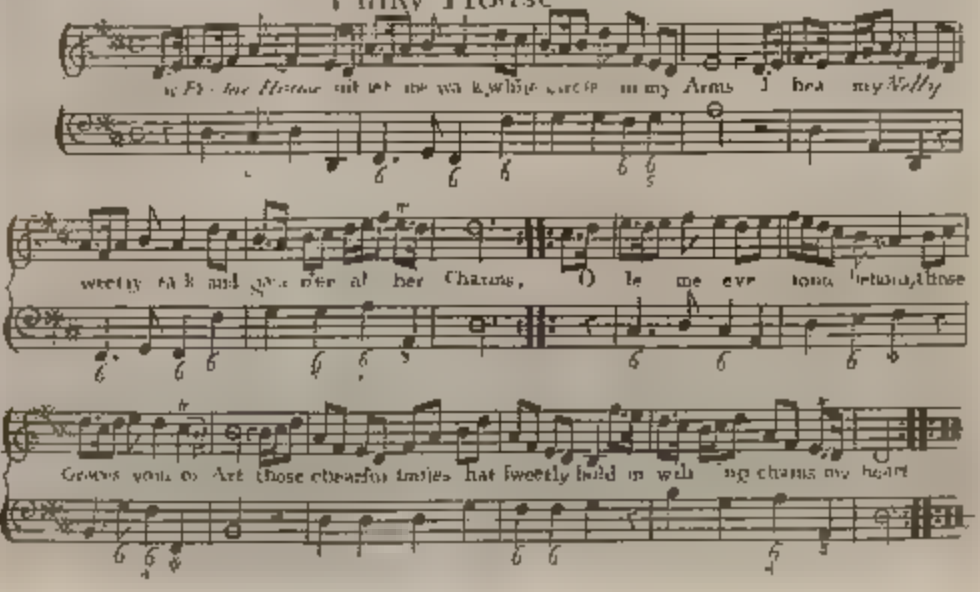
Rosline Castle.


Twas in that season of the Year, when all things gay and sweet appear that
Eolian with the morning ray a rose and lily Lays or
Nannys charms the Shepherd sing the little and dales with Nannys white
Roslin Castle round the wood echoes back the cheerfull Gram

Pinky House


Pinky House oh! let me walk while circle in my Arms I hold my Nelly
sweetly talk and give over all her Charms, O let me ever long retain those
Graces your's Art those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold in with my charms my heart

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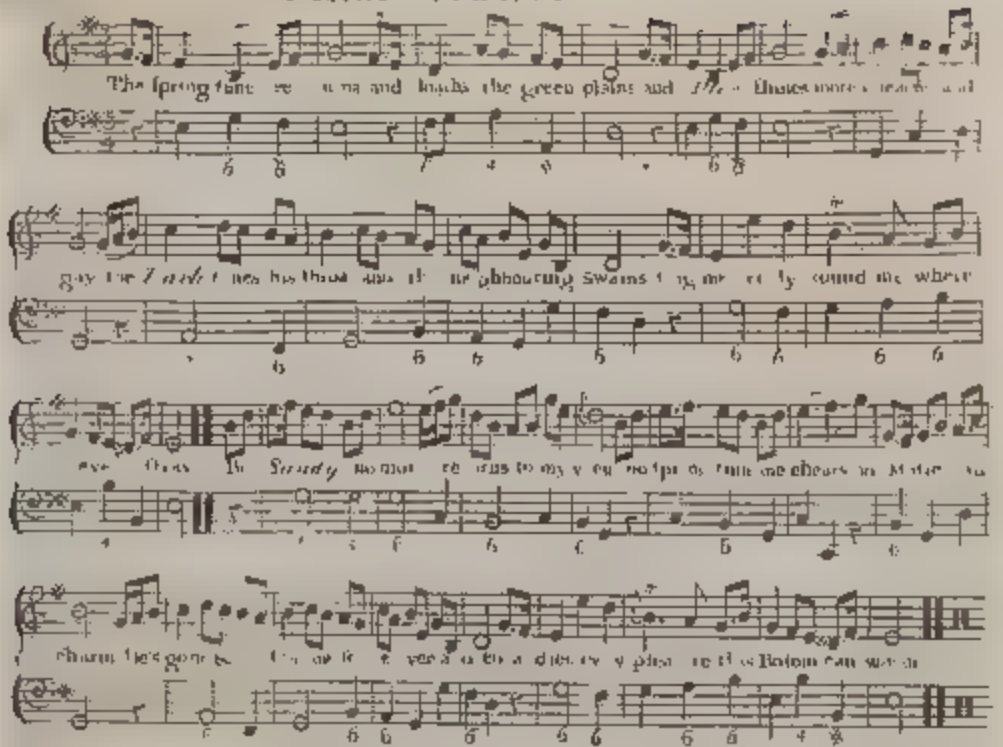
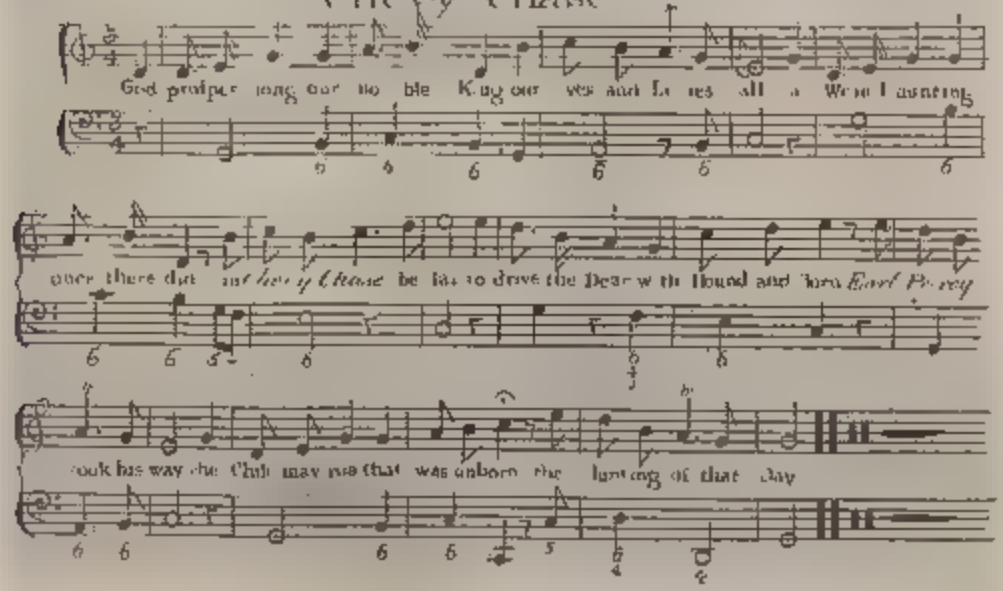
Alloa House



Chevy Chase



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Alloa House.

THE spring now returns and clothes the green plains,
And *Alloa* shines more cheerful and gay
The Lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring Swains
Sing merrily round me, where ever I stray
But *Sandy* no more returns to my view,
No spring now can cheer, no music can charm
He's gone and, I fear me, for ever adieu
Adieu ev'ry pleasure that bosom can warm!

O *Alloa House!* how much art thou chang'd!
How silent, how dull to me each grove
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to please me my *Sandy* once strove!
Here *Sandy* I heard the tales that you told
Here listned and sooth, whenever you sung,
Am I grown less fair, since then, that you are turn'd cold
Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair Maid, while sorrow's keen pain,
And shame her last fault'ring accents suppress'd,
For fate at that moment brought back our dear Swain.
Who heard, and, with rapture, his *Nelly* address'd.
My *Nelly* my fair! I come, O my Love,
No Pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms,
And, *Nelly* no more thy fond Shepherd reprove,
Who knew thy fair worth and adores all thy charms.

She heard, and new joy thro' her soft frame,
And will you, my Love be true? she reply'd.
And live I to meet my kind Shepherd the same?
Or dream I that *Sandy* will make me his bride?
O *Nelly* I live to find thee still kind,
Still true as thy Swain, and lovely as true
Then adieu to all sorrow, what soul is so blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you?

Chevy Chace.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all,
A woful hunting once there did
In *Chevychase* befall.
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl *Percy* took his way.
The child may rue that was unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take
The chiefest harts in *Chevychase*
To kill and bear away
These tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
In Scotland where he lay

Who sent Earl *Percy* present word,
He would prevent the sport.
The English Earl not fearing him,
Did to the woods resort,
With twenty hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant gray-hounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deer
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bow-men mustered on the hill,
Well able to endure
Their backsides all with special care,
That day were guarded sure
The hounds ran swiftly thro' the wood.
The nimble deer to take
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Earl *Percy* to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
This day to meet me here
But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say

Lo yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
His men in armour bright
Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight
All men of pleasant *Teviotdale*
Dwell by the river *Tweed*.
Then cease your sports, Earl *Percy* said
And take your bows with speed.

And now with me my countrymen,
Your courage to advance
For there was never a champion yet
In Scotland or in France,
That ever did on horse back come
But if my hap it were
I dare encounter man for man
With him to break a spear

Lord *Percy* on a milk white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company
Whose armour shin'd like gold.
Shew me (said he) whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer.

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble *Percy* he
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be
Yet we will spend our dearest blood
The chiefest harts to slay
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say

Ere thou I will out-braved be
One of us two shall die.
I know thee well, an Earl art thou,
Lord *Percy*, so am I

But minstrels play that song in vain
So full of great offence it is
As any of these men have slain
For they have done no ill

Let thee and me the battle try
And set our men aside
Accurst be he, Lord Percy said,
By whom this is denied.
Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington by name
Who said, He would not have it told
To Henry our King for shame,

That ere my captain fought on foot,
And stood looking on
You two were Earls and I a squire
And I a squire alone
I'll do the best that do I may
While I have power to stand
While I have power to wield my sword.
I'll fight with heart and hand

Our Scottish archers bent their bows
Their hearts were good and true
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Englishmen they
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent
A captain moved with mickle pride
Through spears full many went

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground
O Christ it was a grief to see
And like to move one to pity
The captains we saw lying on the grass
Were dead in many a heap

At last the two brave Earls did meet
And chieftains of great might
Like lions moved they fought
And made a cruel fight
They fought until they both did sweat
With many a baleful blow
Until the blood like drops of rain
They trickling down did flow

Yield thee Lord Percy Douglas said
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish King
Thy ransom I full well may give
And this report of thee
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever yet did see

No, Douglas quoth Lord Percy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn.
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an English bow
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow

Who never spake more words than these,
Fight on my merry men all
For why my life is at an end.
Lord Percy sees me fall.
Then leaving life, Lord Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, Lord Douglas for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O! but my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take
A knight among the Scots there was
Which saw Earl Douglas die
Who straight, in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran nearest than the light.
He passed the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Percy's body then,
He drave his deadly spear

With such a vehement force and might,
He did his body gore,
The spear ran through the other side,
A large cloth-yard and more
So thus did both these nobles die.
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
His noble lord was slain,

He bent a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard's length,
Unto the head drew he
Against Sir Hugh Montgomery then,
So right his shaft he set
The grey-goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.
With the aforesaid Percy there were slain
Sir John of Ogerton
Sir Robert Ratcliff and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron

Sir George and also good Sir Hugh,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount

For Witherington I needs must wail
As one in doleful dumps
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps
And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field,
One foot would never flee,

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he
Sir Davy Lamb so well esteemed,
Yet saved could not be
And the Lord Maxwell in likewise
Did with Earl Douglas die,
Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears
Went home but fifty three

Of twenty hundred Englishmen
Seven score five escaped
The rest were slain at Chevy-Chase,
Under the green-wood tree
Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail
They washed their wounds in brinish tears
But all could not prevail.

Their bodies bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay
The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news, King James did say,
Scotland can witness I am,
I have not any captain more,
Of such account as he.
Now with the loss of that small number,
Did many hundreds die
This ended the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the King and bless this land
With plenty, joy and peace
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

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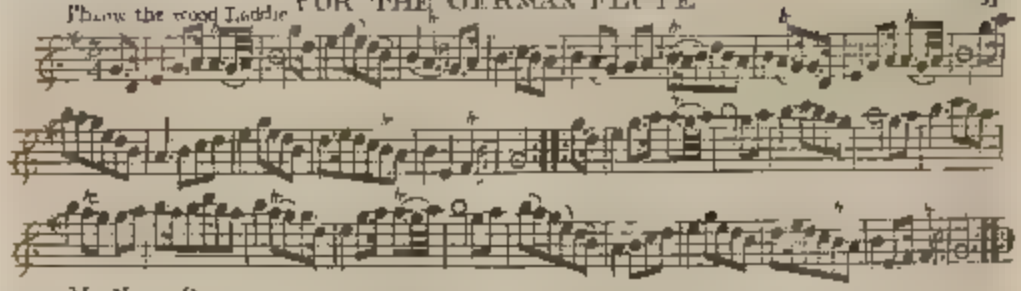
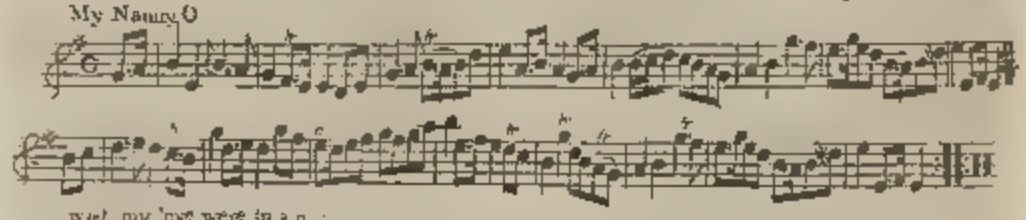
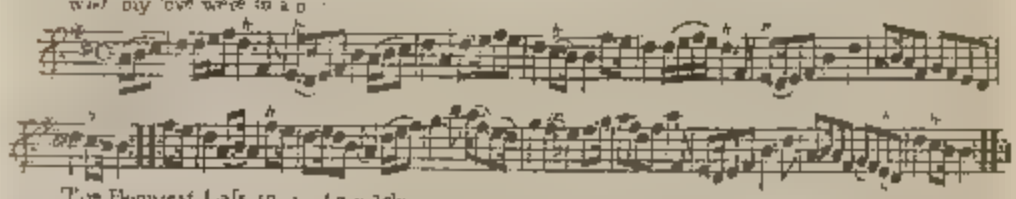
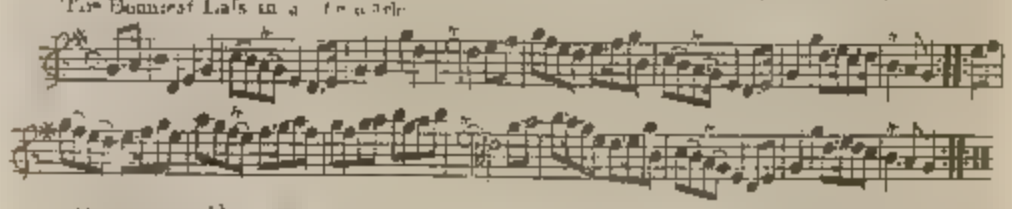
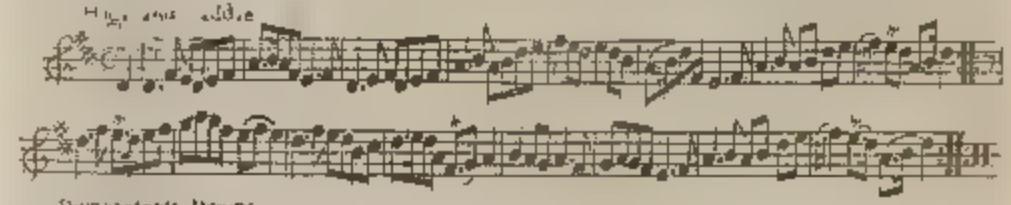
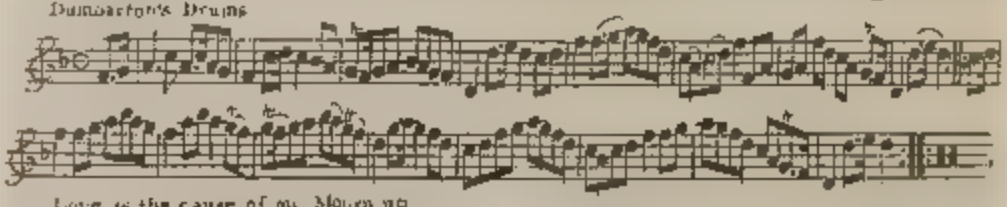
Thro the wood Laddie



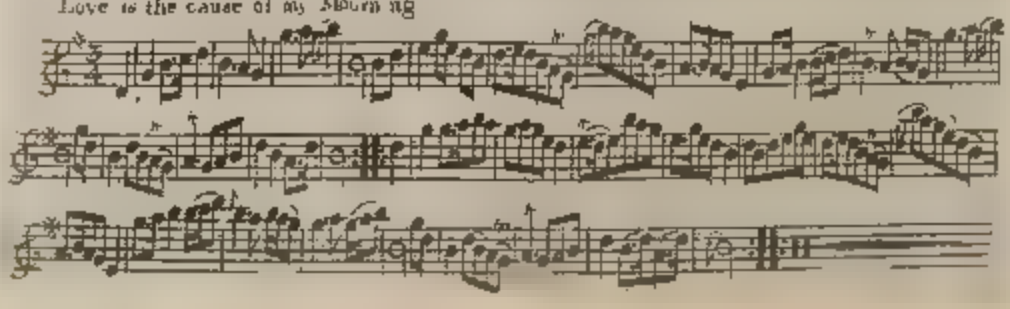
My Nanny O

The Bonniest Lafs in a the warld



High and laddie

Dumbarton's Drums



Love is the cause of my Mourning



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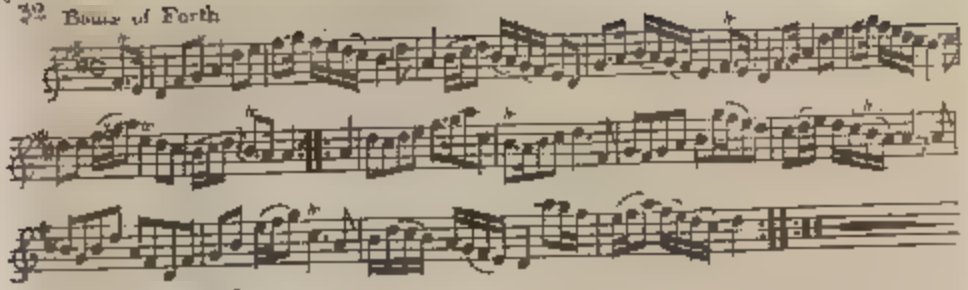
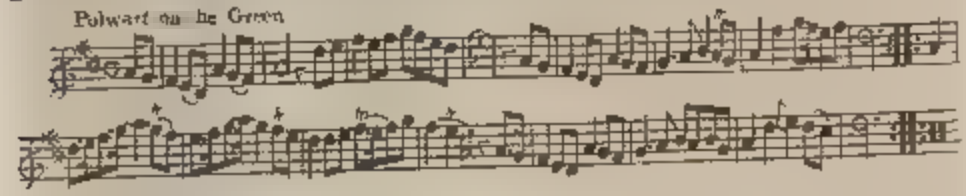
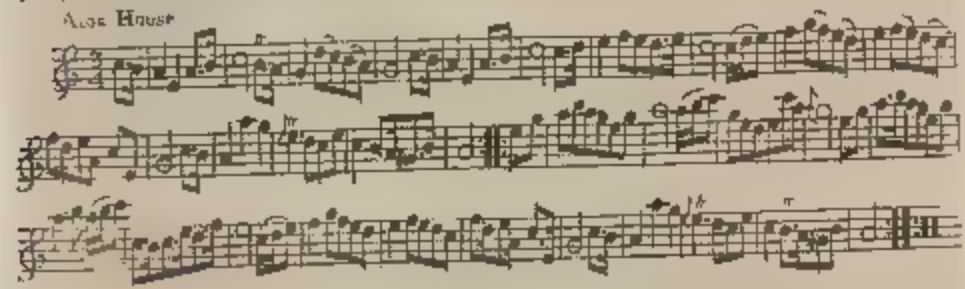
32 Bonie of Forth



Polwart on the Green



Aros House



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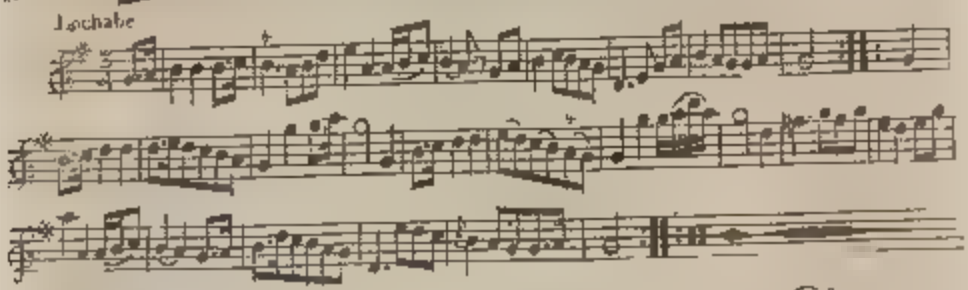
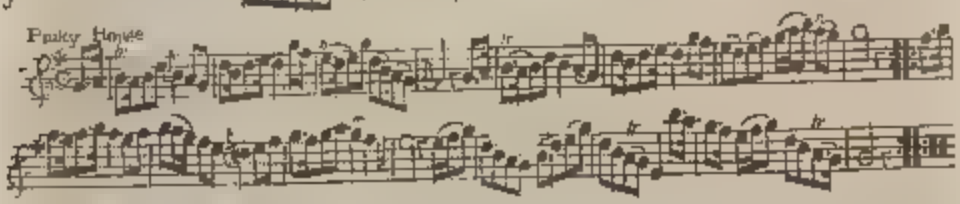
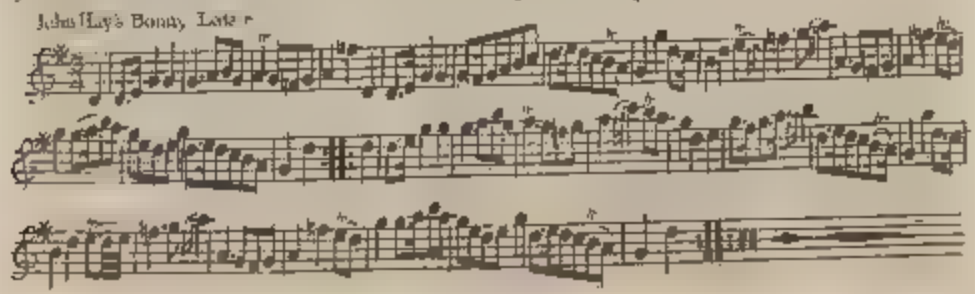


Pinky House



John Ly's Bonny Lass

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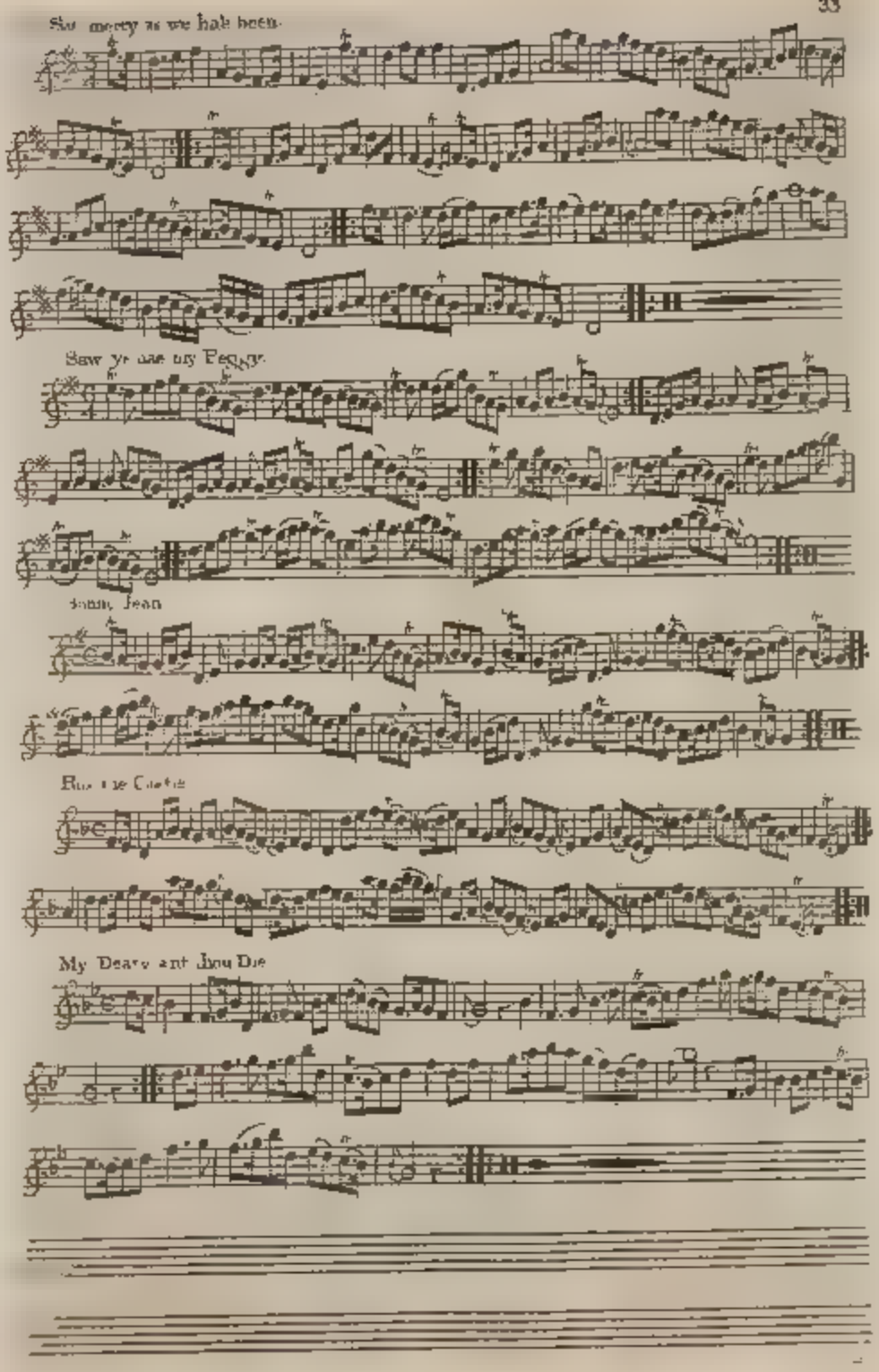

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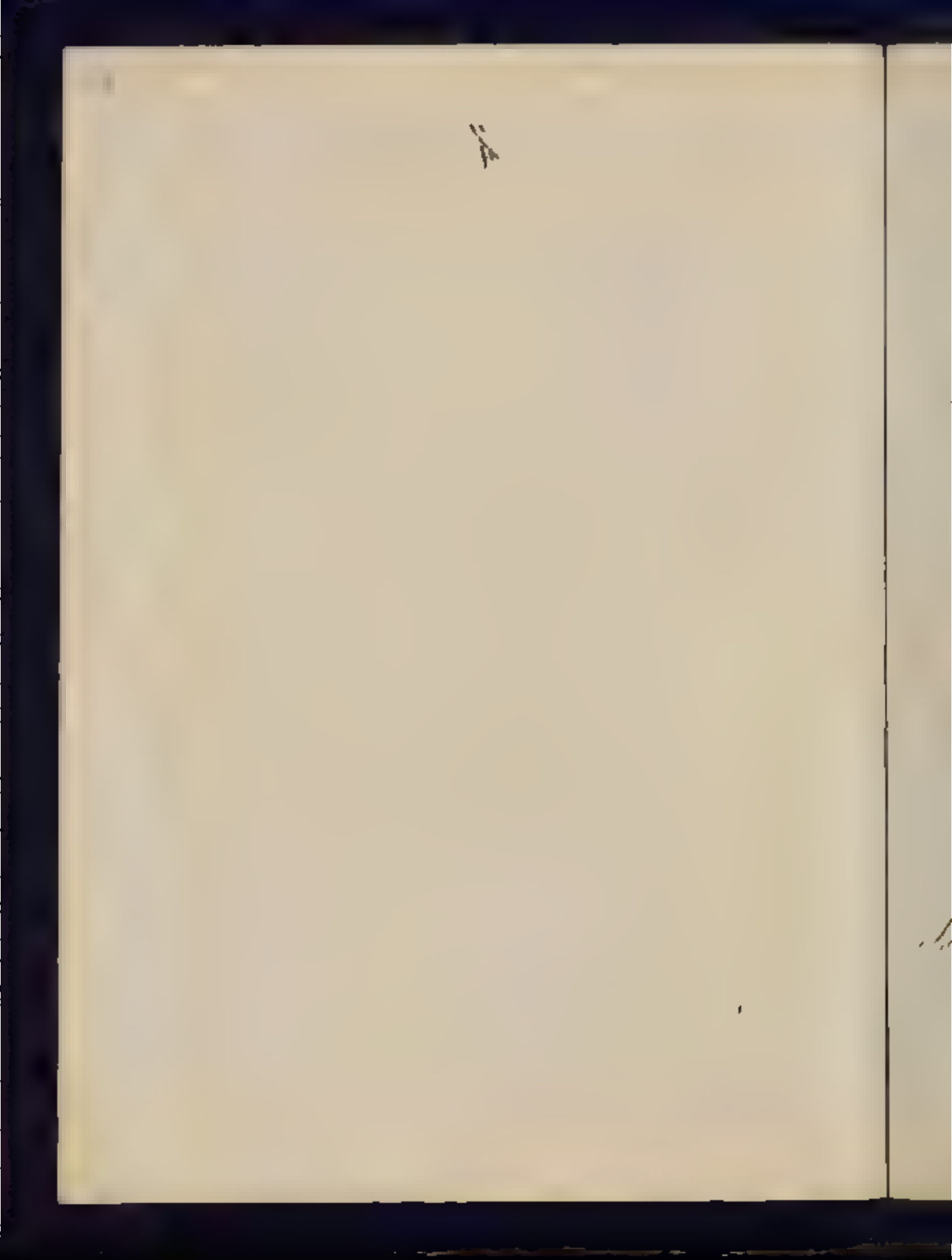

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COLIN AND LUCY

Of Lemnor, fam'd for maid's so fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect a sweeter face.

Till pitiless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the flow'r-confiding maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd ye faithless swains
Take heed, ye cruel fair
Of vengeance due to broken vows
Ye perjur'd Swains beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And shrieking at her window thrice
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the treacherous maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear
"Which says I must not stay;
"I see a hand you cannot see
"Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart and broken vows
"In early youth I die.
"Was I to blame because his bride
"Was richer than I?

"Ah, Colin give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone,
"Nor thou, fond Maid receive his kiss,
"Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed
"Impatient both prepare,
"But know, fond Maid, and know, false Man,
"That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corse, my Comrades, bear,
"The bridegroom blithe to meet,
"He in his wedding-trim so gay,
"I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke; she dy'd. Her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were his nuptials kept?
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the Village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell,
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more,
The varying crimson fled,
When first she heard before her rival's corse
She saw her lover dead.

Then to his Lucy's new made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at his grave the constant hind
And gentle shepherd maid are seen,
With garlands gay and nuptial knots
Thro' neck he sacred green.

Ye Swains forsworn whoe'er you are,
This hallow'd spot forbear,
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

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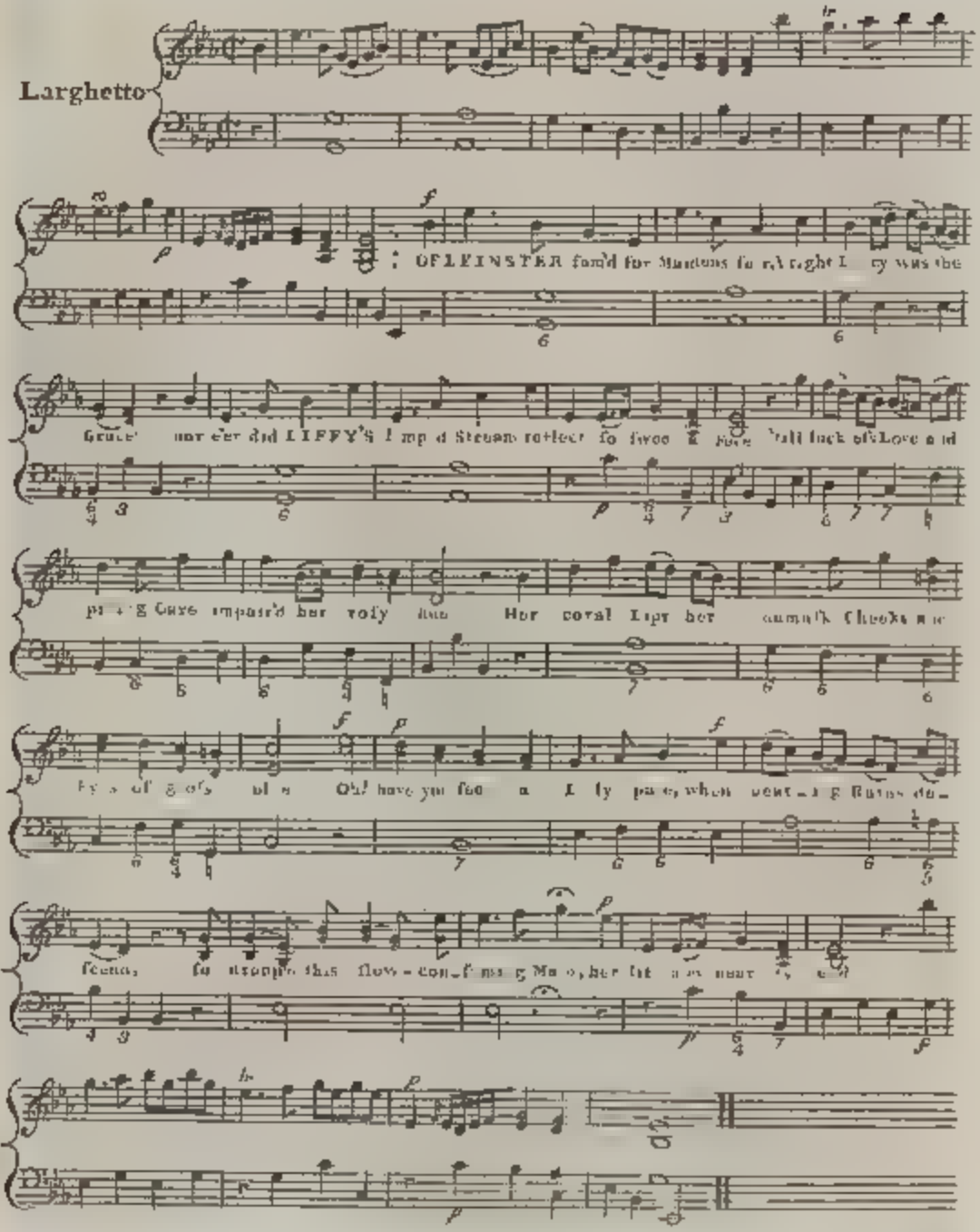
COLIN and LUCY


Larghetto
OF LEINSTER fam'd for Maidens fa ir, bright Lucy was the
Grace nor ever did LIFFY'S Lymp h Stream reflect so fwee t a face till luck of Love a id
pearly Cave impair'd her rofy hue Her coral Lips her damask Cheeks a re
Eyes of Sloes blue Oh! have you feen a Lily pale, when nearer Rofes de-
feend, fo droopt this flow'r confeffing Mo ther but now near ly dead

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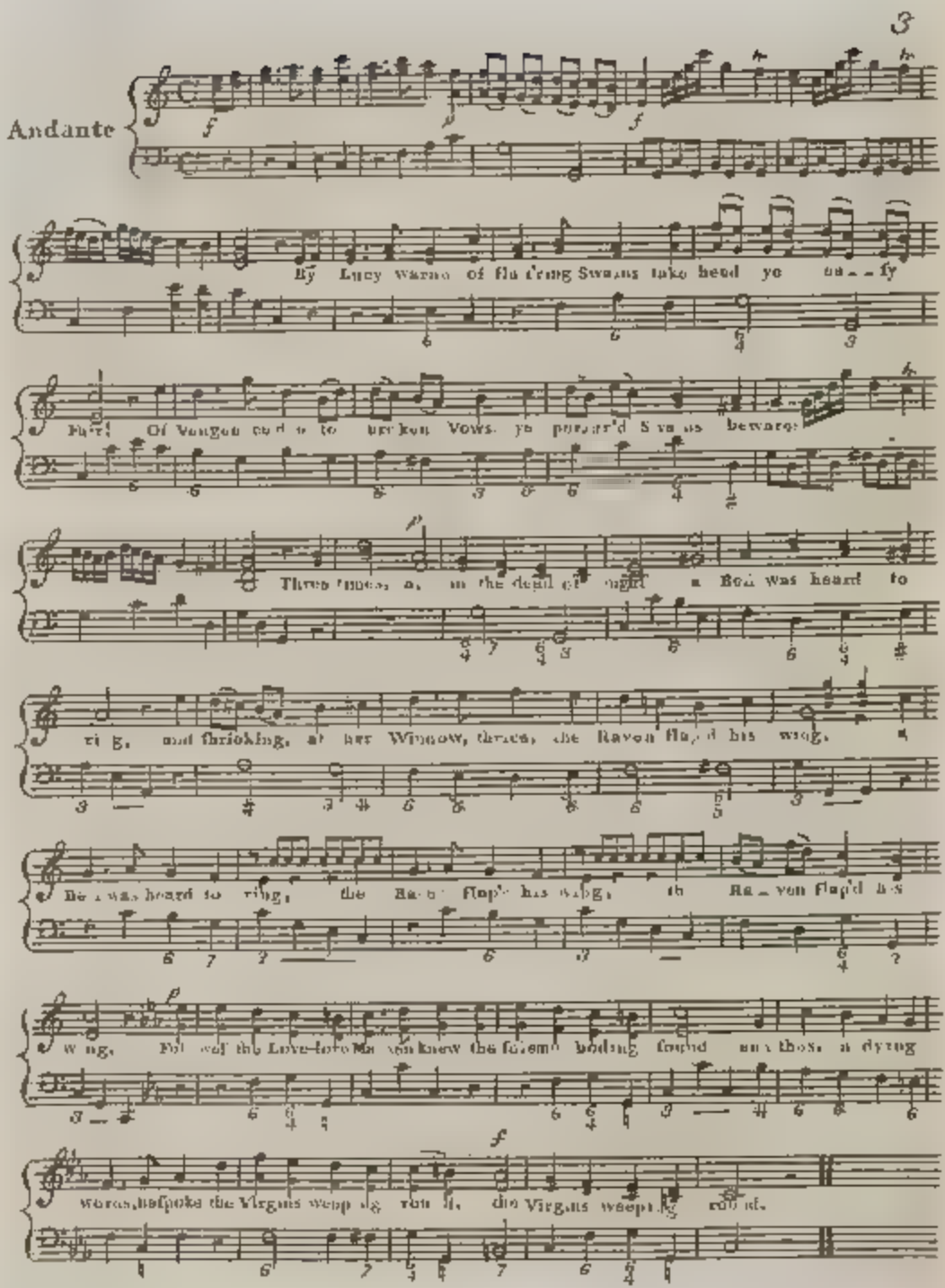
Andante
By Lucy warne of fla'ring Swains take heed ye ma_ _ fy
Hark! Of Vengeance and to quicken Vows, ye perjur'd Swains beware:
Three times a, in the dead of night a Bird was heard to
sing, and shrieking, at her Window, thrice, the Raven flap'd his wings.
He was heard to sing, the Ra-ven flap'd his wing, th Ra_ven flap'd his
wing. For oft the Love-lorn Maid knew the future bodings found on those a dying
words, he spoke the Virgins weep & run it. the Virgins weep & run it.

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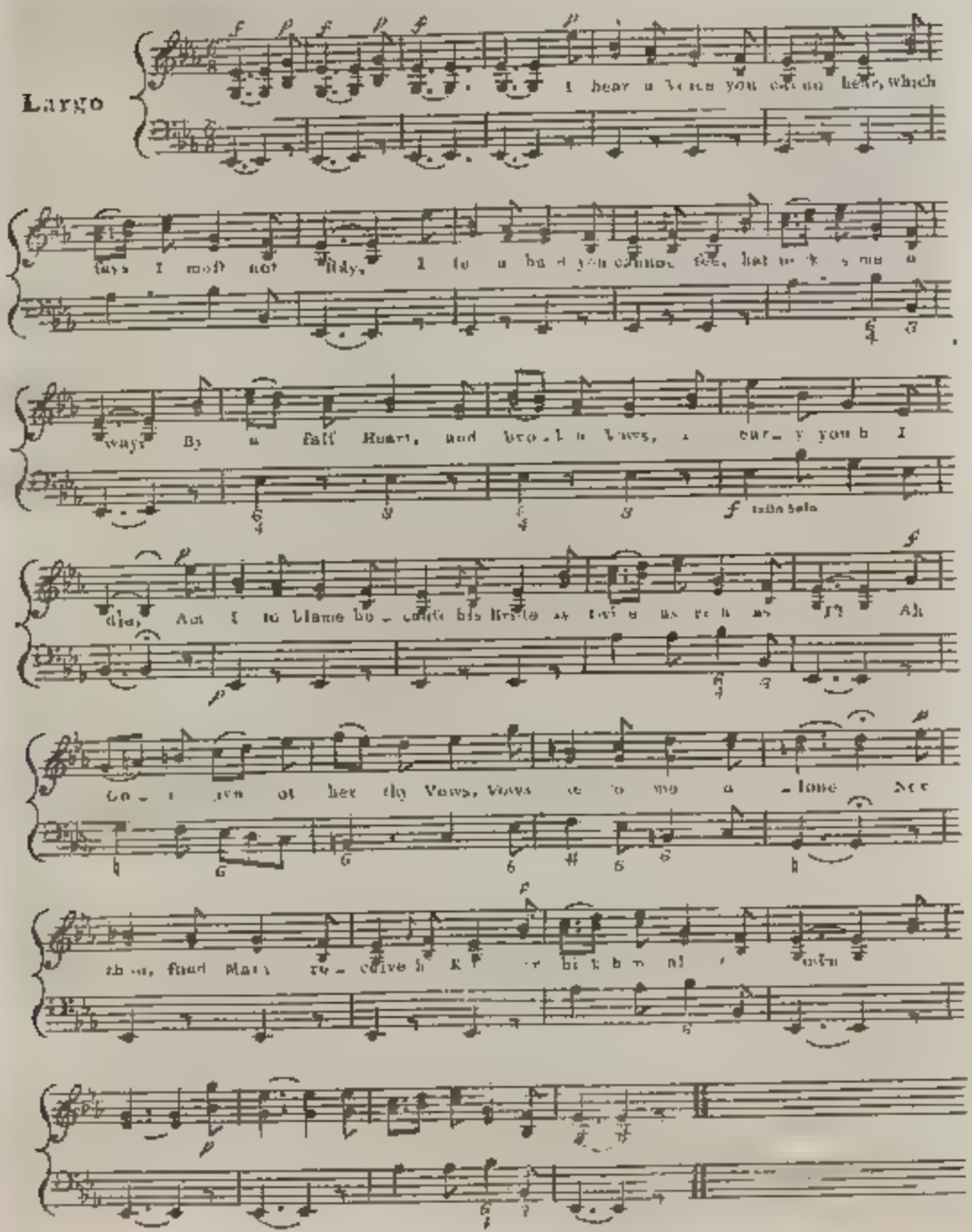
N B The flute Notes without Octaves in imitation of the toll E of a Bell


Largo
I hear a Voice you cannot hear, which
says I must not stay, I see a hand you cannot see, that beckons me a
way. By a fall'n Heart, and broken Vows, a cur_ s y you b I
tutto Solo
day. Am I to blame be_ cause his Pride & Cru_ el_ ty drove me to it? Ah
Go_ d_ ess of her thy Vows, Vows made to me a_lone Nor
thou, fond Mary re_ ceive her Penitent sad Vow

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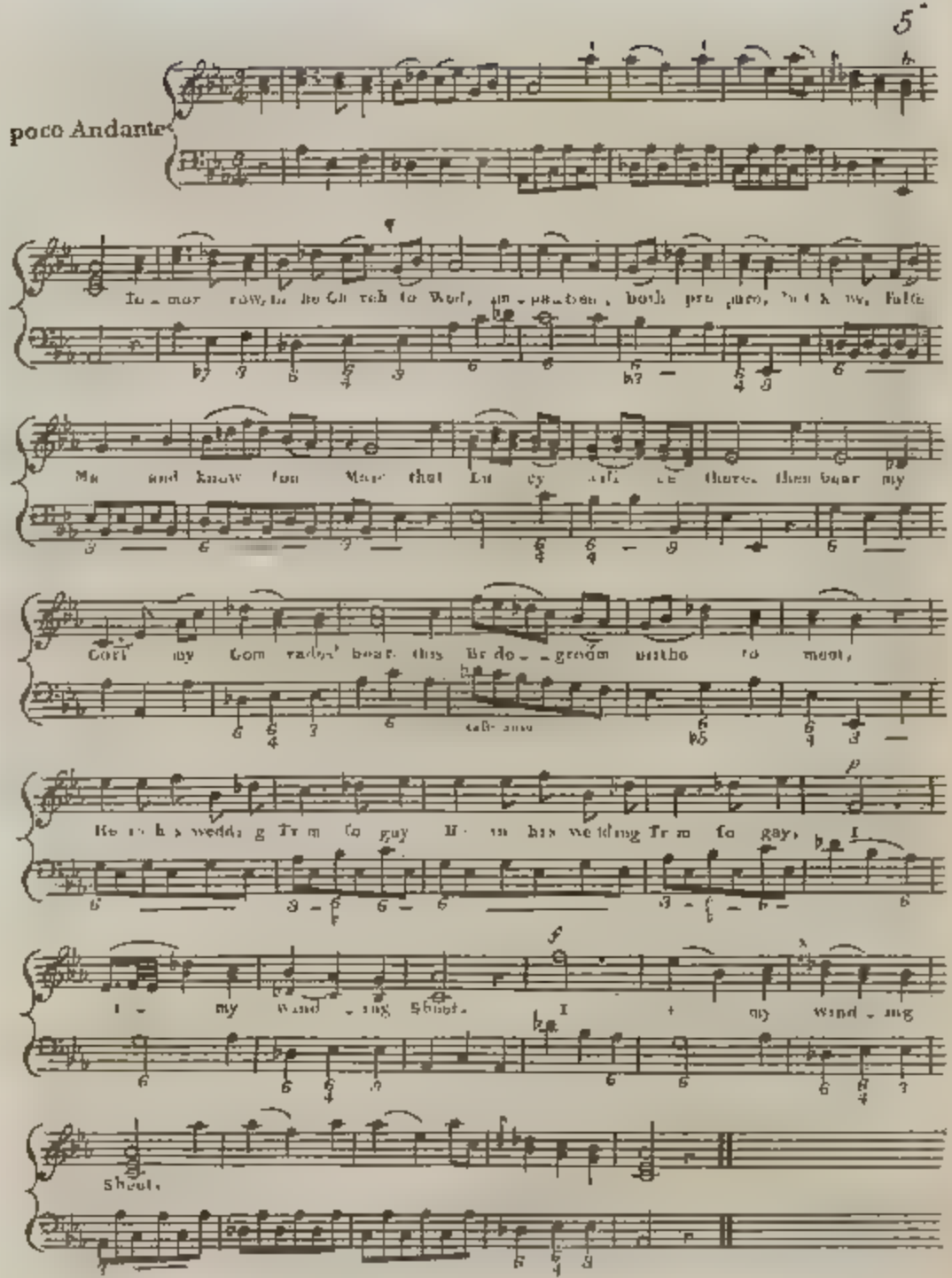
poco Andante
To-mor-row to be Church to Work, im-pa-tient both pro-pare, To
Ma and know for More that Lu-cy will be there. then bear my
Cort my Com-rades bear this Bri-do-groom with-to meet,
He to his wedding Trim so gay He to his wedding Trim so gay,
I my wind-ing Sheet.
I my wind-ing
Sheet.

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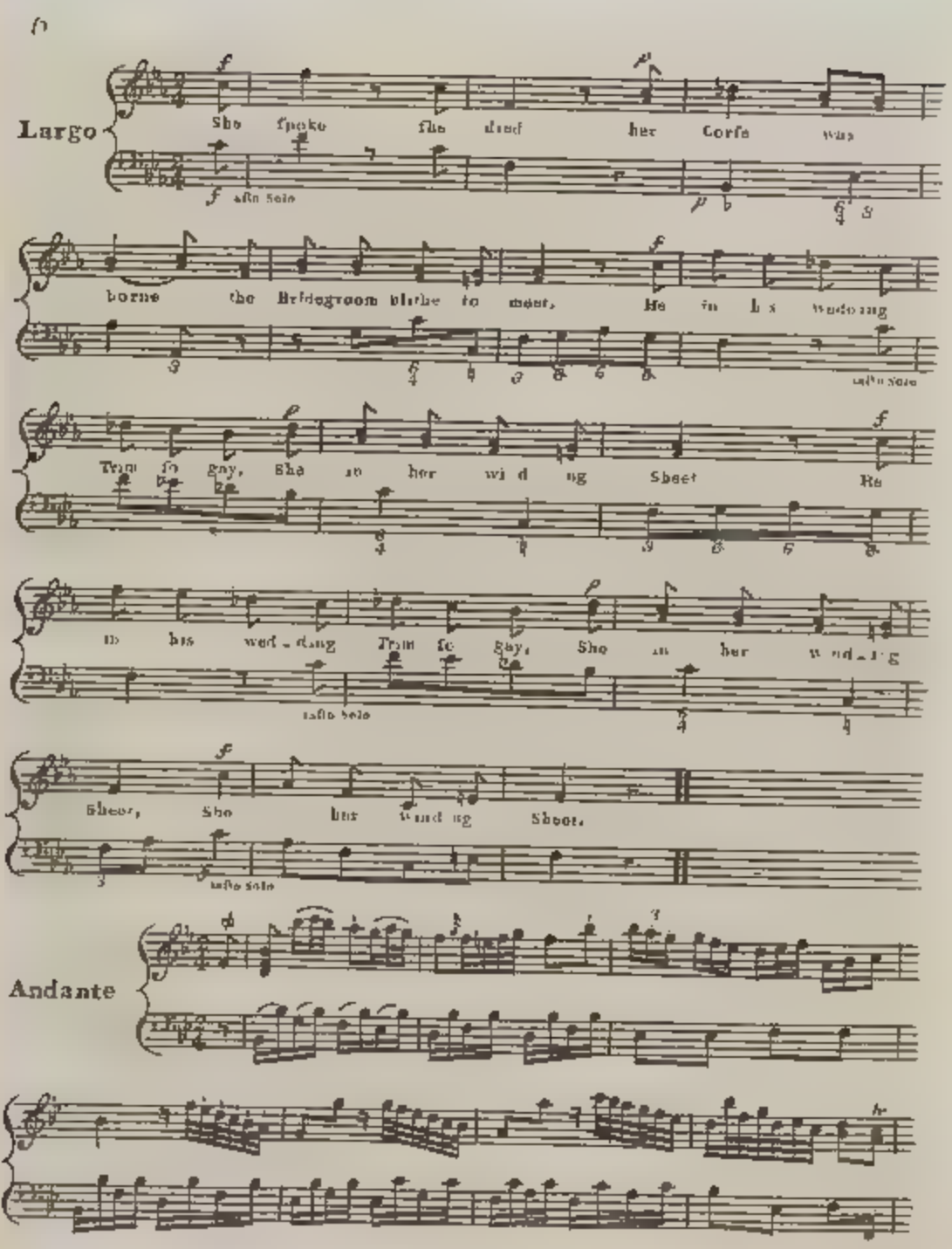
Largo
She spoke she died her Corfe was
borne the Bridegroom bliche to meet, He in his wedding
Train so gay, She in her wi d ng Sheet Re
in his wed - ding Train so gay, She in her wed - ding
Sheet, She her wind ng Sheet.
Andante

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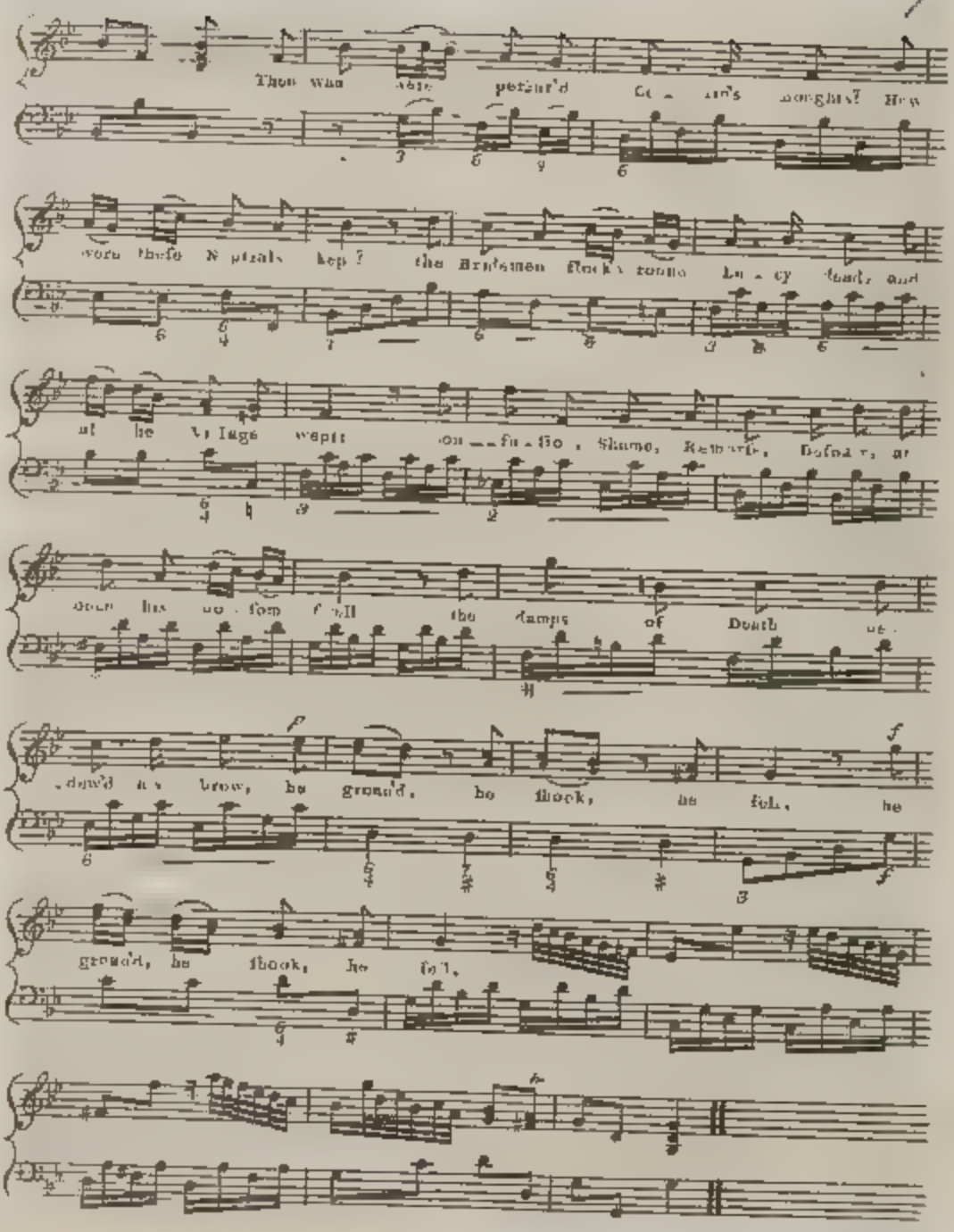
Thou who were petrify'd Co - rin's nought? How
worn thofe Nymphs kep? the Brethmen flocks tonto Lu - cy Duels and
at he Village wept: on - fu - fio, Shame, Reberfe, Defpair, or
deem his bo - fom fill the damps of Death
dew'd his brow, he ground, he fhook, he fell, he
ground, he fhook, he fell,

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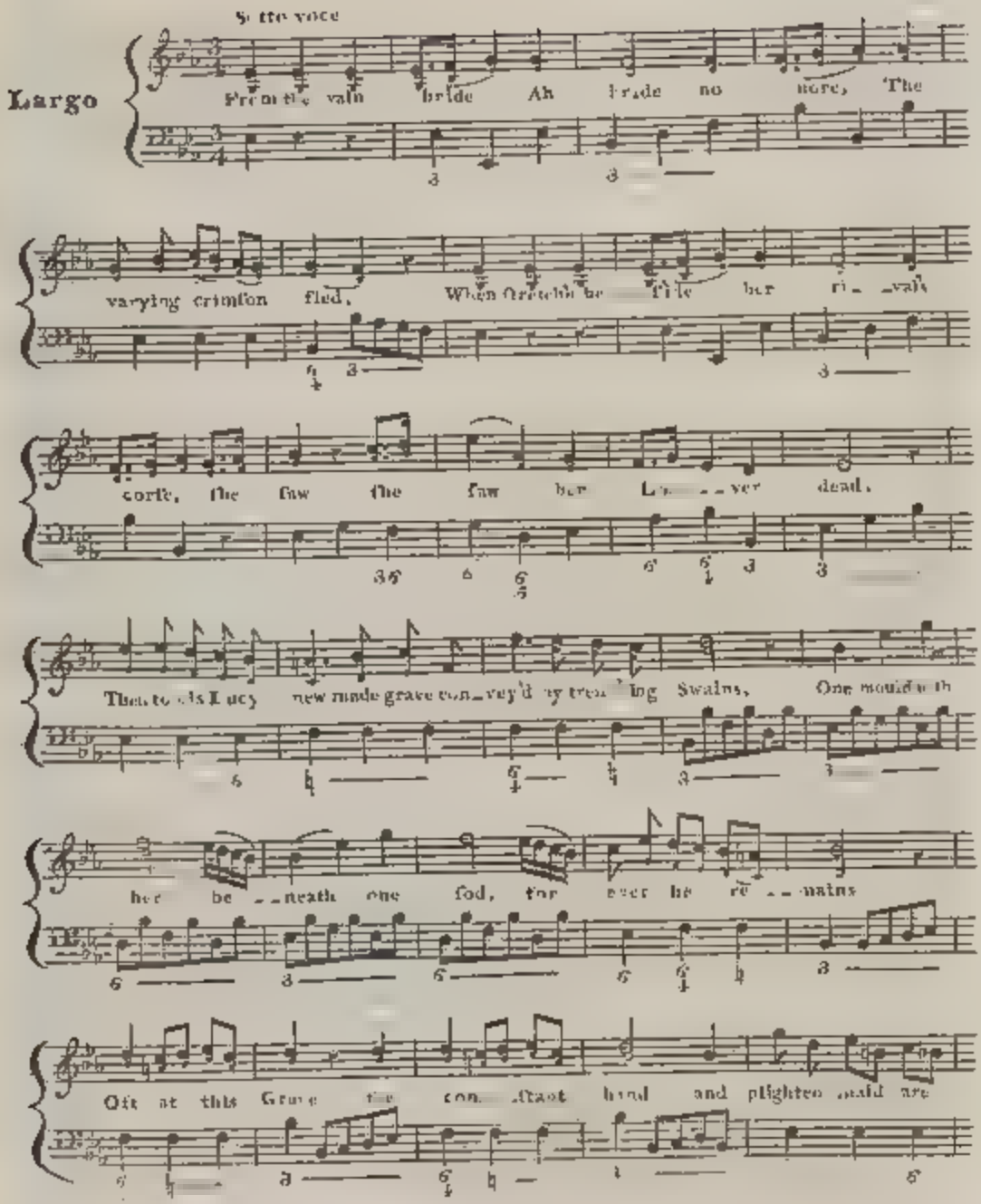
Largo
Sotto voce
From the vain bride Ah bride no more, The
varying crimson fled, When Ortcblo he file her ri_ _val's
corfe, the law the law her Lo_ _ver dead.
Then to this Lucy new made grave conveyd by trembling Swains, One mourneth
her be_ _neath one sod, for ever he re_ _mains
Oft at this Grave the constant kind and plighted maid are

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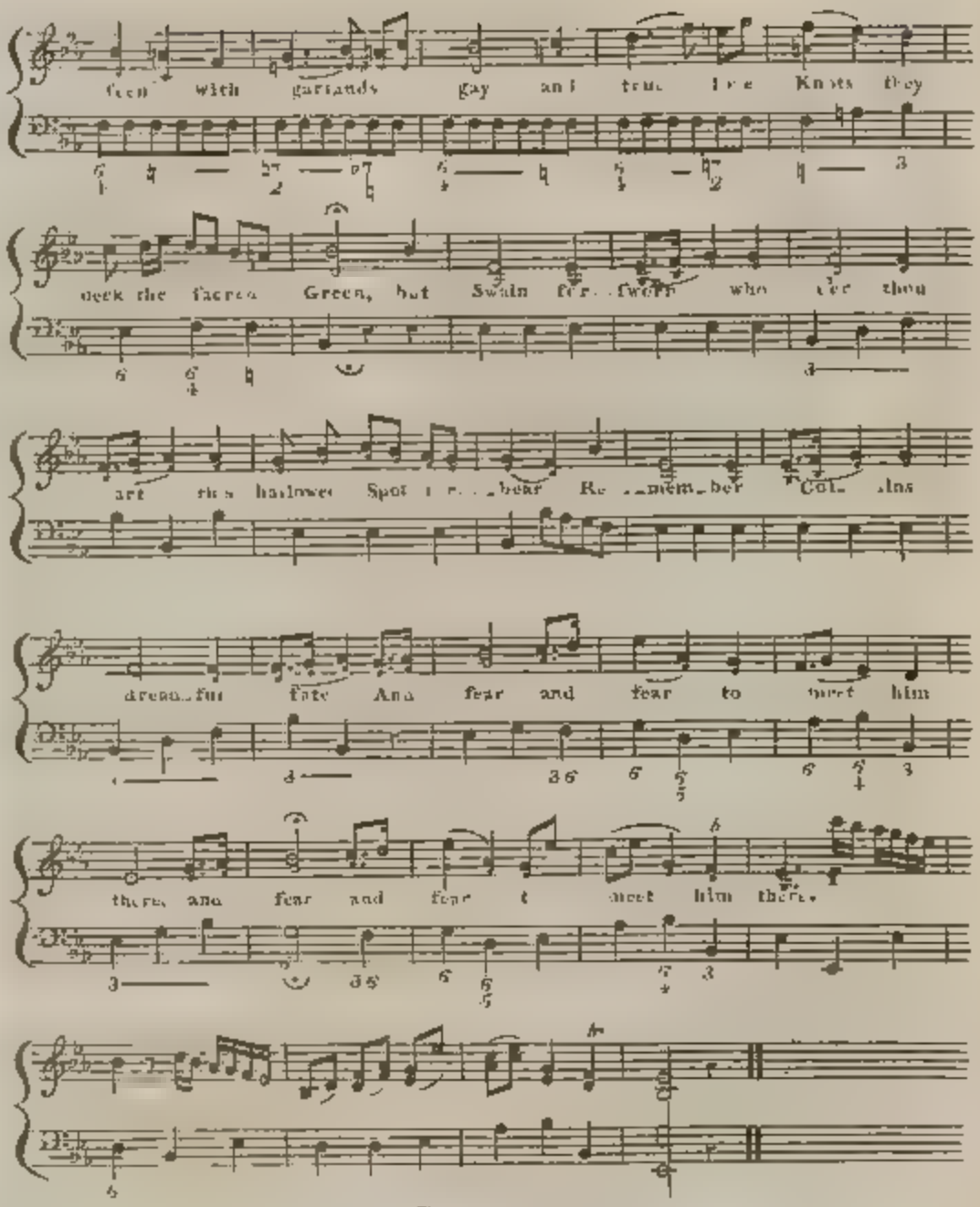
Green with garlands gay and true Knots they
seek the facries Green, but Swain fer.. fwerr who e'er thou
art this hallowed Spot I.. bear Re.. mem.. ber Col.. ins
dreaa.. ful fate And fear and fear to meet him
there, and fear and fear t meet him there.

Finis.

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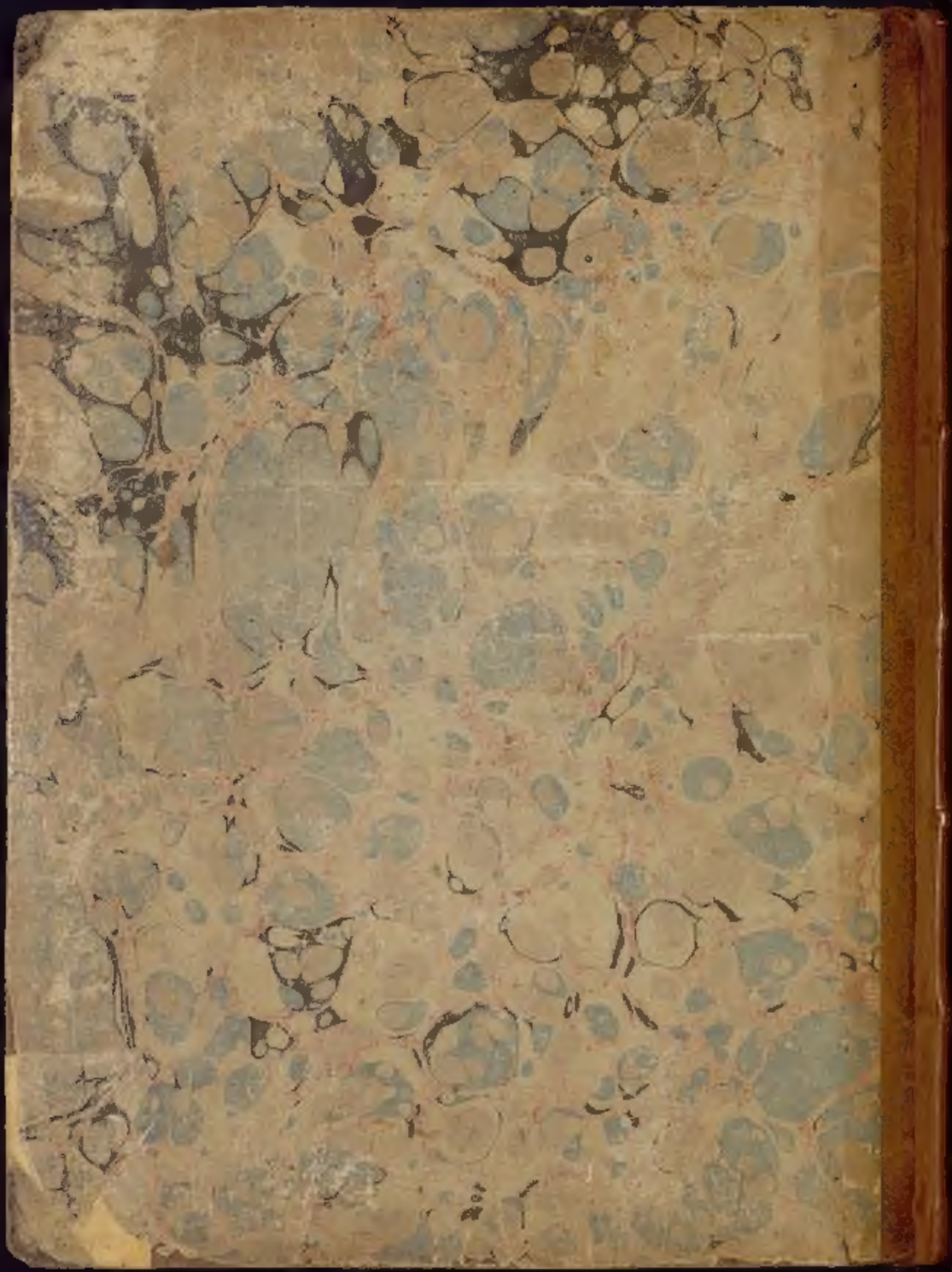

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